GIANT VANESSA POSTER INSIDE

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

JANUARY 1985 [redacted]

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PENTHOUSE®

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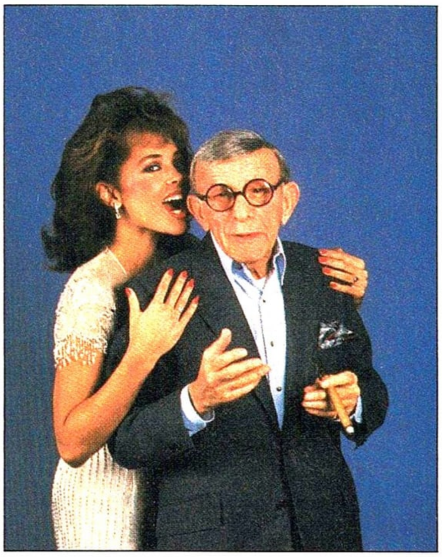

This month's cover features Vanessa Williams with George Burns, ©Dan Miller of Woodfin Camp. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 196.

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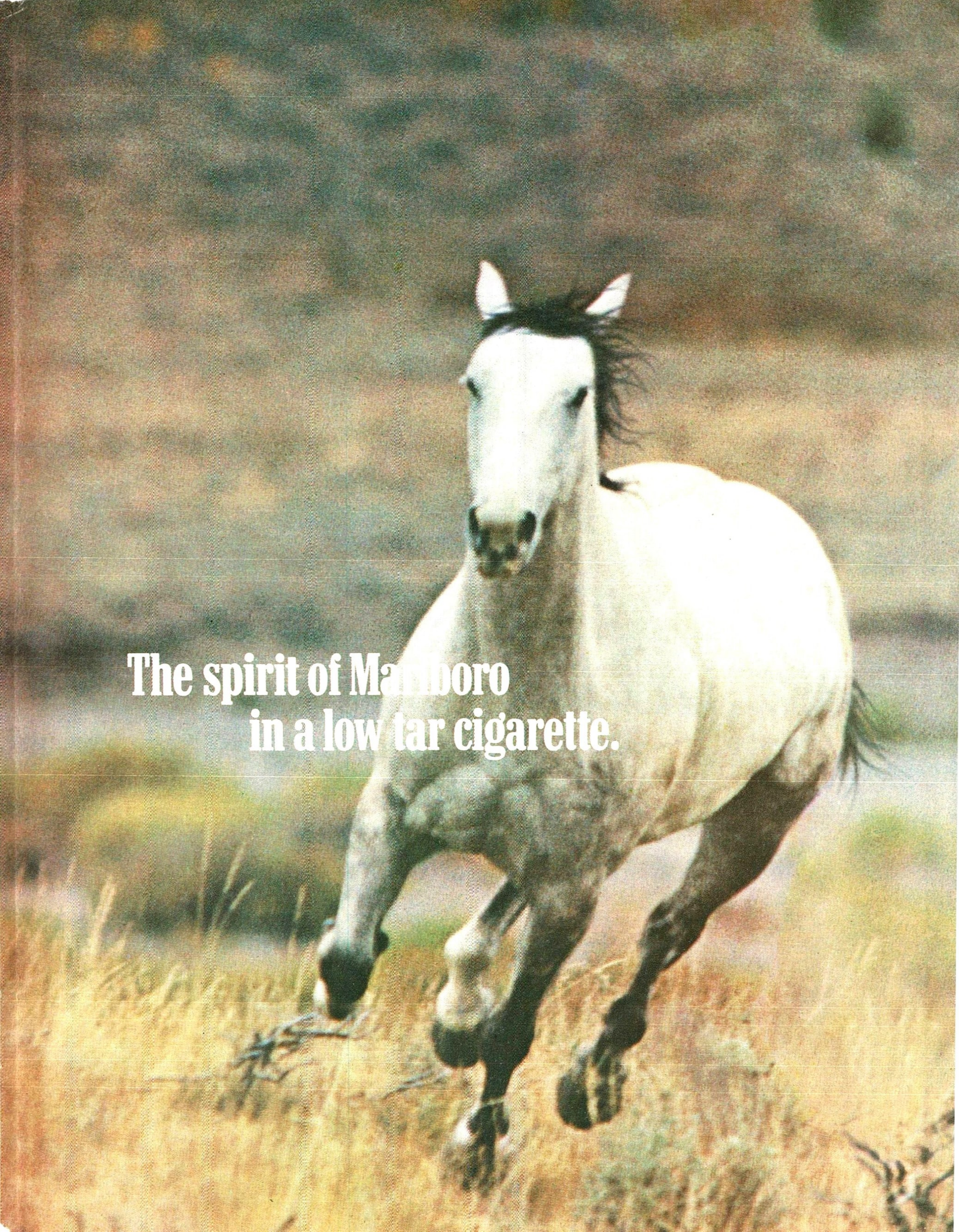
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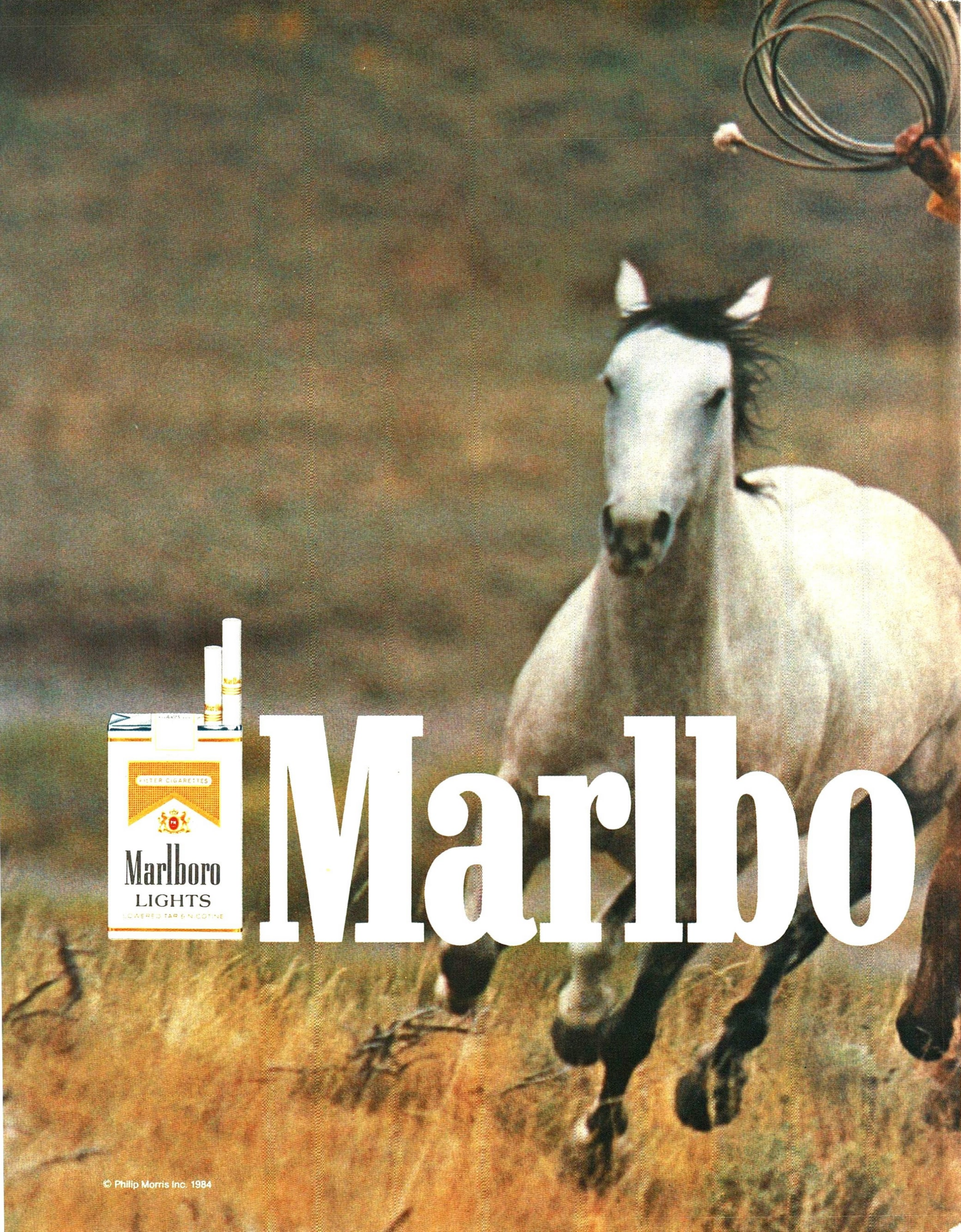
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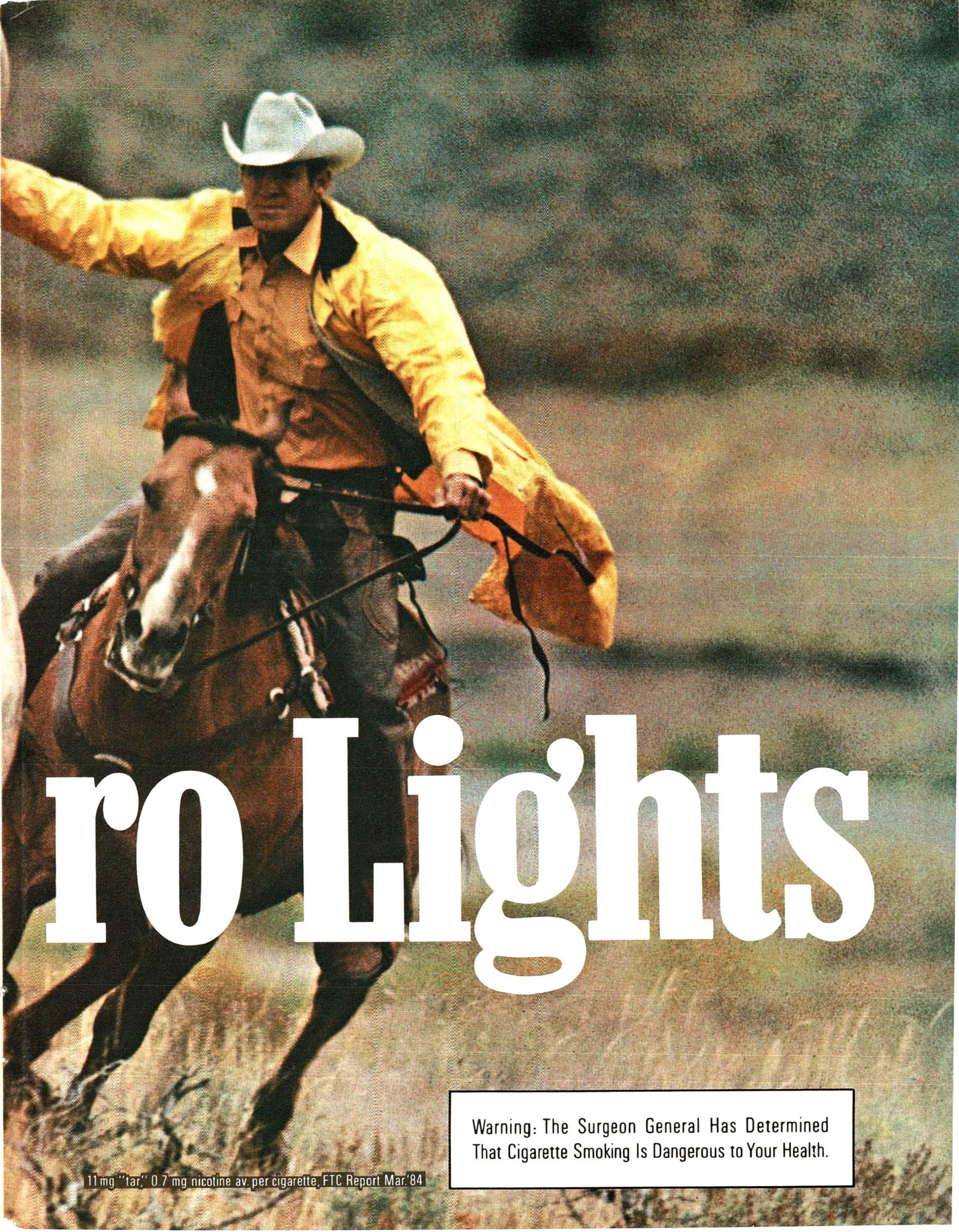

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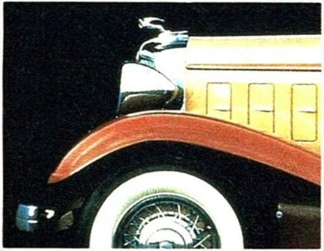
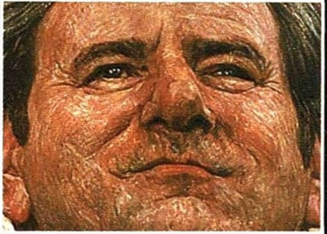
HOUSECALL



BOUND AND DETERMINED

"Vanessa Williams was a very strong lady," Jonathan Aaron told us. "She had a great sense of her own sexuality . . . she was quite comfortable expressing herself as a sexual person." Aaron should know. As the photographer of the second portfolio of nude pictures featuring the former Miss America—pictures that detonated yet another media explosion last year when their existence became known—Aaron was able to confirm much of what Tom Chiapel told us about her earlier. Aaron's photographs, published here for the first time, speak for themselves. As he told us, "Vanessa had mastered the art of being looked at." And you'll also want to be certain to take at least one look at our special giant double poster featuring Vanessa and 1984 Pet of the Year Linda Kenton.



FOR THE RECORD

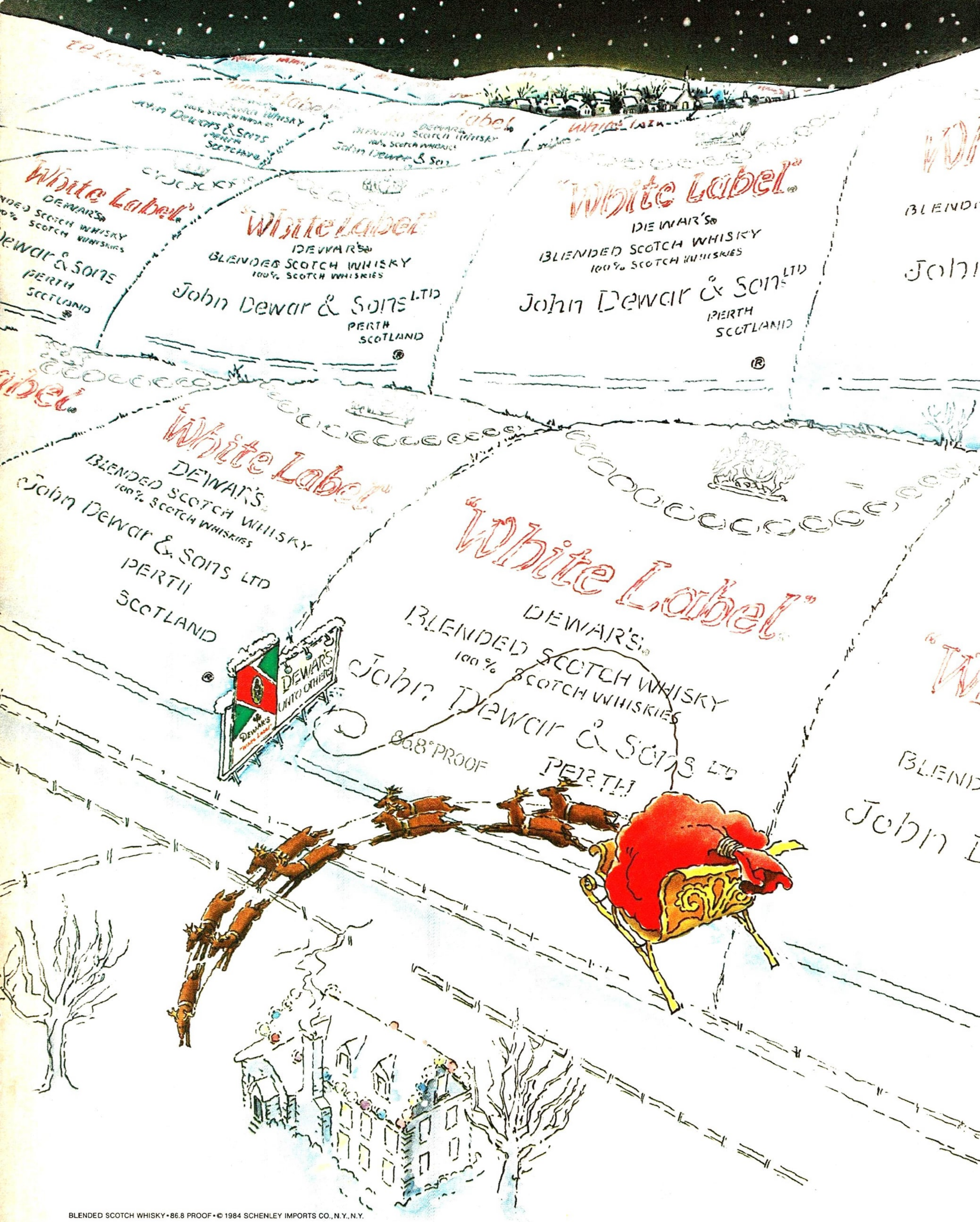
This month's interview with Bob Guccione is only the second time in our 15-year history that the *Penthouse* Editor and Publisher has used this forum to speak directly to our readers. But after the unprecedented publicity that made our September 1984 issue the hottest-selling magazine in history, Guccione felt that *Penthouse* readers—many of whom were unable to get to their newsstands before the issue sold out—deserved to hear the whole story of the Vanessa Williams controversy as it actually happened . . . and not as it was presented in the media in an often ludicrous and distorted fashion.

REAL CRIMES

The horrifying reality of young children being sexually molested by adults has unfortunately become an almost daily headline in the nation's newspapers. But Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein discovered that behind the headlines lies an even more terrifying reality: an organized conspiracy of child predators who are actually proud of their perversions and who actively proselytize for their "cause." (One group of perverts has as its slogan: "Sex by year eight or else it's too late.") In "Our Children, Our Shame" Sonnenschein exposes the extent of this conspiracy as well as some recommendations by leading law-enforcement officials on how to begin to deal with the problem. . . . Another sensational true crime story is unearthed by Bob Guccione, Jr., in "A Nun Is Raped in Harlem," an account of how two cops broke a shocking case that outraged even the crime-hardened Big Apple. Since the two men themselves were reluctant to discuss their feat, Guccione obtained much of his information from retired police lieutenant Jimmy Geary, who felt that the public should hear some good news about cops from time to time.

PICTURES WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

Our photo essays this month range from the still-overwhelming elegance of classic American automobiles, as photographed by Cindy Lewis, to the electrifying beauty of the navy's Blue Angel fliers—photographed by Eric Meola, with text by Peter Manso, an intrepid team themselves who actually flew with the Angels and returned to chronicle their adventure in "The Right Stuff" . . . Our resident political satirist, Ori Hofmekler, knows self-righteous stuff when he sees it, especially when it's embodied by the Profit King of the Moral Majority. Hofmekler, whose caricatures (especially last year's male-stripper Walter Mondale) have caused international sensations, is currently working on a new book of drawings. . . . And as we enter yet another New Year, we hope and expect that yours will once again be filled with enough wonder and beauty to match the wondrous beauties who grace our pages. Happy holidays!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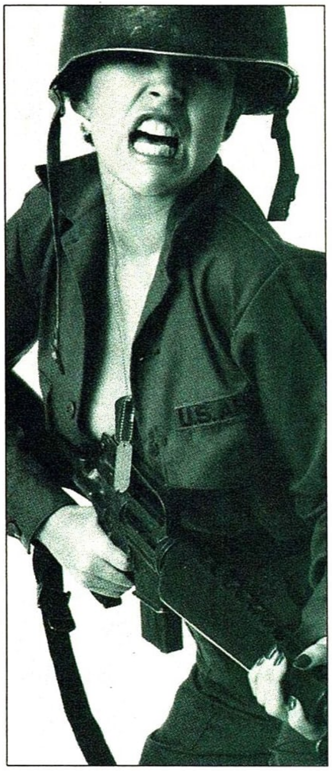
*As I approached the stream
I came around a rock, and there she was.
She was half naked, and I got my
first look at her beautiful round breasts.*

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

SHY GUY

I'm 20 years old, six foot one, 175 pounds, with blond hair and blue eyes. Girls have been attracted to me since I was young, but I've always been shy. I was with the same girlfriend all through high school, and when I entered the military we broke up. She was the only lover I ever had, and when we split up I was just too shy to talk to girls in bars and clubs. Consequently, my sex life has been down.



I was recently assigned to the post as driver for a young female second lieutenant. When I met her she seemed nice enough, although she made it clear that she was in command and that I was to obey her without question. I was her driver for about a month when she eased off a bit. She told me that she was 23, had been brought up in strict private schools, and had gone into officers' candidate school fresh out of college. As time passed I couldn't help but be attracted to her. She was very beautiful—having short black hair, brown eyes, and a petite yet shapely body. We became friends but I knew nothing more could happen. I was surprised that she was not married and had never spoken of a beau.

Day after day passed and I got so frustrated: I wanted her more than anything. A couple of months went by and our unit went down to Panama for training. She told me that this would be her first time camping in the field and that she wasn't looking forward to it. I informed her I would help her through it.

While there, each crew was assigned a mission. Ours was to travel over jungle terrain to a point on a grid map 15 miles into the jungle. Supplied with sufficient equipment and food, we set out early in the morning and by early afternoon she had us lost. Being loyal and respectful I didn't argue with her over directions. She decided to stop for the night after a few miles. We stopped in between some trees and a few big rocks. She said she had to go to the bathroom and headed into the jungle, saying she would be back in a couple of minutes.

Half an hour later she hadn't come back yet, and I started to genuinely worry. After an hour I was scared of what might have happened to her. I grabbed my M-16, secured the jeep, and set off through the trees. I called her name repeatedly but to no avail. I heard a stream of running water and proceeded toward it to fill up my canteen. It was extremely hot out. As I approached the bank I came around a rock, and there she was. She was half naked, and I got my first look at her beautiful round breasts. Her nipples were very red and hard. She had just been swimming to cool off and was putting her shirt back on. She heard me and looked up. All I could do was sputter, "I'm sorry, ma'am," and turn back and head toward the jeep. She came back to the jeep a few minutes later and, in a tone of voice I never heard her use before, said, "Just what do you think you were doing down by the stream?"

"I was concerned for your safety, ma'am," I said. "You hadn't returned after an hour. I went to look for you to make sure you were all right."

"Or you went down there to take a peek," she said.

"No, ma'am," I said. "I was worried about you."

She didn't say a word after that, but I knew she was very angry with me. I found a spot by a rock and laid my sleeping bag down. While she was looking at the maps in the jeep, I hopped into my bag and stripped nude, because it was so hot, and unzipped my bag down to my waist to cool off a bit. I fell asleep almost instantly.

Several hours later she called my name, and I woke up realizing she had moved her sleeping bag immediately next to mine. She said she was afraid to sleep in the dark in the middle of a jungle. I said I was sorry about what had happened today and told her I was there and to wake me if she got scared. With both her hands she grabbed my left hand that was on the ground, put her head down on it, and fell asleep. I got so damn horny with her lying there. I just stared at the moon for an hour. My dick was hard as a rock. But eventually I did fall asleep.

The next morning I woke up and felt a pair of fingertips brushing against my face. I looked down and realized that during the night I had gotten so hot that I had climbed out of my sleeping bag and was lying naked on top of it with my eight-inch dick standing at attention. I looked up and saw her brown eyes staring at me with lust. Naked also she bent over and kissed me. Our tongues immediately entwined and I ran my hand over her body seeking her breasts. They were so soft, but her nipples were hard as rocks. I pulled my mouth from hers, laid her down on her back, and immediately went to her tits. She moaned as I kissed her breasts and licked and sucked her nipples. I slid my hand down the soft skin of her stomach until I got to her wet snatch.

PENTHOUSE FORUM in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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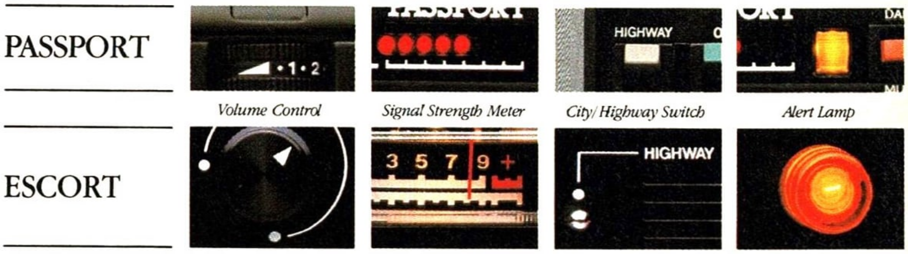
New Partner

PASSPORT is brand new. For the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, it provides ESCORT performance and features in a convenient miniaturized package. You can carry it in your pocket like, well, a passport. The magazine experts haven't tried it yet, but we think they'll have to search as hard for the superlatives to describe it as we did for the technology to make it. The SMD (Surface Mounted Device) circuitry that made PASSPORT possible is simply light years ahead.



PASSPORT fits comfortably in a shirt pocket.

First Class Performance

When radar is out there, the superheterodyne circuitry in ESCORT and PASSPORT will find it: over hills, around curves, hidden in the bushes, anywhere. But that's just half the story.

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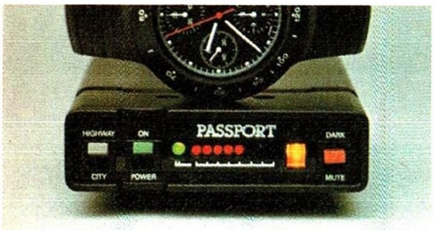

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JANUARY

Her muff was soft as kitten fur and she moaned faster as I rubbed her clit and stuck a finger up her moist twat. I kissed her lips again, and she told me to lick her box. I went down on her in an instant.

I spread her legs and licked the juice that ran down her tender thighs. Then I dived into her moist slit and nibbled on her clit while plunging my finger in and out of her cunt. I kept licking her cunt until she arched her back and came with an intense scream. I went up to kiss her, and she begged for my dick. I led her hand to it, and she wrapped her little fingers around it and looked at it with fascination. She said she had never sucked one. But after she put her wet mouth around it, licking the head and sucking the shaft up and down, I knew she had an idea of what she should do.

She then told me she had been fucked only once, when she was drunk in college, and that she wanted it up her cunt now. I laid her on the back of my sleeping bag, pulled her legs over my shoulders, and rubbed my dick against the lips of her wet pussy and on her throbbing clit. She rubbed her hands over my chest, moaning that I should put it in her. I kept teasing her pussy lips until she was almost crying for me to shove it in her. Slowly I inched it inside until I was buried to the hilt. Her pussy was so warm and tight that I could have just lain there and got off, but she begged me to fuck her. I started banging her slowly but then, with her words of encouragement, increased the tempo. The spongy walls of her pussy pushed me to the limit. I pumped harder and shot my load deep inside her muff. I kept pumping until she got off, grinding her mound into me as she contracted.

We fucked most of the morning, then we had to get to our destination. Under my direction we reached it before dusk. On the way she apologized for accusing me of spying on her. She also said that she'd wanted me for months. I told her I'd wanted her too. We're back in the States now, and nothing's changed. In the day I'm still her driver, but at night we're still lovers—and I've never been happier in my life.—*Name and address withheld*

SAME TIME NEXT YEAR

Sometimes travel has its rewards. Last month I was vacationing with my lover, Belinda. One late afternoon near sundown we were at our favorite stream, talking and dangling our feet in the water. The crowds thinned, and we discovered that we were alone.

I was sitting behind Belinda, and she leaned back as I caressed her shoulders. We had a lot of catching up to do after a year's absence. My hand slid inside her blouse to fondle one of her soft breasts. Her wispy bra easily slid down to her waist, and her small nipple hardened as I squeezed it.

We kept talking, and I moved to her other breast. Her nipples were very sensitive; she always loved it when I played with them. Belinda's head lay back on my shoulder, and I kept rubbing while she murmured her pleasure.

My hand slid lower, popped the snap on her shorts, and moved inside. The soft hair that surrounded her wet, juicy cunt tickled my probing fingers. Belinda opened her legs as I slid a finger inside her. Leisurely I finger-fucked her. Time seemed to stop. She pressed her legs together to mold my hand to her mound, and I changed my probing rhythm to a soft yet firm rubbing.

Her legs raised out of the water, and she tensed up. Breathing rapidly, she moaned, "So good, baby, you make me feel so good." Her moans built up to a long, deep sigh as she came, squeezing her legs to hold me inside her.

We cuddled while she relaxed. Slowly, she turned her head to me and whispered, "More." There were some trees with a soft bed of needles nearby. We stood and moved to the nearby grove and removed our clothes. My hard cock was throbbing in anticipation. She pulled me down on top of her, leading me to her willing cunt.

Rocking slowly, she squeezed my cock with her tight love muscle. She arched her hips and gripped me hard as she ground hard on my bone. I started to thrust rapidly while she held me tight. "I want you in my mouth, honey," she pleaded. I moaned in anticipation and withdrew my slippery cock.

Belinda fondled my balls and held my cock straight up as she opened and lowered her mouth around my glistening shaft. Her technique was even better than I remembered. I screeched as load after load flooded her mouth.

She climbed up to kiss me and I tasted my own come. A twig cracked, startling us, and we glanced over and saw another couple watching us. We had no idea how long they'd been there.

It was time to leave and we slowly got up and dressed, giving the voyeurs a long time to watch us. Back at the motel, we fucked the night away. The next morning we flew home to our respective spouses, already hungry for our next time together.—*Name and address withheld*

PERSONAL SERVICE

I am a 32-year-old male. I am also a double amputee. Six years ago my legs were crushed in an auto accident. Up until then my sex life was pretty average, I guess, with no really outstanding highs or lows that would give me a reason to write you folks. After the operation on my legs and months recuperating in the hospital, my social life cooled down. In any case, I was more concerned with getting my life started again than I was with dating.

Recently, I started working as an employment counselor in a private agency. My boss was very understanding about my situation and kept the work load from getting too demanding. Our agency provides personal service, but

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was I surprised to see how far some clients expect the service to go.

One afternoon I buzzed the front office and asked for the next client. A tall luscious blonde wearing a skimpy skirt and holding what appeared to be a résumé came in. I motioned her to sit in the chair. She said her name was Pat.

I don't have a lot of mobility, so my writing table is constructed to enable me to slide my chair all the way in under the edge. I began writing all my new client's pertinent personal information, when I got a sensation that my chair was rocking. Then I thought I sensed something climbing up my left stump. It felt like a hand, so I glanced quickly at mine and found that they were resting on the desk. Then my eyes met Pat's. I've never seen such a look—if ever eyes have said, "I want you," hers did. My hand moved down to discover her bare foot moving in to knead my groin. She pressed harder and worked me tenderly. My cock now straining against my pants, I grabbed it and started to unzip.

Four thin wall-dividers separated us from the rest of the office. I prayed to God that those thin walls would muffle any noises. I grabbed my chair and swung it away from the desk. As I did, she came over to my side in time to meet my cock springing straight out of my shorts. She got down on her knees, and I adjusted my posture in the chair so she could get a better grip on my dick. Her pink-nailed fingers grabbed the base and forced back the skin covering the head. A small drop of pre-come forced its way out the pisshole; I threw my head back as she nestled her lips over my shaft.

She took me deep into her mouth, and I leaned back farther in the chair so she could get more of my cock buried in her throat. My stumps started waving in the air, slipping my pants all the way off the ends, while she massaged and licked each leg back and forth.

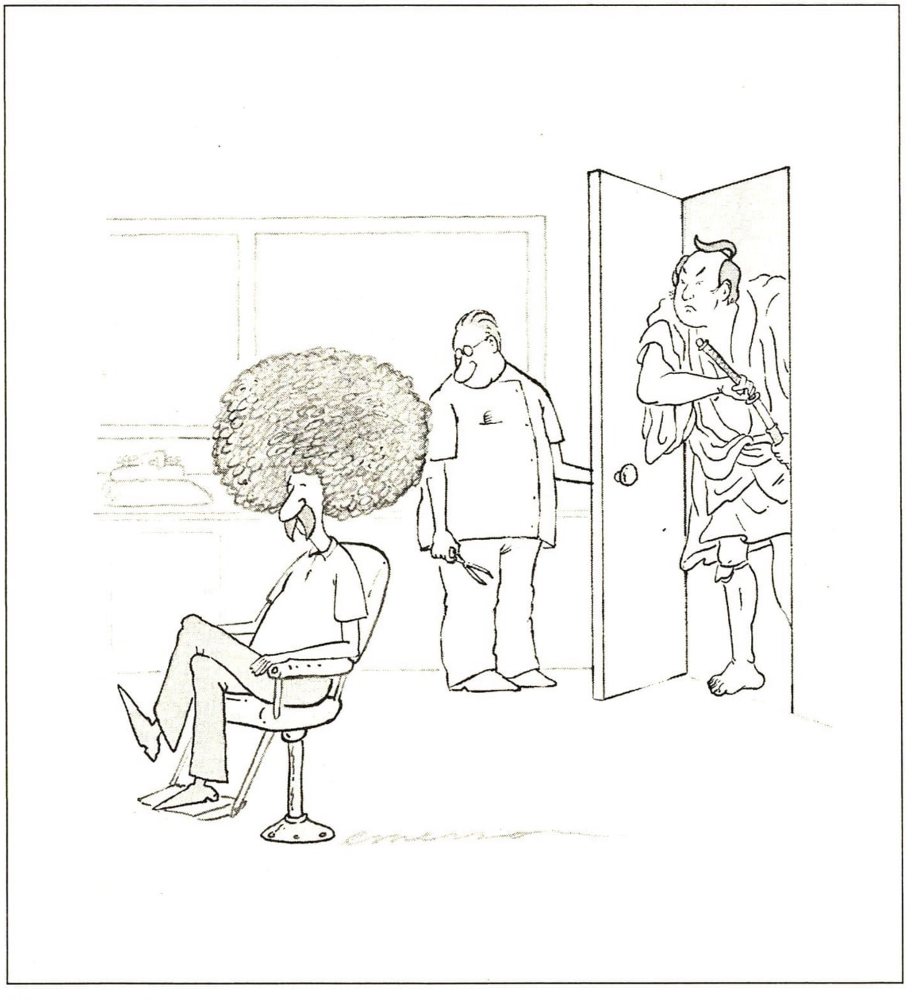
By this point I was slouched in my chair, and her tits were hanging within grasping distance. I grabbed a handful of one and massaged it, while my other hand loosened my balls from my underwear.

They were soon hard up against the cock's roots and her lips touched them as she deep-throated me. I felt the come rising in me, but as much as I wanted to hold out, it was too much. I almost yelled, "Fucking great!" as I came deep into her throat. She licked off the last little bit seeping out, using her fingers to squeeze out the "tube."

She gave me a tissue from her purse, and I cleaned off my dick while she put her shoes on. Before I knew it she was out the door, leaving me with her résumé.

That night I went home and whacked off three times thinking about her.

Now she drops in once or twice a month at safe times, and we always go through the same ritual. There's never a word from her. Sometimes we do more foreplay or she jacks me off. Soon as I can, I'm going to invite her home and show her what a legless wonder I really am.—*Name and address withheld*



SWINGERS HAVEN

Just last week I went on a business trip to the West Coast. On the weekend I decided to travel over to the beaches for a little R & R by myself. The hotels along the beach were lovely but didn't have much nightlife. I traveled up the coast to search for a secluded cove where I could sunbathe nude and hoped to find other free spirits along the way. I did locate the perfect beach and did lie in the buff, but I had no company. Rubbing suntan lotion all over me was a turn-on, and I was careful to get lots of oil on my penis so it wouldn't get burned!

That night I was hoping to find someone to stay with me, but the place was filled with vacationing couples. No singles were to be found. But on my way down to have dinner, I met a really cute gal in the elevator. She was very slim, with long, straight blond hair. She also wore a wedding ring. I said hello and complimented her on her nice southern accent. She got out on her floor and walked away. When I got to the ground floor I realized that I had forgotten something and went back to my room. Afterward, on the way down, she again got on the elevator. We laughed at the coincidence and discovered we were both going to the restaurant. I lagged behind her and saw her join her husband at a table. I asked the waiter to seat me next to them.

After eating I walked over, said hello to them, and shook hands with her husband. I told them how nice it was to hear a southern accent since I too was from the South. I left right after that and returned to my room. Since I didn't know them at all well, I had to be careful. But I wanted to find out if they'd like to have a threesome. I've been involved in threesomes now for about four years and I love them. There's something terrific about seeing the pride and excitement in a man as he shows his wife to another man, and I have yet to meet a lady who didn't enjoy two dicks instead of one.

Then an idea hit me. I decided to call their room and invite them to join me in the lounge for drinks later that night. I would tell them that another couple would be with me and that the other couple was interested in swinging later on.

I worked up my nerve and phoned. The husband, John, answered. I explained my invitation, and he quickly replied, "Sounds good to me." I said, "Great, see you at eleven," and hung up. I practically passed out, I was so excited. I fell backward on the bed and lay there in a daze. I was a little worried though, because I knew I'd have to tell them later that the "other couple" couldn't make it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

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❛The truck driver and I drove close to each other and smiled. He wanted me to show him my tits, but I had bigger and better things in mind.❜

WOMEN'S **FORUM**

ALAN DANIELS

HARD AND RAUNCHY

On a recent vacation I decided to take a drive out-of-state to visit some old friends. On my way back I was getting tired and horny, so I began to fantasize about my past lovers. I decided to make a list of all the men I have fucked and sucked in my lifetime.

I was on number 38 when a large diesel truck drove by. The driver was really checking me out. He was dark and had warm green eyes, a nice mustache, and well-developed arms. It's always been a fantasy of mine to anonymously fuck a good-looking truck driver. This particular one and I played around in traffic for about 50 miles, driving close to each other and smiling back and forth. He indicated that he wanted me to show him my large luscious tits, but I had bigger and better things in mind.

After a while, he motioned for me to pull over so we could get a drink. I was really thirsty and wanted to get a closer look at my handsome trucker, so I turned off.

We stopped at a roadhouse and got some iced tea. After a while I started getting tired and told my friend that I was going to stop in the next town and get a motel for a few hours. He lit up and asked me if I wanted him to stop by. We looked at each other for a while, and I said, "I've always had a fantasy of getting fucked hard and heavy by a truck driver, especially one that looks like you." He then asked me if I liked to have my boobs played with. I told him I liked to have them played with—and sucked and fucked. I also told him that he would enjoy them very much. "My dick is getting real hard," he said. "Let's go."

We got the motel room and then all the fun began. I started making my fantasy come to life by showing him my large round mounds. I could tell he was enjoying the show. He told me they were beautiful, and we proceeded to kiss, first lightly, then with animal-like lust. We took our clothes off, and I began a masterful blowjob on his thick dick. Long dicks are nice, but his thick dick really turned me on. I was kneeling on the floor and he was lying on the bed with his legs dangling off the side. I sucked him deep into my throat, teasing him with my experienced mouth. When I finally stopped for air, he asked me how I learned to suck a cock so well. I told him that cocksucking really turned me on and that the key was to relax. A hard tool in my mouth really gets me off.

He then pulled me up on the bed and began to suck my warm tingling clit. I have never in my life been eaten so well. He had a technique I wish all men could learn. I usually take a long time to come, but his quivering, experienced tongue had me flying high in five or six minutes. He worked his tongue on my pussy like a vibrator and his fingers on my nipples in the same way. Finally I had to ask him to stop: The feeling was too good after I climaxed. He then pulled my shapely legs up over my heaving shoulders and said, "I'm gonna fuck your brains out, beautiful, sexy lady."

He fucked me so hard and fast, I thought our bed was going to go through the wall. Luckily no one was next door, or I'm sure we would have heard a complaint. I've been pounded before but it felt so good to be fucked raunchy and hard.

My handsome truck driver left to call his dispatcher and returned about 20 minutes later. We fucked again but this time between my boobs. I love to squeeze them together, burying a hard dick between them and sucking the come out of my men when it's time for them to explode.

The only regret I had with my fantasy was that there weren't two men. I've always wanted to be fucked up my ass and in my pussy at the same time. But then there's always my next vacation.—*Name and address withheld*

BROTHERLY LOVE

Last weekend I was at a party when I spotted this handsome guy staring at me from across the room. We held our gaze as he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

In WOMEN'S FORUM, female readers of *Penthouse* discuss their sexual interests, aspirations, and relationships. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Women's Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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PET FORUM

Corinne

DREAM MAKER

Dear Corinne Alphen,
While watching the movie *Spring Break*, I was quite enthralled with a pretty girl taking an outdoor shower in a bikini. I knew I had seen this woman before, but I couldn't remember exactly where. Then, after flipping through the September 1984 anniversary issue, I came across your wonderful Pet of the Year pictorial of 1982. It was then that I recognized you.

I have seen many a beautiful girl in *Penthouse*, but you are No. 1 with me. Your fantastic body, mixed with an innocent girlish charm, makes you the girl of my dreams. What other movies have you appeared in? Is anything slated for the future? It would be great to see you on the silver screen again, or in the privacy of my bedroom on my VCR!—*D. Taffet, Alexandria, Va.*

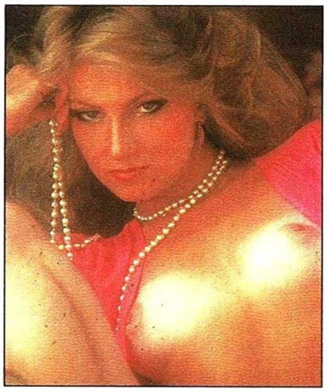
Dear D. Taffet,
I was really thrilled to receive your letter. Fan "males" are the best! Right now I'm living in California and studying acting. I hope to be on the silver screen again very soon. I've done some television work, but film is my first love.

As for that private bedroom screening on your VCR, keep your fingers crossed and I'll see what I can do. But for the time being, let's consider this photo here a sneak preview.—Corinne

SURPRISE GIFT

Dear DiVina Celeste,
As an avid fan of *Penthouse*, I have enjoyed many exciting issues over the past 15 years. One particular pictorial really stands out in my mind—the February 1982 Pet of the Month spread "A Fabulous Fate Accompli" [photographs by Bob Guccione], featuring DiVina Celeste. DiVina is deliciously photogenic. I didn't think anyone could look so good in pearls. Please, may I see one more "divine" photograph?—*Name withheld, Hatch, N.M.*

Dear Mr. Withheld,
Funny you should mention those pearls. When I told my boyfriend at the time that I was posing for Penthouse, *he said he would buy me something extra special to wear for my shooting. Well, imagine my surprise when I opened this huge box filled with tissue paper, expecting a fur or something, and I found those pearls! They were just the right touch. I'm glad you agree.*—DiVina



DiVina

Paula

CODY TO THE RESCUE

Hello, Cody Carmack!
For the past three years I have followed your career in the pages of *Penthouse*. Every time I see you, I say, "Mmmm. She's still my No. 1 fantasy." Now, after my divorce, I find myself in my bachelor apartment, lustfully looking at my May 1981 issue, which features your pictorial "Commander Cody." Cody, is it possible for you to send me an autographed photo to help brighten up my boring nights? A lot of guys at our Friday-night poker games would love it. We're all fans of yours.—*R.R., Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE GIRLS OF MARCH

Ever since I picked up your March 1984 issue, I haven't been able to put it down. It contains 44 pages of three of the most sexy ladies I've ever seen.

Twenty-four-year-old Teri Jory ("Long Leg of the Law") is one lovable lady. As usual, Earl Miller's photography was extraordinary.

Cara Richards [photographed by Jerry Pasternak] is a great-looking blonde. I normally don't get uncontrollable while looking at pictures of blondes, but there was no way I could keep it down while viewing her titillating body. Not only is her body perfect, but her face is too. She and I would get along really well together—we seem to have the same thoughts. I'm not much of a party guy, but like Cara, I enjoy private parties for two.

March Pet of the Month Paula Ann Wood [photographed by J. Stephen Hicks] should have been chosen Miss California, then Miss U.S.A., then Miss Universe. What a striking brunette! Every gorgeous inch of her incredible, luscious body turned me on. Please! One more photo.—*Name and address withheld*

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“Passage of the ERA would reverse the unfair practices in child support and custody cases that are heavily biased against men.”

PENTHOUSE **FEEDBACK**

CHARTERED COURSE

Sidney Siller's recent explanation of why he's voting for Ronald Reagan ["Men's Rights," October 1984] is as shallow a piece of garbage as I've come across. Voting for Reagan is hardly in the best interests of those who think women get the better deal in divorce court.

It seems to me that passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, to which Reagan and his ilk are opposed, would reverse the unfair practices in child-support and custody cases that are heavily biased against men.

By treating men and women equally, a court would be forced to award custody on the basis of which parent is more fit to raise children, rather than knee-jerking its decision in favor of women regardless of the circumstances.

Siller sounds like a right-winger to me, and that is his right. But I'm sure most *Penthouse* readers have a more pragmatic view of the world—we know Reaganites would like to prohibit *Penthouse* and its genre from distribution.

Unfair practices in the divorce courts of this country are far more likely to be rectified in a progressive atmosphere.

Siller is scared to death that women are on the verge of total control of the American electorate. Considering what men have done to this earth throughout time, putting Geraldine Ferraro in the White House might be an exciting and sensible way to chart a new course.—*Richard Nangle, Dedham, Mass.*

Sidney Siller's "Men's Rights" in the October 1984 *Penthouse* is silly. Because the Democratic Party endorses equality for women and has nominated a woman for vice-president, Siller claims that "the Democrats have been forced to sell their political souls to the feminist movement, and there can be no turning back." Horsefeathers!

His ludicrous statement that "President Reagan, as the leader of the Republican Party, offers us the opportunity to experience the American ideal of gender equality" makes it obvious what Mr. Siller wants to turn back to. Just examine Ronnie and Nancy's marriage, in which the woman is a leechlike dependent subordinated by her husband's desires and ambitions, and you can see what Siller means by "gender equality."

To have voted Republican meant neglecting the very real possibility that Reagan would try to win a protracted nuclear war, or send our young men to die in Central America or the Mideast for no good reason, or reduce our economy to shambles. Voting Republican was not the act of rational men, but of propagandized automatons.—*Paul Hodges, Mt. Airy, N.C.*

NOT AMUSED

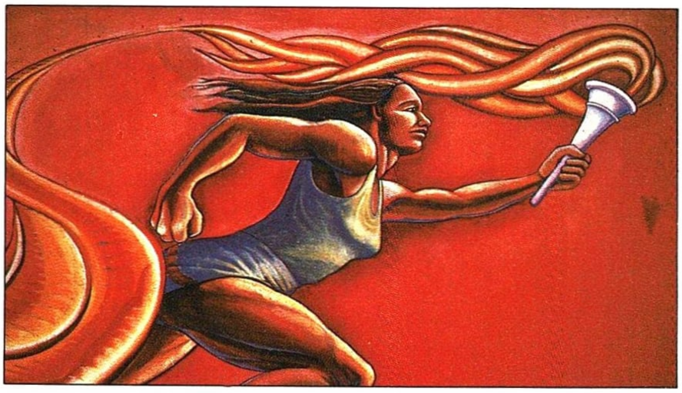
I'm writing to you about the Olympic humor feature in your August 1984 issue—"Olympicide" by Steve Attoe.

Lighting the Olympic torch to a bundle of cats isn't my idea of a funny joke. Cats are beautiful animals who don't bring any harm to anyone, so I can't see what's so funny about hurting them. If my Russian Blue had seen your issue, I'm sure he'd piss on the whole damn magazine, and I wouldn't scold him one bit.

Tell Mr. Funny Man Steve that if he thinks he's a comedian, he's far from it.—*Name withheld, Sacramento, Calif.*

WINNING L.A. ART

I have just read, with great pleasure, the article entitled "Street Art Winners" [August 1984, Special Olympic Issue], and would like to congratulate you on the fabulous photographs and the intelligent and sensitive text. As a resident of Los Angeles, I can tell you that our Mecca has for too long been overlooked for its consistent support of the arts. It is encouraging and exciting to see that *Penthouse* has a true "beat" on the positive side of L.A. Keep up the great articles.—*James Michaels, Los Angeles, Calif.*



20 WORST TEAMS

As a graduate of U.T.E.P. [University of Texas at El Paso], I was outraged to find that Larry Linderman had listed my alma mater No. 5 in the *Penthouse* 20 Worst College Football Teams of 1984–85 [October 1984]. How sad! When I attended U.T.E.P. (then Texas Western), we had such greats as Jess Whittenton (who later played with Green Bay) and Don Maynard (of Jets fame). We defeated such teams as S.M.U. and Mississippi in Sun Bowl games. Of course, we also gave one away to George Washington University. But that was back in the late fifties. Alas, what has happened? Were it not for occasional basketball glory and track successes, who would even know U.T.E.P. exists?

Still, hope springs eternal.—*Bruce Nusbaum, San Francisco, Calif.*

IN APPRECIATION

I want to express my appreciation to *Penthouse* for running the National Shooting Sports Foundation's public-service advertisement on the federal "Duck Stamp" in

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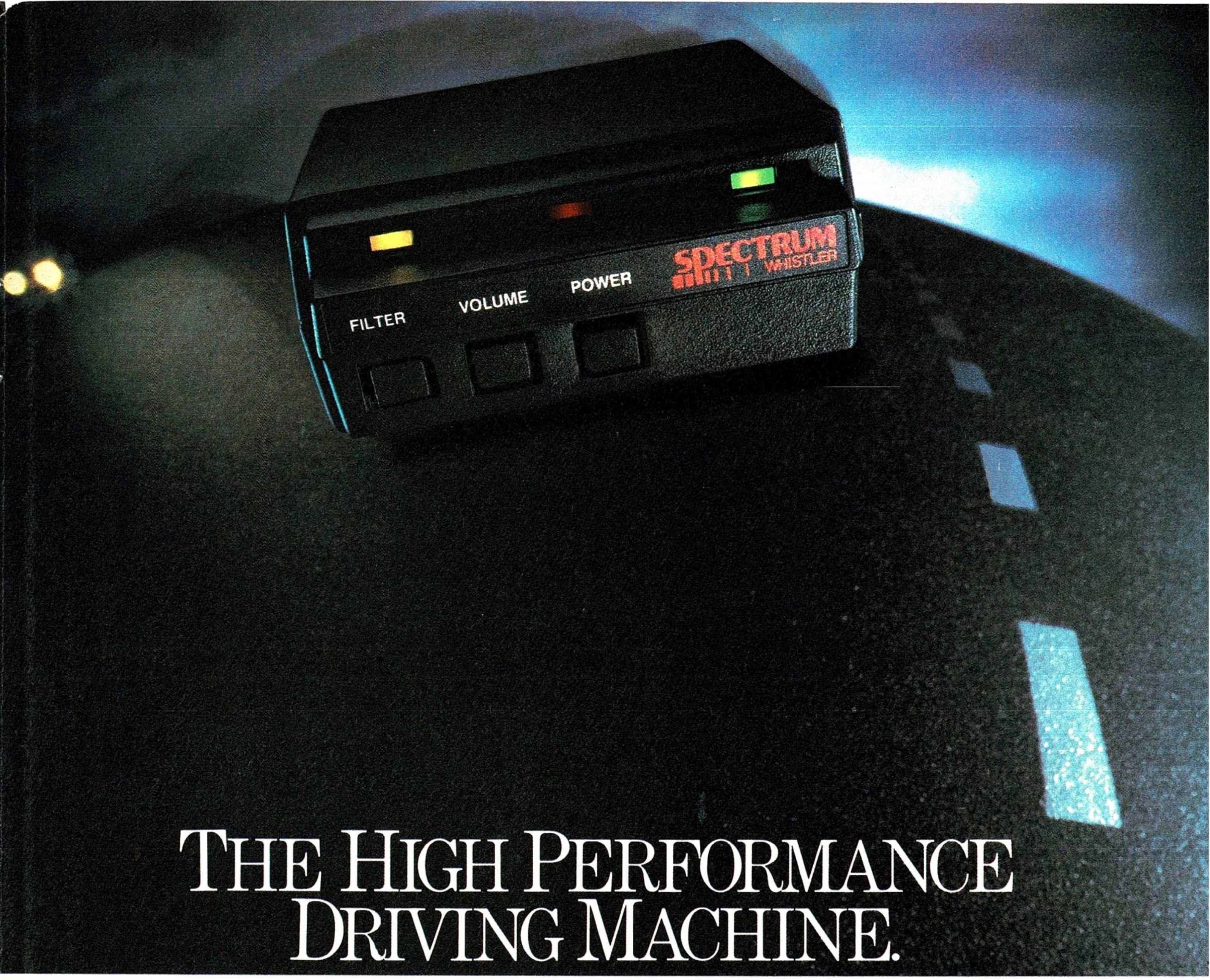
FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



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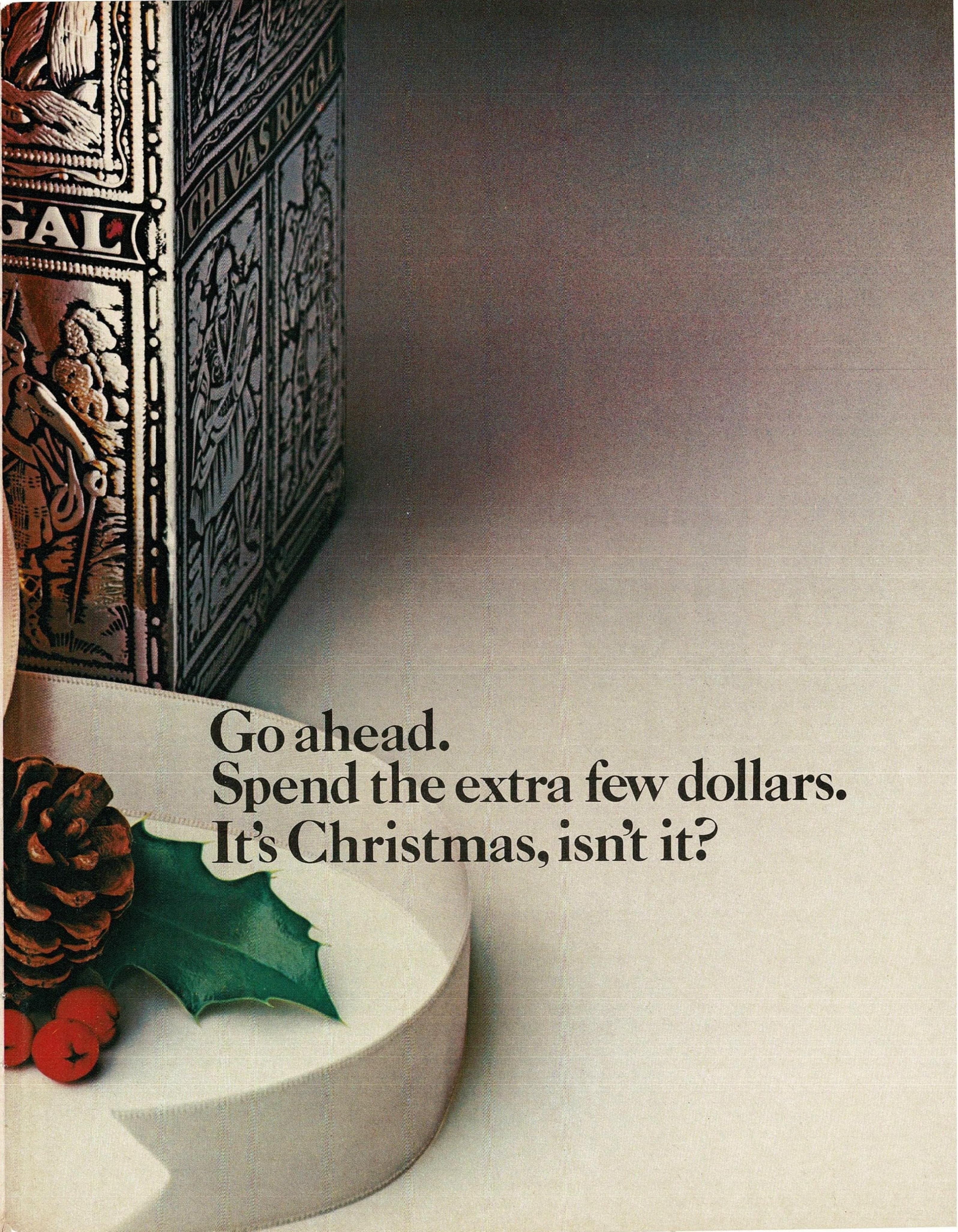
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TO WHOSE ADVANTAGE WAS IT?

Your interview with photographer Tom Chiapel [November 1984] was interesting and informative. I think that you were considerate to publish his side of the Vanessa Williams scandal. But didn't you gather from all he said, that after justifying his actions, he had in reality exploited Vanessa to the point of making himself look worse than the *New York Post* had portrayed him?

After saying how artistic and beautiful his pictures were, and quoting Vanessa as saying they were "very, very sexy," he went on to say that ultimately he sold them for the money!

It makes me wonder who, in the end, was really taken advantage of.—*Andrea Karas, Hoboken, N.J.*

JADED JIVE

In response to William F. Buckley, Jr.'s article, "Jesse Jackson's Jive" [July 1984], I must say that the real master of "jive" (in other words political demagoguery) seems to be none other than William F. Buckley, Jr.

After painting Jackson's attempts to register black voters as sinister black nationalism in disguise, Buckley asks, "What, assuming President Jackson were inaugurated, would he do for blacks?" Then, two paragraphs later, he answers his own question: " 'Let's build houses, not bombs,' he [Jackson] says, which is flower-child cant, like saying let's have fiddlers on the street, not policemen." In addition to poor logic and an obvious non sequitur, it's nice to know that ol' oil-interest Bill Buckley, Jr. thinks that scaling down the arms race and creating civilian jobs (At the expense of military spending? Heavens no—for Uncle Bill has personal interests here, too) is "flower-child cant."

It seems to me that overlooking the jaded jive of political "sophisticates" such as William F. Buckley is what elections in this country are all about—*Edward Reilly, Chicago, Ill.*

BLOOD MONEY

I read with great interest the article "Blood Money," by Penny Lernoux, in the April 1984 issue of *Penthouse*. I never knew much about the Nugan Hand Bank fiasco until I read articles by Jonathan Kwitny, staff reporter for *The Wall Street Journal*. My wife and I were investors through Lieutenant General Leroy J. Manor, USAF, based on a pitch he made for the Nugan Hand Bank at an official USAF conference in Hawaii in December 1979. We made our investment based on trust and respect for his rank. It was an expensive lesson and it proves that experience is the best teacher. I know of three other investors who lost money. The total amount lost by the four of us was $65,000. I know there are many, many more.—*Name withheld, San Francisco, Calif.*

GOVERNMENT DICTATORSHIP

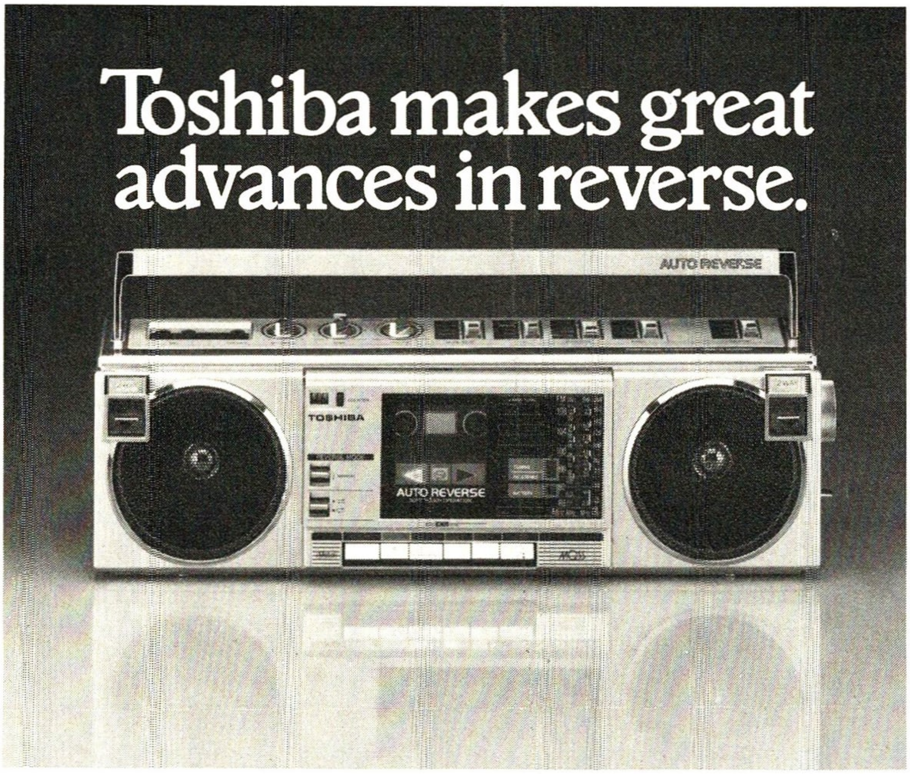
The article in your June 1984 issue "Puerto Rican Police: The Enemy Within," by José Torres, was one hell of a story. Puerto Ricans have been waiting for light to be shed on what is happening down here. This article, however, has only one drawback: The enemy within is not the police itself but Governor Romero Barceló, a kind of dictator who thinks he is a saint. The police are just part of the governor's dictatorship.

I am a former member of the New Progressive Party (the governor's party) and a government employee, and I can assure you that every single word printed in this article is true. We islanders are constantly living in a ring of fear. Police brutality, corruption of government officials, and misuse of federal (U.S.) funds abound. A great percentage of federal funds that are sent to the island goes to the party's funding of corrupt officials, senators, and representatives. Lieutenant Julio Cesar Andrades, mentioned in this article in connection with theft and hijacking and other various crimes, was also being investigated by the DEA. The "Jessica" murder was done by a police officer who later "retired" with full pension. The murders of the four diamond dealers from New York were also committed by the police.

I work in the housing department, where there is a big scandal going on about the misuse of federal funds, the theft of materials, the channeling of government funds and properties to the party's fund, and so on.

As I said, the police are the governor's right arm, but different agencies and the justice department comprise the remainder of this corrupt body. The federal government is coauthor of this corruption, because it is not doing anything about it. We must all realize it won't be long before this government leads us to a civil war.

I thank you for publishing Mr. Torres's article. *Penthouse*, keep striving to preserve justice and democracy.—*Name and address withheld*



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New federal rules redefining alimony affect almost every newly divorced man in America.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 percent—flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 percent—and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

—The Reverend Sydney Smith

Taxes are certainly one of the banes of civilized man's existence. And our situation today is no better than when Reverend Smith described the travails of Englishmen almost two hundred years ago. In fact, in some ways things have gotten much worse, and more expensive, tax-wise. And ironically, President Reagan, who has been one of our better politicians on the issues of taxation and men's rights, dealt both causes a nasty—and low—blow.

On July 18, 1984, the president signed into law several new tax regulations. Among them were new divorce tax laws, seemingly just slipped into the middle of a stack of other new laws to reduce their controversial nature. If this indeed was the ploy, it worked. What with the Olympics and the ongoing political campaigns—to say nothing of the dramatic Vanessa Williams scandal, which may be familiar to some readers of this publication—the media, never too alert even in the best of circumstances when it comes to men's rights, paid scant attention to the new changes and their potential impact.

After reviewing these changes, however, it is my opinion as a lawyer and a fighter for the legitimate concerns of men, that it is very likely that men will be paying significantly more in taxes in the future. Because these changes went virtually unnoticed as they passed through Congress and were signed into law by the president, it has become necessary, and it is incumbent upon all of us, to fight for yet one more legislative change. My organization—*your* organization—which we have established in order to have a united front for this struggle is the National Organization for Men, Inc. Our address is 381 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016 and our telephone number is 212-686-MALE. I welcome your letters, questions, and, of course, your support.

Returning to the new tax regulations, I will attempt to provide a very cursory and superficial discussion of some of the changes. Be sure to consult your attorney and tax accountant for all the details so that you can assess the possible impact the new legislation will have on your individual tax situation.

Under the former law, payments the husband made pursuant to a divorce decree or agreement were counted as taxable income to the wife and were deductible by the husband. (It was a requirement that these alimony payments be periodic, and they were usually terminated upon remarriage or death of the spouse. On the other hand, payments for child support were not deductible by the husband, nor were they counted as income for the wife.) The critical philosophical change is that the new tax rules overturn the old assumption that divorce is an expensive situation *whose enormous financial impact should be alleviated slightly by the tax laws*. It has now become quite difficult to deduct alimony as an expense on your tax returns, and these new federal rules redefining alimony affect almost every newly divorced man in America.

Here are some of the hurdles that you, and your financial and legal advisers, will have to leap in order to deduct alimony as an expense:

First, the payments must be in cash and must not be designated as anything but alimony. Under the old law you were permitted to aggregate child support payments and alimony in one lump sum and, with the consent of your wife, designate this entire sum as alimony in order to take the tax deduction.

Second, your divorce decree must require that alimony payments continue for a minimum of six years, unless your wife dies before then, in order for them to be deductible.

Third, a divorced husband will not be allowed to disguise as an alimony payment money paid out under an equitable distribution or community property settlement. There are many changes in this area of property transfer or distribution that are particularly difficult and technical, so by all means be especially careful and seek the advice of an expert.

In fact, as I stated above, make sure you have expert advice in *any* area involving divorce. Because of the ease with which, unhappily, many of today's marriages fall apart and head for the divorce courts, unprepared people, confused and unhappy, pay too little heed to traps in the law—traps that could affect the course of the rest of their lives. For this reason, the counsel of an emotionally uninvolved adviser is necessary at these times.

It is necessary to be vigilant about areas of legal concern to men at all times, anyway. As we have seen, it is all too easy for such technical changes as these in the tax laws to be enacted by Congress before any real assessment of their potential damage is made. Any readers who have knowledge of how these laws are having impact on peoples' lives in a practical sense are encouraged to write to me about it. This subject will certainly be taken up again.

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Twelve rules for
avoiding those embarrassing
moments so
often fatal to a career.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

You are not familiar with the word "schmuck"? You *are* familiar with the warmth of a blush as your neck and cheeks turn bright red because you've made an asshole of yourself, at just the moment it was important not to, yes? Possibly you know the feeling that comes when everybody at the meeting falls silent and stares at you, because you've just said the one thing that nobody was supposed to say—put your goddamn *foot* in it, frankly, old sport, right in front of Mr. Big, whose mouth is wide open like a striped bass that's just been hooked and whose beady eyes are flashing the thought: "Who *is* this asshole, and which side does he think he's working for, anyway?"

Yes, well, now that we've summarily disposed of your knowledge of the Yiddish language, or lack of it . . . and never forget that the first Lord Rothschild, when asked for the secret of his success, replied, "Sooner or later, in the life of every man of business, success or failure turns on a man's ability to speak Yiddish," so *there!* . . . let's get on with it.

The object is to cut these embarrassing moments—so often fatal to a career, or a love affair, for that matter—down to the irreducible minimum, for they can hardly ever be eliminated completely, except by power players so skilled that they surely don't need to read this column.

Number One (and a real Golden Rule): Do not give an opinion or speak until you have heard what the other person has to say. Listen, wait, *think* before you speak. All successful power players are good listeners, first and foremost. Speaking hastily ruins more careers than anything else. Let the other fellow do the talking, right? Beginning to get the picture?

On to Number Two: Always read your own mail—*all* of it. Otherwise you may miss the one insignificant item that matters, the clipping or photocopy you can send to the president or the chairman of the board with a handwritten note saying, "Thought this might interest you," or just, "Congratulations!"

Never let anybody else decide what's important in your mail and what's not. Only *you* know what your real order of priorities is.

Number Three: Always dress as if you might be called in to a meeting with the chairman of the board at any moment. Otherwise, the one day you're *not* dressed that way is when the call will come. Besides, a white shirt and a dark-blue suit is always seen as a mark of status, separating you from the polyester herd.

Number Four: Don't carry anything into meetings. No calculators, notepads, files, etc. Your object is to behave as if you belong there because of your mind, not as a spear-carrier or as the guy who takes notes.

Number Five: Don't write a letter when you can handle the problem by telephone. If there's a dispute later on, your memory of what you said is as good as the other person's, but what you've written is in your files (and more important, *his*) forever.

Number Six: When you take a call or greet someone, begin the conversation by asking, "What can I do for you?" It's not only polite—it puts the burden of explaining things on the other person.

Number Seven: Keep a log of telephone calls and return every one of them as promptly as possible. If it's somebody you don't want to speak to, call at lunchtime, when you know they're probably out.

Nothing angers people like not having their calls returned, and a message on *their* telephone log at least proves you *tried*.

Number Eight: Never make a pass at a pretty young woman in the office, or at office parties, without first making *sure* who she is. These days, she may be a senior executive. Even if she is not, she still may be your boss's wife, or girlfriend. Many careers have been ruined by incautious, foot-in-the-mouth behavior in this area. Do not, by the way, expect the woman to warn you. They never do. At best, you will receive a token Mona Lisa smile.

Number Nine: Do not express an opinion in a meeting until you have a sense of the general sentiment. I'm not suggesting you should never open your mouth, or stifle your opinions—but at least get some *feel* of what other people think before wading in with both feet.

Number Ten: Watch out for Lost Causes. This relates to Number Nine, above. If the president of your company has expressed himself as being firmly and absolutely against some policy, do not continue to argue the opposite point of view if you're sure he's already made up his mind 100 percent. He will certainly *not* thank you for your brilliance.

Life goes on. Other opportunities for displaying your brilliance will arise. Why go down with a sinking ship, if you don't have to?

Number Eleven: If you're going to argue with a senior executive's decision, make sure to *do so in private,* never in public. Take him out for a drink, ask if you can talk to him in his office. And don't ever say, "I think you're wrong." Say instead, "I'm not quite sure why you're doing this, and I was hoping you could explain it in greater detail to me," or some variation of that.

Number Twelve: Valuable as all the above lessons are, never forget the words of Winston Churchill: "Rules are made for the obedience of fools and the guidance of wise men."

The real power player knows entirely by instinct when to ignore any or all of the above!

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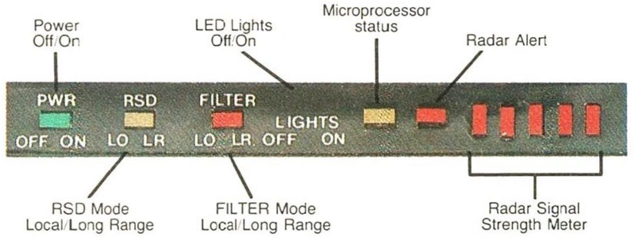

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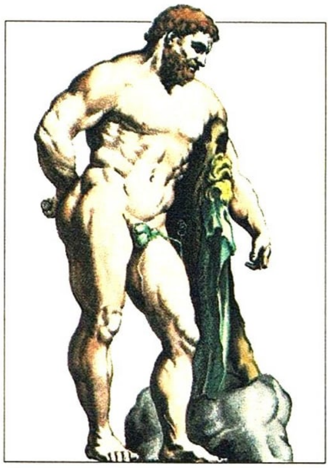
FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



I read every new book on diet and fitness and have taken vitamins on and off for years. I never seem to feel much different and I have not gained the level of health many of these books promise. Some doctors say vitamin supplements are unnecessary; some say jogging is bad for you, or that you get all the nutrition you need from a good mixed diet. It's very discouraging. Once and for all—do we need vitamin supplements, will a certain diet keep you healthy, does exercise prevent disease, in short, is all the effort worth it?

—K. Marston, Chicago

The short answer is an overwhelming *yes* to all four questions. The most prevalent disease in America today is premature old age. Despite medical technology that is vastly superior to that found anywhere else on earth, the U.S. National Center for Health Statistics reports that of 24 countries the United States has the worst life expectancy. This is compared to countries with harsh climates, such as Iceland, or poor medical care, such as Spain and Greece.

Why? There are two interlocked causes. First—because of the insidious monopolization of the medical, pharmaceutical, and food processing industries—the average American infant is undernourished, fat, and sedentary, and therefore predisposed to major disease by the age of 40.

The second factor that sets Americans up for illness and premature death is the degradation of our food, water, and air. Reports, such as Dr. Joseph Beasley's *The Impact of Nutrition on the Health of Americans* and my book *Your Personal Vitamin Profile*, show unequivocally that today 70 percent of our food is so poor that only advertising agencies would (and do) have the gall to call it nutritious.

The typical American diet includes food that has no nutritional value. A few examples: white breads, canned foods, sodas, breakfast cereals, sugar, bakery goods, candy, and coffee. Because these foods, frequently advertised and packaged as being "natural" and wholesome, dominate the supermarket shelves, one has to make a concerted effort to learn about and find truly healthful food.

Recent reports from the National Academy of Sciences and the National Cancer Institute show that the typical American diet sets you up for a host of diseases and disorders which may include cardiovascular diseases, cancers, adult-onset diabetes, and liver diseases. So it is more than just wise to plan your nutrition—it is essential if you're interested in living a long healthy life. The menu I suggest includes: whole-grain pastas, breads, and cereals; vegetables; juices; salads; seafoods; low-fat cheeses; legumes; fish; fresh fruit; steamed foods; and grilled foods.

But even the most intelligent eating habits are not enough. Today, the variations in vitamin and mineral content, even in fresh, raw foods, are so great that you can no longer count on getting sufficient amounts from eating the right foods alone. Tests in my laboratory and others show that carrots, for example, vary at least 25-fold in their content of provitamin A. Oranges may have virtually no vitamin C if they are picked before ripening and stored a long time. The selenium in bread may vary 200-fold depending on the selenium content of the soil in which the grain was grown. Farmers routinely supplement animal feed with additional selenium, but we humans are left to fend for ourselves.

Every government survey on food and nutrition, such as the Ten State Nutritional, done on 86,000 people, the Health and Nutritional Examination Survey, done on 28,000 people, and the Nationwide Food Consumption Survey of 15,000 households has found significant vitamin and mineral deficiencies. One in three households is deficient in calcium and vitamin B_6, one in four in magnesium. And one in five households is deficient in iron and vitamin A.

After 12 years of research, these facts have led me, reluctantly, to the conclusion that we need vitamin and mineral supplements. I have just completed a computerized analysis of actuarial and other health data, and the results indicate that, even on the diet I outline in my book *Healthy Gourmet*, if you do not supplement your meals with at least a daily multivitamin-plus-minerals tablet plus one to two grams of vitamin C with bioflavonoids (a vitamin catalyst), you will *reduce* your lifespan by approximately four years. It is true that we do not yet know exactly why this is so.

Nutrition science is still in its infancy. But take no heed of the medical critics who cry, "Premature! Premature!" Linus Pauling's critics did the same 20 years ago. Now most of them are dead, and he is hale and hearty. Good old common sense will tell you that a pound of fresh string beans has a lot more to offer than anything packed into a can.

But sound nutrition habits are still not enough to stay in good health and keep disease at bay. In its present evolutionary state, the human body needs activity when it is not sleeping. Unless you do a modicum of daily exercise to maintain lean muscle mass and flexibility, and unless you do a minimum of 60 minutes' walking or 20 minutes' jogging or other aerobic exercise daily, your body will deteriorate quickly, despite stuffing yourself with vitamins.

Worth it? If you follow this plan for six months and still don't think so, I'll eat my typewriter!

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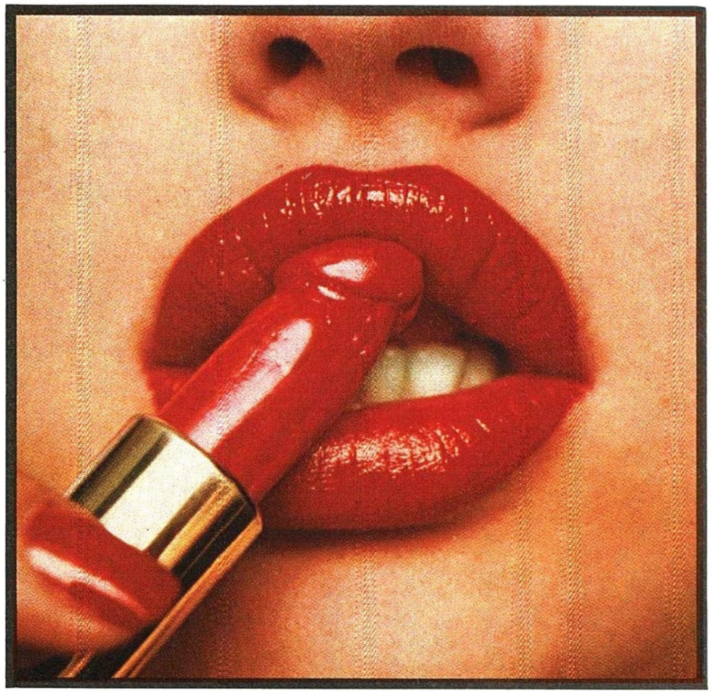
XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM



LETTER OF THE MONTH

I've never been the type to advertise my personal or sexual life. However, a recent experience has forced me to give second thoughts to the matter, for two reasons. First, there is a lot to be learned from it, and second, relating and having my story printed may be the only way I have of getting in touch with the individual concerned.

Some time ago, my husband and I attended a party where everyone had had more than their share to drink. I was not in a drinking mood for some reason, so I was the soberest of the lot. After some time, the party was moved to a bar. As soon as we entered the place, my eyes fixed themselves upon a gorgeous man standing at the end of the bar, approximately 20 feet away. The place was crammed with people, but my radar eye immediately picked up on this hunk. What a doll!

Fate was on my side—as our group ended up in his general vicinity, offering me the opportunity to strike up a casual conversation. I was getting hotter by the minute, and longed to continue the conversation (and other things) in more depth than the situation allowed.

I've never been the gutsy type, but on my next trip to the ladies' room, I wrote this gentleman a note asking if we could get together sometime. I guess I wasn't as gutsy as I would have liked to be, as I didn't have the nerve to hand him the note. Instead, I slipped it into his coat pocket and spent the rest of the evening staring at him and dreaming. Needless to say, I went home without him and had some very beautiful X-rated dreams that night.

The next morning, the reality of what I had done hit me. I was married, faithful, and a good wife! What had I just done? I hated one-night stands, and that had been one of my deciding points in getting married. I wanted someone who would be there all of the time, not leave me in the wee hours of the morning to "feed his cat," and promising to "give me a call sometime."

Well, I needn't have worried as I didn't hear from my friend. Instead, I was left insatiably horny and just had to daydream a lot. But about five weeks later, the phone rang and it turned out to be him. The guy explained that he had just cleaned out his coat pockets and realized the piece of paper inside had a telephone number on it. After a process of elimination, he figured out who wrote it and agreed that we should definitely get together. Fortunately, my husband goes out of town occasionally. We settled on a hot date about a week later. I could hardly wait.

I felt like a teenager getting ready for her first date, except that I knew I didn't want this one to end at the door with a good-night kiss. I bought new clothes, had my hair restyled, and spent three hours primping for my first date in many years.

When he came to my door, I had to catch my breath. Things were somewhat awkward, as the night we had met it had been late and dark, and I wasn't really sure what I was getting myself into. But when he handed me a box of candy, and seemed just as shy and reserved as I was feeling, I knew (and hoped) I was going to be in good hands.

Inside, we were no better off. I gently rubbed his leg under the table and he kept staring at me with those soul-wrenching blue-green eyes. It was sheer relief when we decided to leave.

Back at home, later on, I expected the usual sit-down-on-the-couch-let's-talk (and-make-out-and . . .) type of situation. But no, the lights went out, Kenny Loggins went on the stereo, and

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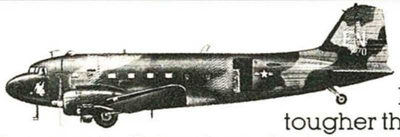

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I sat down. He asked me what I was doing on the couch and beckoned me toward him, whereupon he pulled me into his arms, and we slow-danced, necked, and moaned a lot. It was ecstasy! I couldn't help myself. I purposely pulled myself closer in to him and began tonguing his ear slowly and deliberately. I planted the tenderest kisses on his neck and face. This was one man I didn't want to get away, so when we settled on the couch I asked for a favor. He asked what that was.

"Stay with me tonight," I replied. He didn't need to answer. I read that in his embrace.

We moved into the bedroom where we slowly undressed and prepared for what was to come. The rest of the evening was not kinky, or weird, or full of dildos, third persons, etc. It was just the two of us making beautiful love. It was also not a ten-inch cock, four inches in diameter. It was an average one, but with an owner who definitely knew how to use it. He had me so turned on and horny that I lost track of my mind-boggling orgasms. You can bet I told him so, too. Four times that night we repeated one of these beautiful sessions: filled with loving glances, long embraces, weakening kisses, and small talk. In between, I was held closely and kissed gently. I couldn't sleep for fear I would wake up and find out this was only another dream.

When the time came for him to leave neither of us knew quite what to say. Although we had never once discussed my husband or my marriage, it was obvious that I was very married. We made some small talk, repeated the breathtaking kissing session of the night before, and looked at each other a lot. I wanted to make him stay. I care for my husband deeply, but this man had awakened feelings in me that I had thought died a long time ago. This was the kind of a man I had always wanted to find, to dedicate my life to, but never seemed lucky enough to encounter. I would gladly give up all that I have to spend the rest of my life with this very special man. It may sound corny, but I had never been so fulfilled by one person before, emotionally as well as physically.

Unfortunately, my new gutsiness was not gutsy enough. I never got up the nerve to ask him whether I would see him again. It's been several weeks now, and I don't know if he enjoyed it as much as I, or if my marital status is a problem, but I would like to say this to this very sexy and sensual man: My dear St. Louis coughing salesman, you are indeed a marvel in today's world, lover. There aren't enough men as tender and as satisfying as you were that night. You made me feel very happy and complete, and I will never forget our time together. You are truly unequaled, and if you should ever feel the need or the desire, I will be here waiting for you with impatience.

Xaviera, I may never be this bold again. This may have been my one and only fling, but it was well worth it. Please tell these guys out there that sexual satisfaction is more than just screwing your or your partner's brains out. It's the way in which it's done. Most women, myself included, learned a long time ago that we do not need a man to give us a shattering orgasm or to make us feel good; we can do that ourselves. But very few of us can give ourselves the pleasure and enjoyment a man can by taking the time to love through other types of physical contact, such as kissing, hugging, pecking, and petting.

If my own husband took the time for these things, he'd have a very devoted and adoring wife. But he feels, like many men do, that such things are a waste of time, unnecessary, boring, or their partner's way of displaying a dislike for "getting down to business"—I've heard that one before—or worse, that we're "too mushy" and/or "romantic."

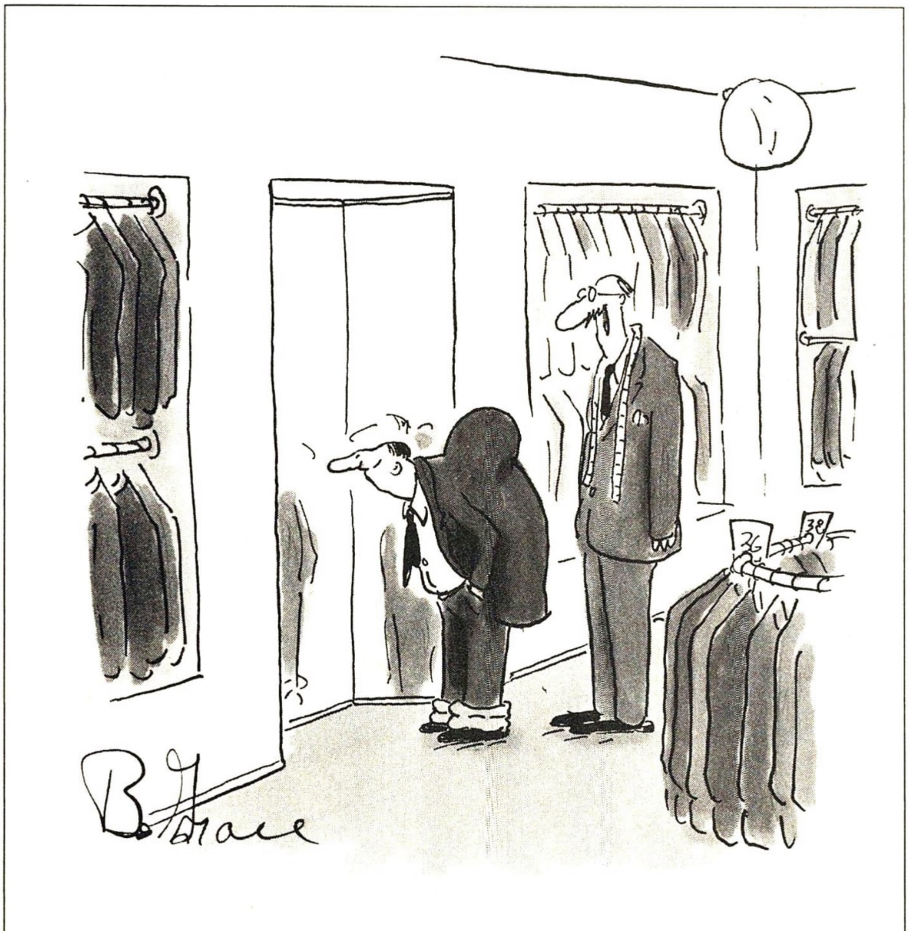
Ah, yes . . . If only you men took the time to love like the man I wrote about herein, your women might be happier with their relationships, and not get strange urges to slip notes into pockets of chance acquaintances.—F. V.

You are lucky enough to have lived out every woman's fantasy. That is, the romantic encounter, the period of suspense and uncertainty, and the grand finale of a beautiful night with a perfect Prince Charming. It is an interesting fact that the normally endowed, gentle, and slightly shy man is usually a much more talented lover than the aggressive, super-macho man.

It seems, however, that you are a person who needs security. (You say that your dislike of one-night stands was your reason for getting married.) You have chosen a husband who is obviously a go-getter and more interested in "getting down to business" than wasting time with a lot of "boring, unnecessary, romantic mush."

I am lucky enough to have a lover who is also exceptional in every way, and he is as incurable a romantic as I am. After three years together, we have found that our relationship is actually improved by short periods of separation, allowing both of us to experience the excitement of the chance meeting and the slightly clandestine delights of a secret romance. When we meet again our lovemaking is enhanced by the period of time off. We have the stimulation of getting to know each other again, as if we had just met for the first time.

I have always maintained that lovemaking is a creative art that requires dedication, study, and experience. Most men are too involved in their work or their hobbies to give enough time to learn how to be great lovers. Hence, your true Casanova is a comparatively rare specimen



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these days.

I think your husband is a prime example of male indifference, but a bit of gentle persuasion on your part could possibly work wonders. You have, after all, a streak of dominance in your character, as it was *you* who suggested to your lover that he should spend the night with you. In fact, you were the instigator right from the very start.

Your husband needs training, and you can do it. You must explain to him that you are a woman, a fact he seems to have forgotten, and that you need not only sex, but constant demonstrations of love and affection from your man.

Make it a challenge, like his golf handicap or his sales index or whatever turns him on. From your letter, I can tell that you are a beautiful and sensitive lover who deserves a better fate than to be treated as a convenient piece of furniture in a male-oriented household.

If he doesn't shape up, maybe your salesman from St. Louis will read your letter and make a return visit.

YOU OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES

My wife and I are very interested in hobbies. One has become quite interesting—photography. I recently took some very special nudes of her, but have a problem. I don't know where to get them developed!

It has become a need. She does not want to let me take any more, so I don't want to risk sending them to a photo processing plant that will throw them away or simply won't develop them. These pictures are much too valuable to risk having something happen to them. I'm almost positive that photo processing companies have regulations against the developing of pictures of this very explicit nature.

Do you possibly have any information on anyone or any company that can help me?—M. K.

There are certain laws in the United States relating to the printing and distribution of pornography. The problem is that they vary from state to state, and no one has yet agreed on what constitutes pornography. As you say, there always seems to be some jerk around who is prepared to take the law into his or her own hands. Recently, a girlfriend of mine took several rolls of pictures of me and my boyfriend making love every which way on the lawn. There were shots of his cock sliding in and out of my pussy, his sperm squirting generously on my tits and chin. You name it, we did it all!

I took them to a little shop in Marbella, Spain, where I live most of the year, to be developed. When I went to collect them, a snooty young girl threw the pack of pictures on the counter, giving me a very dirty look, and when I ordered enlargements, she took the negatives out of the envelope, handling them as if they were radioactive, and finally gave them to one of the men who works in the shop saying, "I think this is *your* department." However, they printed them. When I lived in Toronto, Canada, I knew a horny gay boy who had a photo studio. He used to augment his income by developing films in his spare time, and he ran an ad saying that he would process "intimate fotos." I suggest that you shop around for a person like him. Try to make friends with your local camera-shop owner or, to save a lot of problems, buy an instant camera. . . .

ROLE REVERSAL

My wife and I have been married for 26 years. We are still very happy and have sex three to four times a week and, until recently, with a lot of variation. I am a very successful professional, with a six-digit income.

My question is: Why, after all these years, is my wife trying to feminize me? It all started with my nipples. They have always been very sensitive and she loves to suck them. She asked me to take some female hormones to make them more sensitive. That worked, but I also grew some pretty good-sized tits.

Next, she had me wear nylon bikini panties to work and strip down to them when I got home. Then it was polished toenails, all the time. Then she brought

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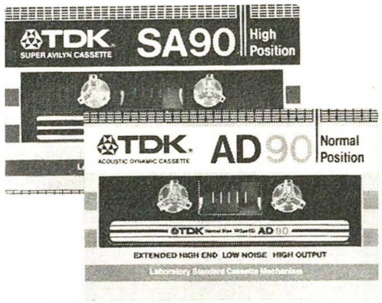

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me a wig, had me dress in her sexiest clothes, and took several pictures. I had to shave my balls and my stomach, under my arms, and around my nipples twice a week (I have almost no hair on my legs and thighs).

She began having me do more and more cooking and housework. She's always been dominant, as you have probably guessed. She's five-feet tall, 110 pounds, and still beautiful.

Now she's changed our sex life so she is always on top. She has also started fucking my ass with two or three fingers.

Why? Is my being feminine making her feel more masculine? Is this her latent homosexuality showing up? Does it turn her on to be with a she-male? How far will she go? So far there's been no makeup or nail polish, and no going out in public in drag. I'm worried that it will go that far.

Can you give me any answers?—A.T.

You are obviously a natural slave, or you would never have given in to your wife in the first place by taking female hormones. It sounds to me as if both of you thoroughly enjoy your roles in your sex play. I suspect that you got a hell of a kick out of writing a letter to tell me and all the readers of *Penthouse* of your humiliation.

If your wife is half the woman I think she is, there are no limits to how far she will go. I would suggest that the next move is a walk through town with you dressed in frilly woman's lingerie, on all fours, wearing a doggy collar and chain. In that case, make her happy and buy her a pooper scooper.

A REAL LEG MAN

I am hopelessly obsessed with a certain part of the female anatomy, but I don't know if I can ever again indulge my craving. Let me explain.

As a 14-year-old schoolboy growing up in Europe (I am 24 now), I can vividly recall this incident that left an indelible impression on me. While coming home from school, I happened to be standing in a subway car when the train stopped at a station and a very beautiful girl of about 12 or 13 stepped in. With brown hair and green eyes, her charm was heightened by a demure demeanor. I looked her over. She had on a typical French schoolgirl's uniform: a gray skirt to the knees, knee-high woolen socks, and black shoes. The shape of her legs, however, could not be hidden. She had slim, pert knees, softly yet vulnerably curved calves, and the prettiest ankles I'd ever seen. My heart pounded as I bent down, pretending to pull up my socks, and brushed her stockinged leg. To my surprise, she didn't move.

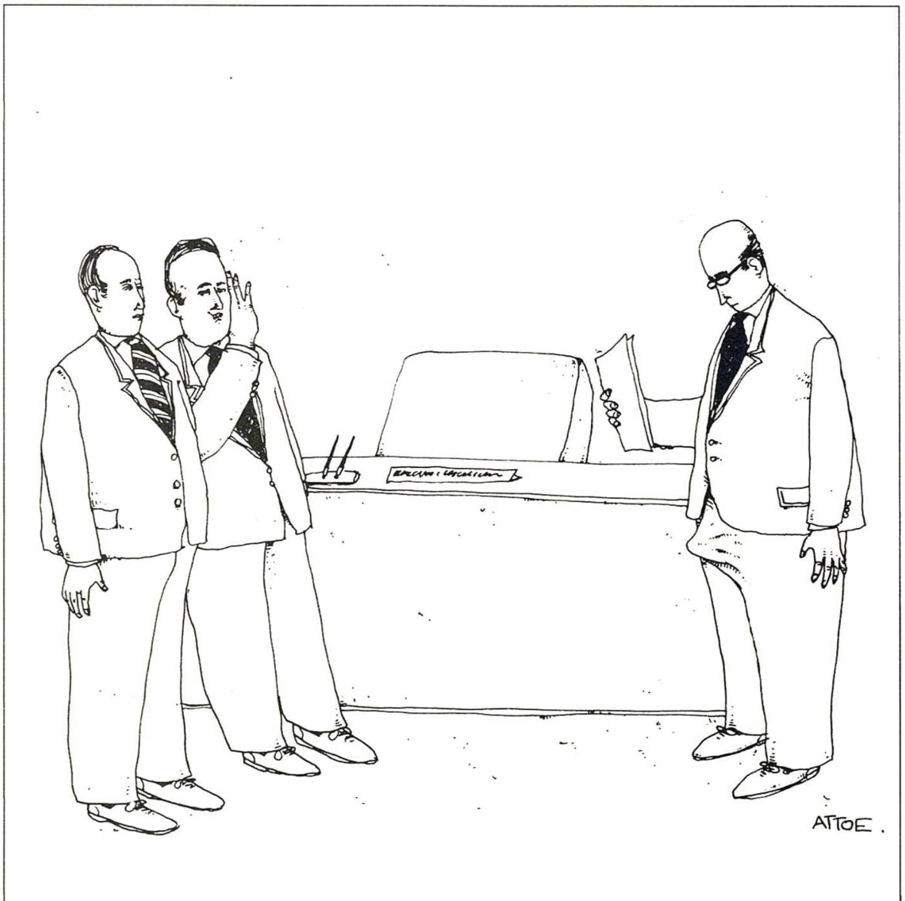
After three stations, the train emptied except for three people (including her and me). The third person got a seat at the far end, and this girl took a seat at the opposite end of the car, next to a window. Very hesitantly, I followed her and sat across from her. There was nobody near us. At this point, the train came to a standstill, and the voice on the intercom said that there would be a 20-minute delay. She closed her eyes and, I thought, tried to sleep. I hesitated again and brushed her leg; she didn't move. So, with much trepidation, I lightly moved up to her knee where I felt the rough texture of her sock give way to deliciously warm skin. I couldn't believe I was getting away with this, so I gently tickled the back of her knee. I saw a faint smile flash across her face, and I realized that she could feel my roving fingers but didn't mind!

I then hooked my fingers on the top of her sock and slid it down her ankles. Her bare leg made a lump in my throat—her skin was creamy, warm, totally unblemished, and looked like ivory. I stroked, massaged, caressed, and squeezed her calves, while occasionally pausing to tickle the back of her knee. She didn't resist when I gently pulled her leg toward me and continued to fondle it fervently. I then knelt on the floor in front of her, held her leg captive between mine, and, with some contortioning, placed my penis, which by this time was almost hurting me with passion, in the warmth of the back of her knee. I can still see the aroused expression on her face, her eyes still closed, when I filled the cavity with semen while I urgently squeezed her calves.

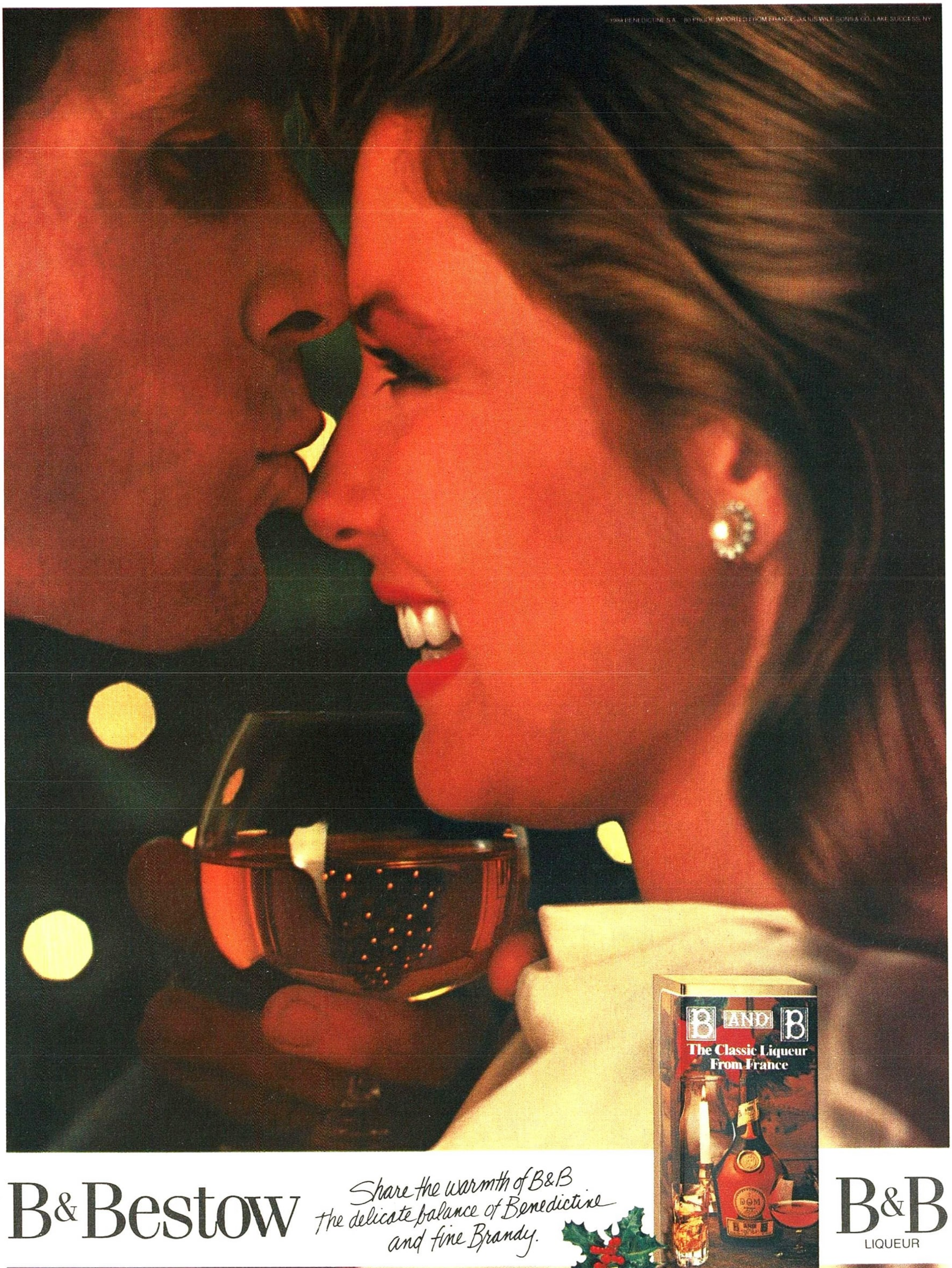
To this day I have not had another opportunity to make love to a woman's legs. Tell me, why does it seem so acceptable to have other fetishes? Do American women not like to have their legs given the special treatment? Please help me before I go crazy!—W. D.

American women have been wearing pants (if not *the* pants) for so long, I suspect that American men have probably forgotten they have legs at all. It was not always so. A generation or two ago, film stars like Marlene Dietrich, Betty Grable, and Cyd Charisse insured their legs for millions of dollars. Earlier in history, when ladies were accustomed to wearing floor-length dresses, a glimpse of the ankle was a sexual provocation that often led instantly to acts of far greater intimacy. The well-known cancan (originated in Paris in the 1840s) was a dance designed simply to show off the female leg—all of it—to its best possible advantage. It apparently so inflamed the passions of the French male that the government tried to prohibit it. In Europe people are much more physically demonstrative than in the States, and kissing and touching in public are normal.

There is even a word in French ("frotter," pronounced *frotay*) for what you did on the train. It is not uncommon for horny Frenchmen to rub themselves up against women's thighs, tits, and asses in crowded subways—and French women accept it. An American woman would call



"I told you he'd like it."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I would not classify your delight as a fetish. People talk loosely about ass fetishes, tit fetishes, and so on, but every part of the human body can and should play a part in lovemaking. You might just as well call a woman who likes sucking cock a cock fetishist.

HELP WANTED

I am a 28-year-old male who is somewhat happily married and somewhat not. You see, I'm a transvestite whose wife knows of my dressing and puts up with it. The key words are "puts up." She does not try to enjoy it.

I guess in a way it's unfair for me to ask her to enjoy it. But at the same time, I don't think I should have to stop cross-dressing. I enjoy it so much it's unbelievable. And, by the way, I am not gay. I love women so much there isn't anything I wouldn't do for them. In fact, one of my favorite fantasies is to be enslaved by a woman—to do exactly as she wishes and exactly as I am told.

I only wish my wife would understand that she has a slave right at her fingertips and could use me any way she sees fit. I'd make a wonderful maid.

I was wondering if there are women out there who enjoy—and I mean really enjoy—having their men dress in women's clothing and jumping to every command they may give.

I would sure like to be a part-time slave once or twice a week to a domineering woman. But I don't know how to go about meeting one. Any suggestions? If there are women out there who do have submissive boyfriends or husbands, I would sure enjoy reading a letter or two about their life-style.—O. S.

It is now generally accepted that there is nothing inherently wrong with deviation from the sexual norm. In fact, although I regard myself as a seductive and very feminine woman, I was born with a heavy streak of dominance in my nature and I love ordering people around!

Unfortunately, marriage is a social institution that predates the permissive thinking of today. If your wife wants to be old-fashioned about it, she is within her rights as a married woman. If she is not a natural dominatrice, it is unlikely that you will be able to persuade her to enjoy being a slave owner. There are, however, many women in the world who would be only too happy to give you the treatment you deserve. (Some of them are professionals who advertise in the appropriate papers and magazines.)

Strangely enough, it is often men in positions of power—business executives and politicians—who are most in need of private domination.

A simple solution to your problem may be to dress up as a woman while your wife is out and apply for a part-time job as a cleaning lady! There must be plenty of people looking for charwomen. O—┱

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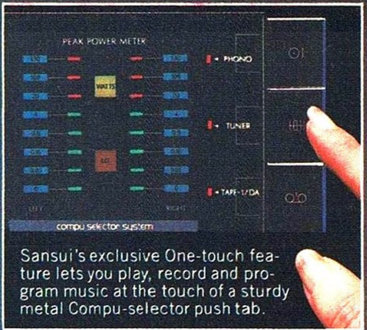

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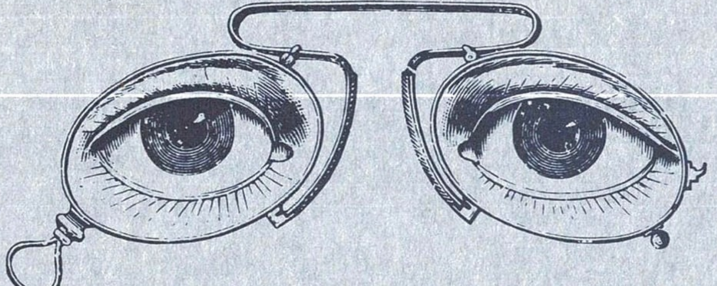


VIEW FROM THE TOP

EARTH OFFICE POLITICS

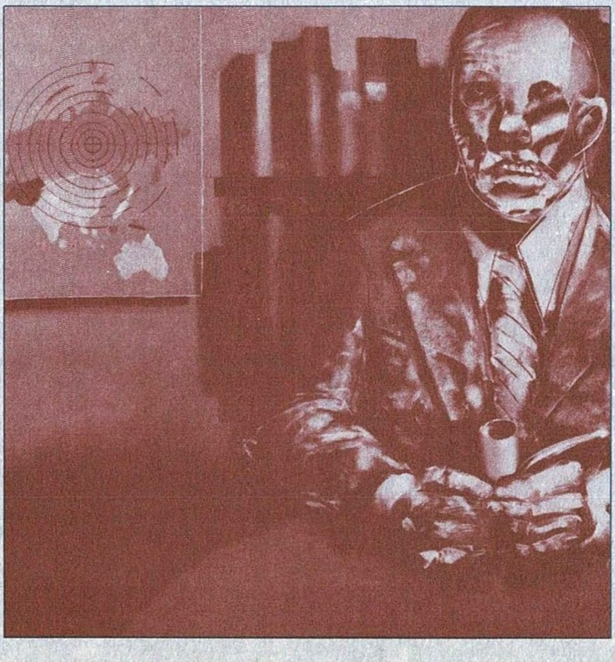
BY EMILY PRAGER

They used to say in history class that every 20 years the world goes to war. They blamed this bidecadal bellicosity on the usual things—economics, politics, territorialism—and pointed always a final finger at the xenophobia natural to all nations of the earth. For a long time I, too, subscribed to these views. Then a Coca-Cola vendor at the Pyramids changed my mind. The particularly familiar form of his consumer attack made me realize just how homogeneous the earth has become. There are very few, if any, places that remain really "different," where you cannot make a phone call or buy a Barbara Cartland romance.

The cultural diversity with which the earth began is blanding out. Perhaps the niggling isolationism that once existed was just a sham: Beneath the turbans, bowlers, baseball caps, and fezzes lurked a planetary populace desirous of TVs, digital watches, and tape players.

This realization has changed, as I say, my worldview. I now think of the earth, the political earth—the one that makes wars—as a giant company of people who have simply worked together too long. If the company is running smoothly, the office workers get along—they can handle it. If there are problems, however, enmities arise, and backbiting, power plays, coups, betrayals, gossip round the coffee machine. By the end of the day, those in the office are ready to kill.

As in any company, there is a hierarchy: bosses, management, and labor. In Earth Company the bosses, I suppose, would be America and the Soviet Union. At opposite ends of a long hall, each sits behind closed doors and wheels and deals. Their mutual goal is the clockwork functioning of the earth, especially within their own sectors of responsibility. But which of them is perceived as more powerful changes on a daily basis. Each boss has his toadies in management: those flunkies who agree with his particular style of executive plan and work hard to reinforce it. The United Kingdom, once a boss but now relegated to management because of narrowed holdings and lessening of influence, now polishes America's apples. Cuba, never a boss but once a hanger-on in the American corridor, is now influential in management on the Soviet side. And so it goes.

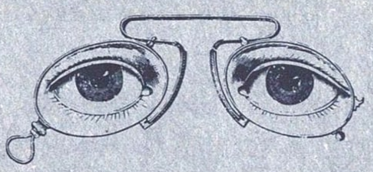


MARSHALL ARISMAN

Earth Company's labor force, as with most companies, is composed of those who for economic, educational, or simply operational reasons have not moved up the corporate ladder into management, or who have been squeezed out in some company power play. Czechoslovakia, for example, is a country that began to move up, through guts and initiative, and was quickly quashed by the Soviet boss who feared ultimate betrayal. Mexico, through an oil windfall, was designated for promotion, and then, when oil prices fell, dropped with a thud back into labor, leaving behind a debt to the company of about $84 billion. Most of Africa (excepting, of course, South Africa) is in labor, as are most of Eastern Europe and Central America.

Like most big companies, Earth has its share of office romances. The American boss has had a very long-standing affair with Israel. The Soviet boss often sees Libya after hours and takes it off his expense account. France may be sleeping with both bosses—or at least that's what the office grapevine would have us all believe. Ditto India.

Every day, Earth Company's employees jet back and forth across the planet, holding meetings, exchanging memos, making presentations. (That is, in fact, how the political earth works.) And every 20 years, when those in the office can no longer stand each other for one more minute, I suggest that instead of gearing up for and then implementing war, Earth do what other companies do: Take a vacation. Go to the beach. Get away. Close down the office for a month and see if it doesn't work wonders. And if the office grapevine is incorrect about the worldwide depression facing us in two years' time, the company might even pay for it.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE LAW

PREMENSTRUAL STRESS

A vigilante crusade in the Pacific Northwest against men's magazines has been launched by Seattle area housewives Monique Roggenkamp and Andrea Vangor. By threatening to organize boycotts, they have bullied five chains of stores into yanking men's magazines off the racks.

"There were lists circulated that said don't buy groceries at our stores, and I just can't have that," said Jon Cozakos of Albertson's Inc., which operates 27 stores.

The Adams News Co., which operates 1,000 convenience stores, refused to yank the magazines. "If somebody gets off on a wild horse about liquor and tobacco, are the grocery stores going to stop selling them?" asked one Adams sales manager.

GRAVY TRAIN

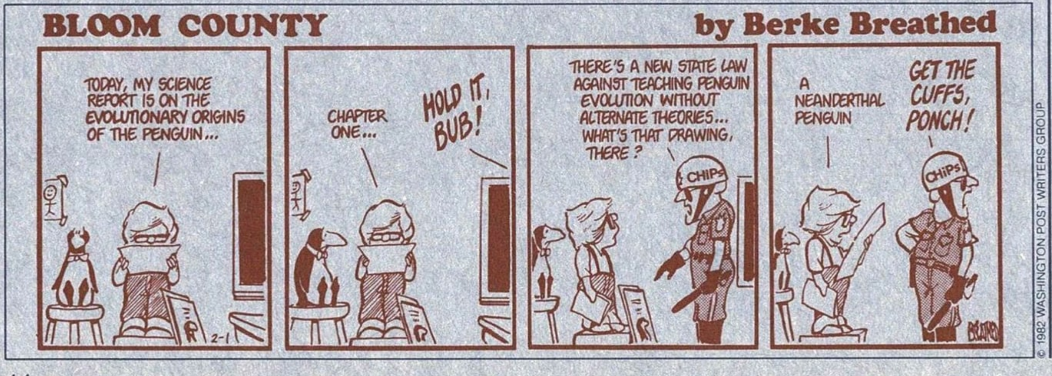
The Board of County Commissioners of Manatee County, Florida, has embarked on a noble effort to "protect the health, safety, morals, and welfare" of its citizens by passing an "adult entertainment code" that would make anyone interested in opening a bookstore look into hamburger franchises instead.

Under the county's new code, any store that sells sexually explicit materials has to be licensed. The application fee is $500; the annual renewal fee is $2,000. If you're late renewing, the fine is $50 a day. The sheriff, who administers the code, also requires the owners' fingerprints and those of all employees, a monthly inventory report (the late fee for the report is $200 for each day), and blueprints of the store. Hiring a staff will also be next to impossible, since it will cost potential employees $50 for the sheriff's "investigative fee," and a $50-a-day fine for working without notifying the sheriff. A similar code also passed in Talladega, Alabama.

MONKEY BUSINESS

Most people may think that the controversy over teaching evolution was settled 60 years ago when the famous Scopes "monkey" trial—so called when hard-core fundamentalists objected to evolutionary theory because, they said, evolutionists believe man is descended from apes—made such bans on science a national laughingstock. But at Oakville Junior High in Mehlville, Missouri, they aren't even quite ready to allow students to see a film about the historic trial. When earth science teacher James Dickerson informed his class that they would be seeing *Inherit the Wind*, the 1960 fictionalized film version of the Scopes trial starring Spencer Tracy and Frederic March, he was told by school officials that this was impermissible. They claimed that the movie, which has been on national TV countless times, is historically inaccurate, pokes fun at religious beliefs, and is not "appropriate" for an earth science class. Dickerson, after a two-year struggle with the school administration, is now showing his classes an edited version of the film.

Apparently, Oakville's school officials weren't keeping in touch with their friends in Texas who also cling to "creationist science." The Texas Board of Education recently repealed a decade-old ruling that required textbooks to describe evolution as "only one of several explanations" of man's origins. The state attorney general declared this requirement an unconstitutional intrusion of religion into state matters. Because Texas spends $65 million a year on textbooks, major publishers will no longer be compelled to include creationism, and "dumb down" their treatment of evolution.


BLOOM COUNTY
by Berke Breathed
TODAY, MY SCIENCE REPORT IS ON THE EVOLUTIONARY ORIGINS OF THE PENGUIN...
CHAPTER ONE...
HOLD IT, BUB!
THERE'S A NEW STATE LAW AGAINST TEACHING PENGUIN EVOLUTION WITHOUT ALTERNATE THEORIES... WHAT'S THAT DRAWING, THERE ?
CHIPS
A NEANDERTHAL PENGUIN
GET THE CUFFS, PONCH!
CHiPs
2-1
BREATHED

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QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Sex is a bad thing because it rumples the clothing."

—Jackie Onassis

VIDEO

BEST BETS

If you don't think a gift can ever really be perfect, browse through your local video store this holiday season, where you will discover at least a few "best possible" presents for friends and lovers, and probably an enticing treasure or two for yourself.

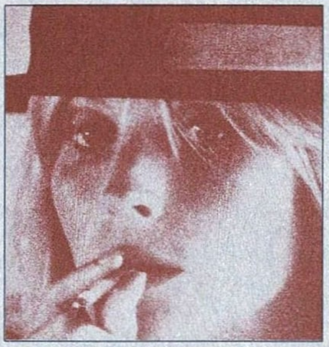
Sweet season's greetings arrive from Warner Home Video in the price for **Purple Rain**. It's $30 (laser disc), instead of the usual $80 for feature films. Prince's performance scenes are so charismatic they never diminish no matter how many times you watch them.

For a flesh in the pan, consider the irresistible Bo Derek in the resistible **Bolero** (Monterey, $80), John Derek's silly homage to his wife's enchanting beauty. He shot so much of the movie in close-up that it was suffocating to watch on a movie screen. Apparently he was directing *Bolero* with video in mind.

Music video mavens will appreciate Vestron's efforts to spruce up the typical LP format of concert footage or clips slapped together. **Video Rewind: The Rolling Stones Great Video Hits** ($30) is distinguished by wraparound footage of Mick Jagger and bassist Bill Wyman. Shot at the visually provocative Museum of Mankind in London, these two reminisce about their group's evolution. Some clips had never been shown in their entirety, and "Too Much Blood" not at all.

The Police—The Synchronicity Concert (RCA/Columbia, $40; Pioneer laser disc, $25) is the 1984 pay-cable concert, 75 minutes of the band's hit tunes including "Every Breath You Take," "Wrapped Around Your Finger," and "Message in a Bottle." Heavy metalists will prefer **Twisted Sister** (Pioneer laser disc, $25), an hour of concert and concept material with the songs "We're Not Gonna Take It" and "I Wanna Rock."

Video gift shoppers may find it hard to resist Embassy's clever holiday promotion. **Wok Before You Run** ($40) is the catchiest of 16 ideas: cooking lessons on video packed with a free wok. Director Walter Hill's excellent feature **Southern Comfort** ($40) includes two 14-ounce tankards, and **Alpine Ski School** ($40) comes with a skier's tote bag and book carrier.



Bo: maidenhead revisited.

Don't overlook the recent how-to videos that will help you face two of life's scarier prospects: computers and divorce. **Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Computers But Were Afraid to Ask** (MGM/UA, $40) is an excellent primer on how to choose a home computer, with programming tips and advice on word processing. **Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Divorce (But Couldn't Afford to Ask)** (Media, $30) brings famous lawyer Marvin Michelson into your home to clarify the excruciating business of ending a marriage. Directly and simply, he answers questions such as: "How do I get the least expensive divorce?" "My wife walked out, can I change the locks on the house?" "What if my husband empties our safe deposit box?" Single viewers, feeling exempt from such hassles, may be startled by a concluding plug for Michelson's forthcoming cassette on palimony.—*James Link*

WORDS

THE NEO-NEW MAN

Just when you're starting to get the hang of how to be a mature man instead of a disgusting brute, along comes **Sleeping With Soldiers** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), in which Rosemary Daniell tells you that women really *prefer* men who are total animals. "I was tired of talking to men about their post-divorce traumas, mid-life crises, and the positive powers of primal-scream therapy," this bruised southern flower writes—just before taking a job scrubbing toilets on an offshore oil rig near Savannah. Her lusty adventures with the greasy riggers and roustabouts are uninhibited, hilarious fun—and you can easily skip over the dull philosophical parts where she explains at length how screwing the entire crew of roughnecks somehow makes her a complete, well-rounded person.

Many male readers might find themselves bewildered, even alarmed, by the implications of the author's obsessive sexual consumption of the dumb, slobby brutes she calls macho-men. If this is what *really* turns women on maybe we've all been reading the wrong books. *—Marilyn Stasio*

SEX NEWS

PORN AGAIN

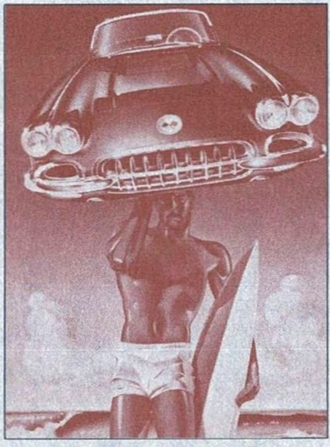
These stats are from a mailing by Congressman Lee Hamilton, Democrat from Indiana: Americans spend as much as $7 billion a year on so-called "pornography," which is, according to Rep. Hamilton, "more than the combined revenues of the recording and film industries." There are 20,000 adult bookstores, 400 adult magazines, 800 adult movie houses, and 2.5 million people viewing porn movies each week.

THE RICH STUFF

The Mustang Ranch is on the block again, and this time the asking price is $25 million. The famed legal Nevada bordello, just outside Reno, is owned by Joe and Sally Conforte, and is one of the largest of the state's 40 or so legal brothels. A two-building, pink-stucco complex bathed in colored lights, it has been up for sale off and on over the years. The girls get room and board for $10 a day, and some of them have decorated their rooms in a lavish style that could only be called "Red-Light Baroque." The complex also includes a swimming pool and a tennis court, but, according to the real estate agent who is listing the place, "the girls are too tired to play tennis."

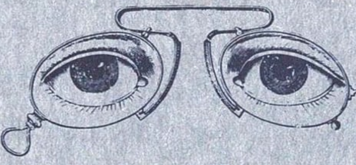
GOOD OLD BOYS

Francis Cardinal Spellman was the head of the Catholic archdiocese in New York for almost 30 years, until his death in 1967. He was a stern moralist in the pulpit, attacking the immorality of the theater and movies of his time. He was a crusader for purity and chastity of youth. And according to research done for a biography of Spellman by author John Cooney, the good cardinal also had a taste for



DAVID JUNIPER/FOLIO, LONDON

Macho Man or Mr. Nice Guy: What do women really want?



VIEW FROM THE TOP

young boys.

The American Pope, Cooney's book, has a story of its own. The galleys had already been shipped when its publisher, Times Books, pulled the book from publication. It seems some of the passages detailing Spellman's sexual peccadilloes with New York chorus boys were too hot to handle. Times Books requested that Cooney make some changes in the text, but he insists they were not substantive.

The original galleys that did leak out portrayed the cardinal as a hypocritical old lech, excoriating the populace for lust one minute, slipping into civilian tweeds the next to hit an exclusive gay bar. He was particularly fond of young men associated with the Broadway theater, and had the archdiocesan limo pick them up after their performances and deliver them unto him. Associates of the cardinal and spokespersons of the Church denounced the charges as "foolish," but John Cooney's book draws a persuasive picture of a corrupt moral hypocrite.

SHORT TAKES

The former town supervisor of Monmouth, Illinois, has been sentenced to three years in jail for a scam wherein he traded welfare dollars for sex from ladies who could not qualify legally for the aid. Eighteen women were also indicted in the scheme. . . . A lottery winner who took his first payment and skipped to his native Puerto Rico for a life of gambling, drink, and sex must split future payments with his wife, a judge has ruled. Half of the future installments of his $833,333 New York State Lotto win must be sent directly to his wife—who won *her* money in a divorce settlement. . . . The greater the gap in the earnings of husband and wife, the less sex between them—this, according to researcher Guillermina Jasso of the University of Minnesota. And, the bigger the difference, the less sex. . . . "Another Life," the Christian Broadcasting Network's "moral" answer to steamy daytime soap operas, has been canceled after three years. Originally conceived as an alternative to network daytime drama, "Another Life" had no abortions, extramarital sex, or pregnancies outside of marriage to power it along, and the preachy, evangelistic tone soon got the better of it. . . . A judge in San Francisco has ruled that a lesbian may seek visiting rights to a child born to her companion while the two women were living together in the same household. The child, who was conceived through artificial insemination, must be allowed to see her "parent," the judge ruled.

WIDE WORLD

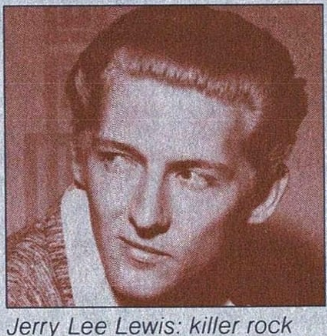
Cardinal Spellman: playing host to the boys of Broadway.

SOUNDS

MUSIC-BY-MAIL

If your musical interests include blues, soul, R & B, fifties rock and roll, folk music, and country music, Down Home Music (10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, California 94530; 415-525-1494) is heaven on earth. If a favorite folk, blues, or fifties R & R/R & B album isn't in print in the United States, Down Home Music will usually have it, in a British, European, or Japanese pressing.

Do you like Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins? Their *complete* recordings on Memphis, Tennessee's legendary Sun label, issued by Britain's Charly label, are available from Down Home in remarkable boxed sets. **Jerry Lee Lewis: The Sun Years** just might be the killer rock-and-roll collection of all time, with 12 LPs—each one in its own cover and with its own track-by-track liner notes—and a booklet with commentary on Lewis's career that is almost equal in depth to a book-length study. If you'd like to own the complete recordings of Hank Williams, Down Home Music offers a boxed set from Japan. Unlike other firms, Down Home Music takes credit card orders by phone.


HARRY HAMMOND/RETNA

Jerry Lee Lewis: killer rock and roll.

The albums we've been talking about are sold in stores as well as by mail—if it's the right store. But one remarkable jazz line, Mosaic Records (1341 Ocean Avenue, Suite 135, Santa Monica, California 90401), sells its definitive jazz collections by mail order only. If you're a jazz fan, or friendly with one, you can be sure a Mosaic set won't duplicate his or her album collection. **The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Thelonious Monk**, a boxed set of four LPs, brings together for the first time the seminal recordings of the composer-pianist who helped create modern jazz and who went on to blaze a trail that only the most hale and hearty jazzmen have been able to follow. The music on two of the four discs never saw the light of day until Mosaic rescued it from oblivion. The music on the other two records was issued years ago by Blue Note. By going back to the original master recordings, making top quality transfers, and pressing on 100 percent virgin vinyl, Mosaic has made even the most familiar Thelonious Monk music fresh. Other modern jazz collections on Mosaic that no serious jazz aficionado should be without are **The Complete Blue Note and Pacific Jazz Recordings of Clifford Brown**, **The Complete Pacific Jazz Small Group Recordings of Art Pepper**, and **The Complete Pacific Jazz and Capitol Recordings of the Original Gerry Mulligan Quartet and Tentette with Chet Baker**.

—*Robert Palmer*

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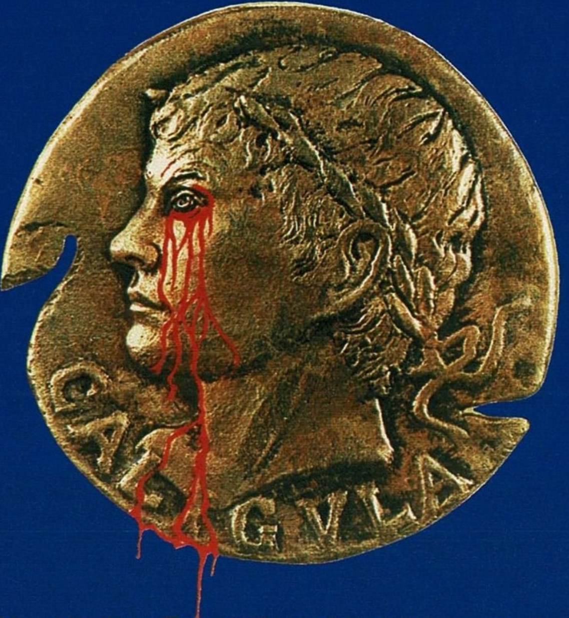

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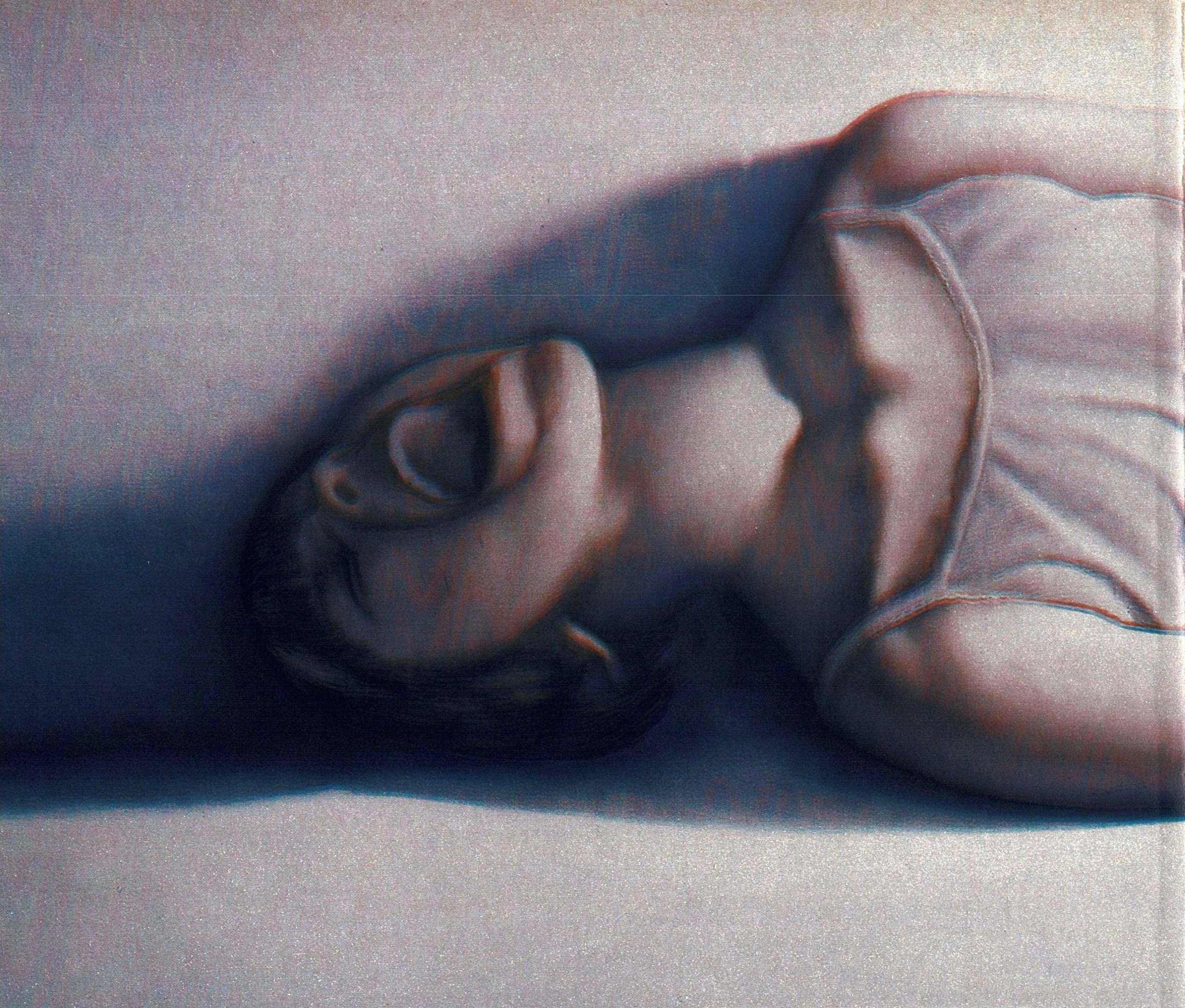
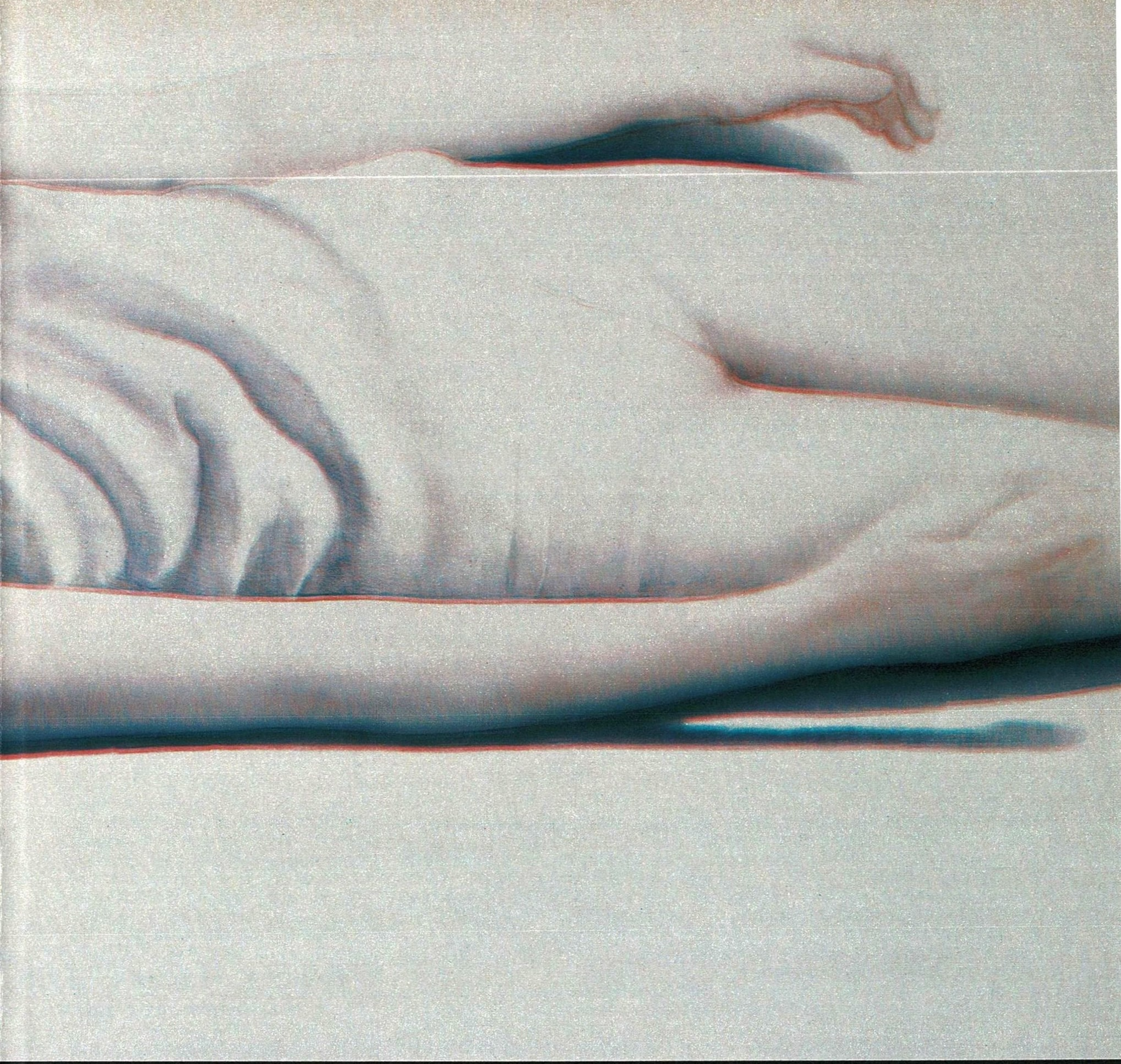


OUR CHILDREN, OUR SHAME

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

Behind the shocking headlines about child sex abuse lies an even more shocking reality—an organized conspiracy to encourage this terrible crime.



The recent torrent of headlines about child sex abuse has poured forth from all over the country. In Minnesota, 24 adults were indicted for sexually abusing children. The ages of the victims ranged from two to 17 years old; in some cases they were the children of those charged with the crimes. In New York and California, reports of sex abuse at nursery schools and day-care centers have started an outcry for greater regulation at such facilities. Also in California, a woman accused of running the world's largest child pornography mail-order business was convicted and sentenced to prison. And from nursery schools around the country, young children—two, three, and four years old—are overcoming their fears and

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

are telling the world how they've been sexually abused by those who have been charged to care for them.

We are seeing these headlines almost every day. And further reports of the outrage are coming from sources other than the news media. In 1983, the Justice Department's Office of Juvenile Justice estimated that more than 1.5 million Americans under the age of 16 were involved in prostitution or child pornography. The department also believes that thousands of unsolved murders of children were related to their involvement in the commercial sexual marketplace. Medical researchers at the University of California in Los Angeles have discovered an alarming number of cases of venereal disease among children under five.

The reaction of many to these stories has been almost hysterical. Parents have become frightened about the prospect of leaving their children in the care of schoolteachers and day-care workers. A woman in Los Angeles, shaken by the recent spate of child sex abuse headlines, notified the police when her nursery-school child returned home from school with a sweater button missing. She was certain that her daughter had been molested. She was wrong, but who could fault her for being alarmed?

On the other hand, there are those who fear that we are overreacting to the headlines. Stan J. Katz, a psychologist who conducts evaluations in child-abuse cases for the Los Angeles Superior Court, believes that the nation has become hysterical and irrational about the issue of child sex abuse: "The public impact of constant news stories about molestation has been greater than any of us would have predicted. It is this shock that has created a hysterical atmosphere and driven some people to go on witch-hunts to find sexual abusers."

And then there are some others who have reacted to the headlines—the pedophiles themselves. Rarely as individuals, but often in the newsletters of organizations that promote and celebrate their sexual interest, child sex abusers have spoken out and attacked their critics. They like to portray themselves as the oppressed, the victims. NAMBLA—the North American Man-Boy Love Association—is the most articulate and best organized of such groups. "So, when you kiss the boy you love," they have proclaimed, "when you fondle him in your sleeping bag beside the fire, even when you like [sic] naked beside a boy you have never dared touch, you have gone beyond the pale. You have placed yourself outside the normal protections of courtesy, civility, humane treatment and legal rights."

In April 1983, *Penthouse* published its first article on child sex abuse, "Close Encounters of the Worst Kind." We investigated various aspects of the problem—child pornography, incest, pedophiles and their organizations, violence, and law enforcement—and discovered some shocking news. Everyone we spoke to, police officers, psychiatrists, victims, and victimizers, had convinced us that a widespread and underreported form of abuse was being perpetrated upon our children. A year later, the media began bombarding us with the current horrors of child sex abuse. Had the problem gotten worse? Is it only a problem created by the media? What we discovered, and what this article will report, is that the crime of child sex abuse is far more widespread than anything yet reported.

The recent headlines concerning child sex abuse leave the impression that there is a randomness about the crime—a scandal at a nursery school in Manhattan Beach, California; allegations of child molestations 3,000 miles away at a day-care center in The Bronx, New York; adults trading children to other adults for sex in Minnesota. It is a misleading impression. In fact, millions of children across the country are sexually abused each year. Estimates by experts put the figure at 20 percent, or one out of every five children under the age of 16. And it is not a new phenomenon. It has been this way for a long time.

> One expert recently told Congress: "I believe that we're dealing with a conspiracy, an organized operation of child predators."

Ralph Bennett is a man with a thankless job. He supervises the Sexually Exploited Child Unit at the Los Angeles Police Department. He has investigated thousands of child sex abuse cases over the years and sees no end to the problem: "I don't think there are any more people committing the acts today than, say, two years ago when I talked to you. No one knows the scope of pedophile activity, because it is a very much underreported crime. It involves children, and children in abusive situations oftentimes don't come forward for maybe weeks, months, years, or never come forward. No one really knows the scope of it, but our work load here remains pretty constant. . . .

"It just gets depressing at times, because the problem is always going to be here. I can't really make that much of an impact on the problem. On an individual level, yes, and it's encouraging to get some of these kids out of this situation and put these guys away. But yet it is so minuscule, what I am really accomplishing. I know there are so many more kids whose lives are being totally ruined. When you see this in young chilrdren, it is depressing."

Bennett's feelings of frustration are justified. Pedophiles come from all walks of life. "I've gotten child sex abusers who were doctors, lawyers, just about everything," a researcher and therapist once told us. "The only thing that I haven't seen was an Indian chief." At a visit to a sex-offenders prison in New Jersey, we spoke with former policemen, clergymen, and doctors who were serving time for the molestation of children. They were from the rich, the poor, and the middle class. Yet this disparity among pedophiles masks the fact that many are organized and in constant touch with one another. These are not random crimes committed by deviants isolated from one another, but rather they are crimes perpetrated by individuals who often aid and abet—and in almost all cases, morally support—their fellow pedophiles.

Furthermore, contrary to many people's expectations, these criminals do not see their activities as antisocial behavior. Because they believe that what they are doing is positive and good for children, they have organized themselves as advocates for what they call "intergenerational sex."

The danger here, as Ralph Bennett explained, is not that they can convince the average American that they're right. "The danger I do see in that type of organization is, first of all, they reinforce what pedophiles are doing. That, I think, is very damaging. Secondly, they *do* have some influence in getting laws changed, in a very subtle way. They don't do it in a way that the average person knows what is going on, because the public doesn't even know these organizations exist. One example is how hard they have been trying to lower the age of consent, and actually eliminate it."

Every statement made about pedophile organizations by Bennett is supported by evidence. A look at the literature put out by these organizations reveals just how acts of child molestation are encouraged in their writings.

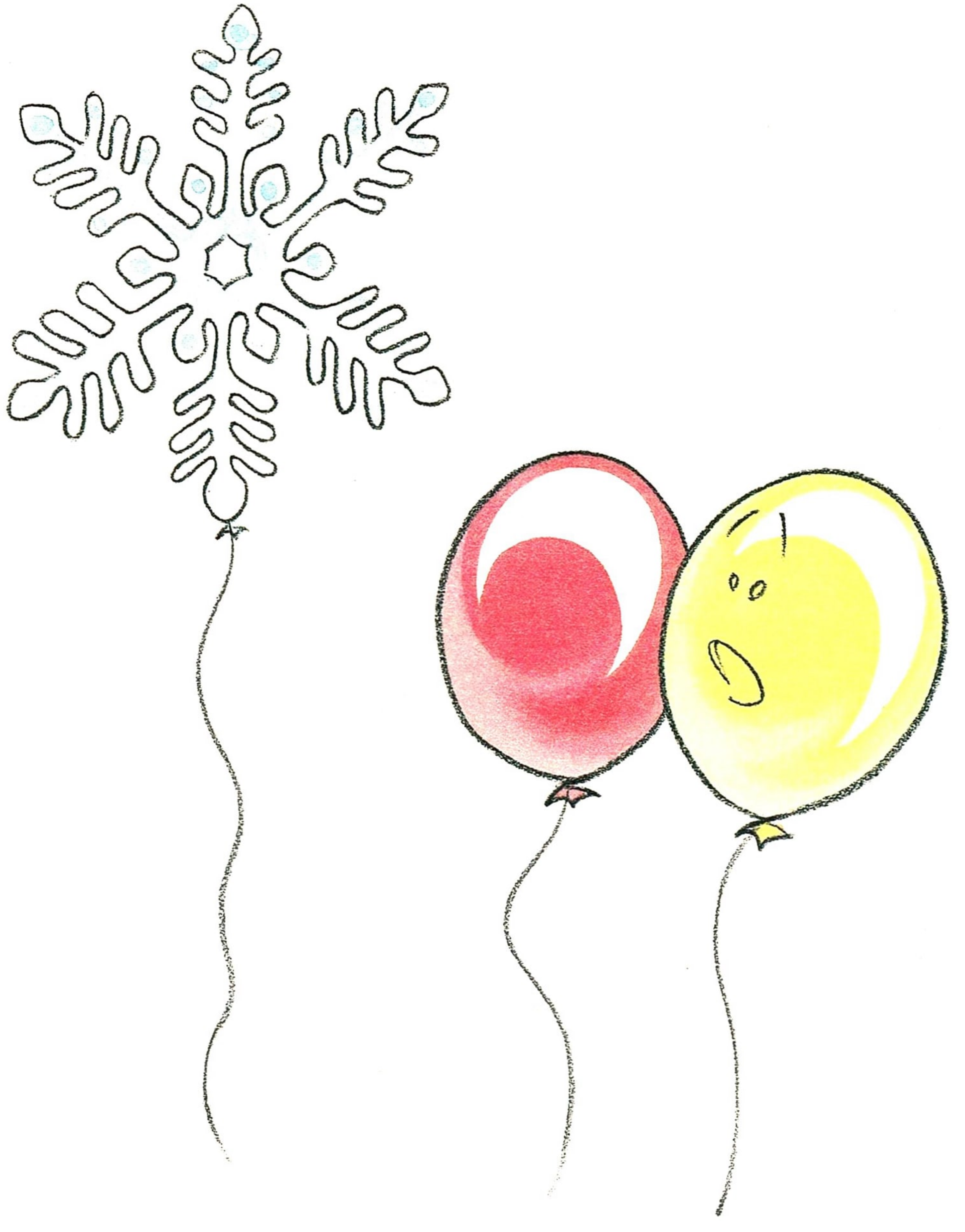
"Because of our efforts, the day will come, and come soon, when children will have sex freedom (provided contraceptives are used) of a bisexual nature with other children and adults. They will be allowed to happily participate in kid-porn activity."

This pronouncement was published in the bulletin of the Rene Guyon Society, named after a French psychologist who conducted research on childhood sexuality. The Rene Guyon Society is a pedophile organization that parades its slogan, "Sex by year eight or else it's too late." Although its spokesman, Tim

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Just don't take him seriously."

BOUND FOR GLORY

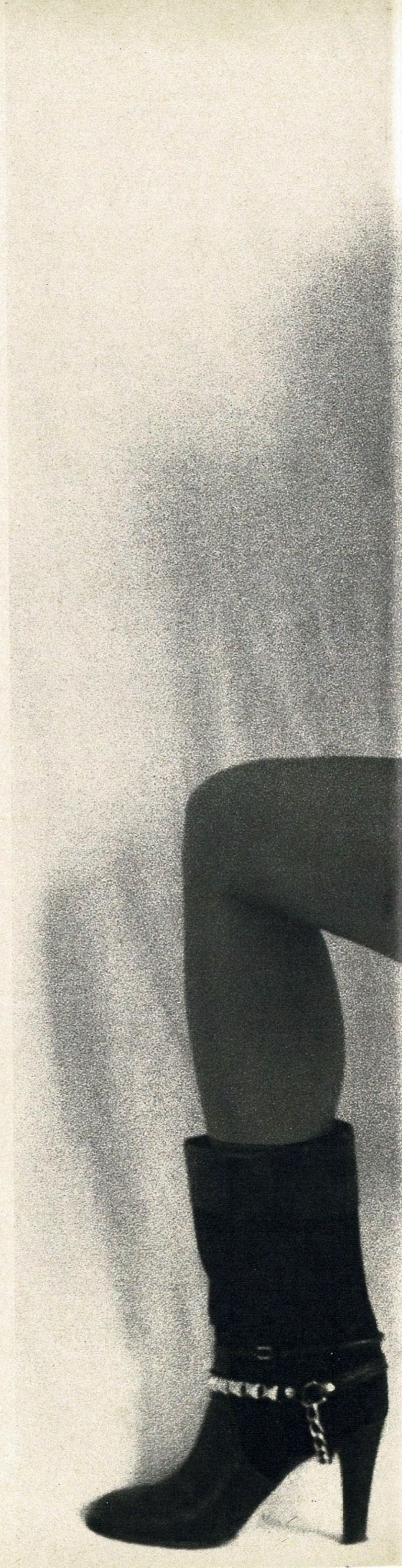
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN MICHAEL AARON

"Vanessa Williams has never been a victim," Jonathan Michael Aaron told us. "She made choices to do the things she wanted to do. She knew what she wanted in life." Aaron's comments about the former Miss America would have been of interest at any time following the sensational photos in our September 1984 issue that led to the forced removal of her crown. But in fact, Aaron is much more than just another acquaintance of Vanessa's: He is the photographer of the second, "secret" portfolio of nudes, whose revelation last year was a knockout aftershock to the Miss America scandal. Aaron's pictures are reproduced here for the first time—along with some of his recollections of his most famous model.

"According to *People* magazine, when Vanessa's boyfriend tried to get all the negatives from me he was carrying a steak knife. I don't recall him producing any weapon, but he was quite upset . . . and Vanessa and I later had a long phone conversation in which we talked about how limited he made her feel. My impression was that she was comfortable with the photographs but was feeling pressured by her boyfriend."

"There's a wonderful line once used to describe Bert Stern's photographs of Marilyn Monroe. . . . They are the photographs of a man who had mastered the art of looking at women and a woman who had mastered the art of being looked at. Vanessa had mastered the art of being looked at."

"She's a sexy lady and she wants to be admired as a sexy lady. America should appreciate that a woman is a woman and also a sexual creature. Vanessa had enough drive to transform some of the Miss America image into that. She should have fought for her crown."



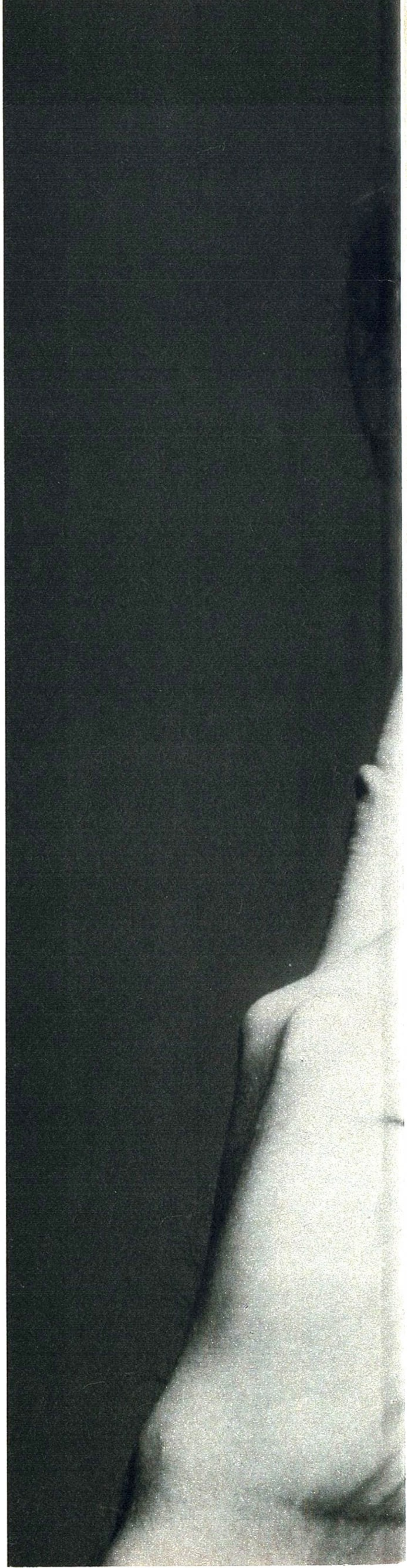
"The most offensive thing to Hugh Hefner was that I had the pictures and he didn't."

BOB GUCCIONE

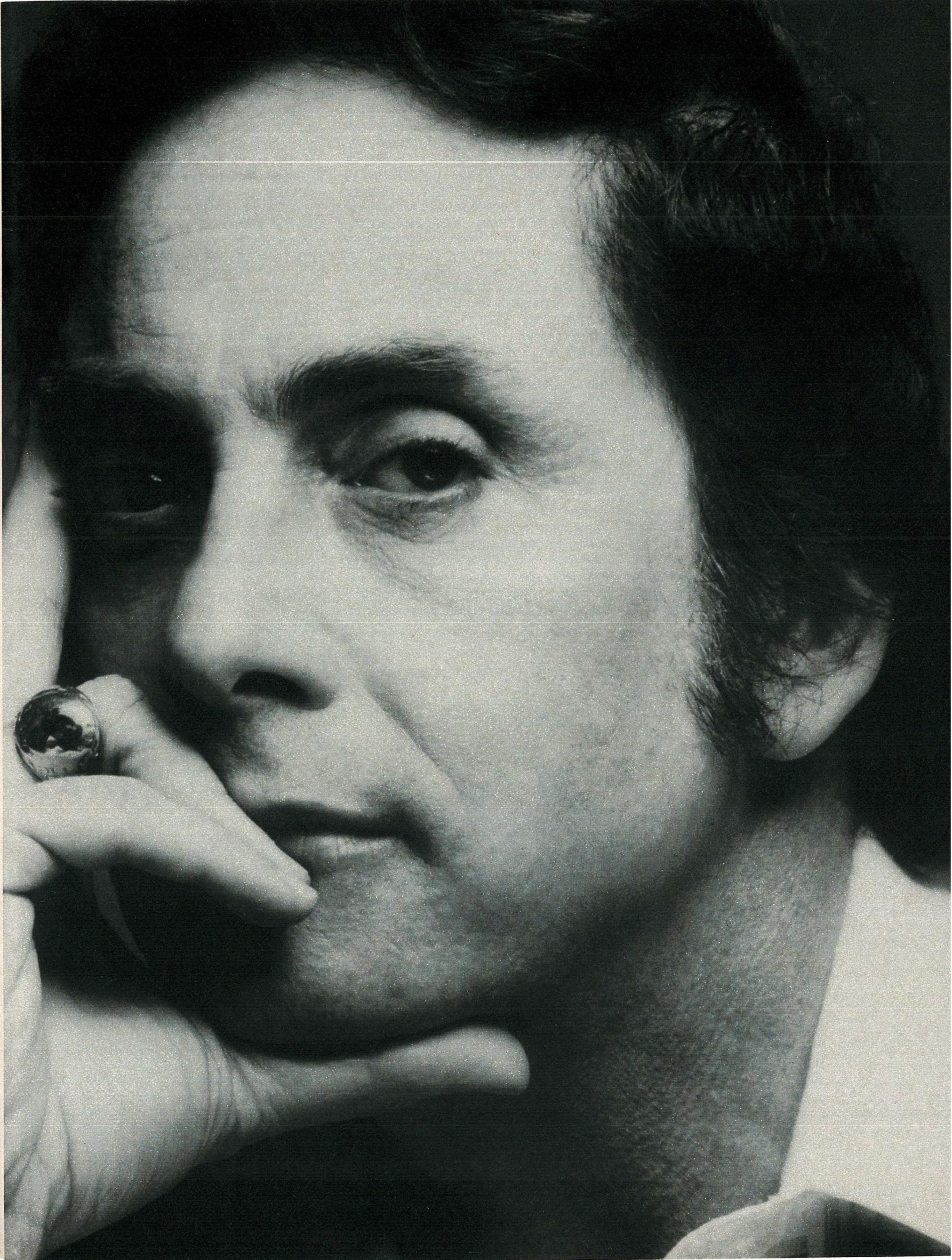
This past July, what can only be described as an extraordinary media event occurred. It pushed the Olympics, together with the momentous news of Geraldine Ferraro's nomination—the historic selection of the first woman vice-presidential candidate—off the front page of just about every newspaper in America. And radio and television news were dominated for more than a week by the ever-changing complexion of the same media event.

The event, reduced to its basics, was the forced resignation of Miss Vanessa Williams as Miss America of 1984. "I am not a person who gives up," said the titleholder, giving up her crown for what was described as the "higher interests" of the Miss America Pageant.

But there was much more at work here than this ringing concession to the public relations requirements of a basically commercial beauty contest. One year before winning the pag-



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL HALSBAND



eant (and having become the first black woman to do so), Miss Williams had not only posed nude for a Mount Kisco, New York, photographer, but repeated the event in even more bizarre style one month later for yet another photographer. (Those latter pictures are the subject of this month's all-new Vanessa pictorial.) The first set of pictures, which included sexually explicit lesbian poses, appeared in *Penthouse*'s September 1984 15th Anniversary Issue, coincidentally the last month of Miss Williams's reign as Miss America.

The discovery that *Penthouse* was about to publish the controversial portfolio led to pressure by the pageant on Williams to resign. And that resignation immediately set off a chain of national and international morality debates that seemed to divide a good portion of the world's population into two factions: those who agreed with the *Penthouse* decision to publish the pictures, and those who did not. Indeed, the controversy rages to this day, in terms of furious and still-expanding arguments that involve a whole range of philosophical questions: Was it right for the Miss America Pageant officials to pressure Williams to resign? Was *Penthouse* right to publish the pictures? Was there really anything wrong with Williams posing nude? Who was exploiting whom? (And to further complicate matters, questions of convoluted, racially inspired conspiracy scenarios were raised, not so much to explain the sequence of events but to milk the story for all it was worth.)

Interestingly, the central figure in this controversy is not Vanessa Williams, but the man who secured the pictures and later made the decision to publish them, *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione. From his New York headquarters, Guccione has watched the national debate somewhat bemusedly—an attitude occasioned by a good deal of sanctimonious claptrap from many of the characters involved. For example, Miss America Pageant director Albert A. Marks, Jr., Guccione's severest critic, reached new heights of oratorical self-righteousness when he described the Williams pictures this way: "As a man, a father, a grandfather, as a human being, I have never seen anything like these photographs. . . . I can't even show them to my wife." (And Venus Ramey, Miss America of 1944, pronounced Miss Williams a "slut.")

Guccione, of course, is no stranger to controversy. Ever since he began publishing *Penthouse* in England in 1965—and four years later brought it into the United States, not to mention its eight subsequent foreign editions—the magazine has probably become the most controversial publication of our time. Its reputation is composed of equal parts of no-holds-barred investigative reporting and writing and controversial political cartoons, along with its famous groundbreaking photography, a reputation that often alternately enrages or stirs a worldwide audience of every possible color and stripe. Whatever the reaction, very few people are indifferent to *Penthouse*. (The magazine's September issue sold a record 6,000,000 copies, and became the all-time hottest item in publishing history. Copies were being sold for $30 each by the third day of sale, and some enterprising entrepreneurs were charging anywhere from two to seven dollars for a brief look at the Williams photo layout.)

As the creative spirit behind the magazine, Guccione is usually the focus of the assorted controversies that it consistently manages to stir. And so it was with the Vanessa Williams imbroglio; Guccione's decision to publish the pictures represented at once his conviction of what was newsworthy, and at the same time his philosophy that such institutions as the Miss America Pageant represent a fundamental form of hypocrisy.

Not everyone agrees with Guccione, but his decision on the Williams pictures offers important clues to the thinking of a man often described as the catalyst for the modern sexual revolution. To get some insight into the figure most central to the controversy, *Penthouse* engaged an outside, unaffiliated journalist to probe Guccione's views on the Williams matter—and some of the related implications. The conversations, which took place in Guccione's New York town house, centered on why he made the decision, and why he still thinks he was absolutely right.

"On the bright side, we did get some terrific close-ups."

Penthouse: Mr. Guccione, you are a very controversial man. Many people view you as something less than a public benefactor. Do you go out of your way to encourage controversy?
Guccione: I'm outspoken. I have strong convictions and I'm a bad loser. I'm also highly visible in a very volatile industry . . . one that causes hair to grow on the palms of pubescent schoolboys. That makes me an easy, if not reliable, target for the press.
Penthouse: Why reliable?
Guccione: Because every season is open season on sex. There's an old political adage: When in doubt, attack sex. It always works; always doubles the audience, always fine-tunes the attention . . .
Penthouse: And always controversial.
Guccione: Always!
Penthouse: And wouldn't it be wise of you to encourage this kind of controversy? Doesn't high visibility of this sort sell magazines?
Guccione: Indeed it does.
Penthouse: You agree?
Guccione: Only that it sells magazines. I do not agree, if I read you correctly, that I *court* controversy as a method of selling more magazines. That simply isn't true. If, on the other hand, I *am* controversial, it just means that I'm being true to myself.
Penthouse: What do you mean, "true to myself"? That would presuppose that you are controversial by nature.
Guccione: Not at all! It just means that

I'm being myself. I'm not trying to be anyone else; I'm not conforming to any special image. I'm being me and I'm doing things my own way.

Penthouse: Wasn't this whole Miss America thing just a well-timed stunt, a publicity gimmick to sell more magazines?

Guccione: That's a bit of an oversimplification, but let me put it this way. The answer to part one of your two-part question is, No, it was much more than a stunt. It was a legitimate scoop and a super news story. I can't imagine any editor turning it down. As to the second part of your question, What the hell am I in business for if it's not to sell more magazines? Of course I bought the Vanessa Williams pictures to help sell magazines. Every single feature in the magazine is either created or bought with that purpose in mind. She just happened to pack more publicity value than most.

Penthouse: What makes nude pictures of Miss America so newsworthy?

Guccione: The public's basic distaste for hypocrisy, their love for scandal . . . for punching holes in the establishment, their hatred of liars, their sanctimony, and their own implacable sense of guilt.

Penthouse: Do you really believe that a story as thin as this deserved the kind of attention it received in the press?

Guccione: It's not for me to say! The attention any story gets in the press is really a factor of the public's interest and not that of the media. If a story sells, it's only because the public is buying.

Penthouse: So you're really saying the public is no better, or no less guilty, than the media it supports?

Guccione: Something like that.

Penthouse: What about the press that openly resented your publication of the Vanessa Williams pictures—the magazines and newspapers that campaigned against your claims of newsworthiness and "having an obligation to your readers," etc., etc.?

Guccione: Sour grapes!

Penthouse: Why sour grapes?

Guccione: Because if they had uncovered the story they would have printed it just as quickly. They couldn't have published the pictures, of course, being newspapers or other so-called family-oriented publications, but they would have treated the story in a much more insidious and sanctimonious way. The press, by its very nature, has a particularly vile and lip-smacking approach to human indiscretion. They thrive on bad news as if human fallibility, scandal, and bad luck were commodities of preference and priority.

Penthouse: You seem unusually bitter.

Guccione: Not bitter . . . just disappointed.

Penthouse: How do you feel the press treated you throughout the Vanessa affair?

Guccione: Insincerely . . . self-consciously. Like the judge whose personal prejudices override any fair hearing of the evidence, they jumped to conclusions that were invariably erroneous and unfair. Not all of the press, mind you, but most of it.

Penthouse: Why unfair?

Guccione: Well, they painted me and Tom Chiapel, the photographer, as if we had done something genuinely evil and un-American. As if we had manufactured the pictures . . . almost without her knowledge. As if she had never taken them, or at least, not willingly. And the pageant—they treated the pageant as if it were an all-American institution bristling with real ideals and national pride. You would have thought we had desecrated the Lincoln Memorial.

Penthouse: Didn't you, in a sense, destroy something very American and very traditional?

Guccione: Of course not! The Miss America Pageant is really a commercial enterprise; a business proficient in the exploitation of women for profit; an organization created 63 years ago to promote business in Atlantic City. All we did was puncture a very pompous balloon. The pageant was failing, its Nielsen ratings were on the decline, and the whole lumbering affair was out of sync with reality.

Penthouse: Why out of sync?

Guccione: Because social tastes, attitudes, and mores have changed, progressed, matured, while the morality of the pageant, its image of the untouchable and asexual girl next door, its whole philosophy of "look, don't touch!" have not changed. The mystique of the perennial vestal virgin is unrealistic and, perhaps worse, uninteresting. The public at large doesn't care anymore. They'd rather watch "60 Minutes" or "Saturday Night Live."

Penthouse: Are you suggesting that the pageant, rather than *Penthouse*, was in the wrong?

Guccione: If anyone was in the wrong, yes!

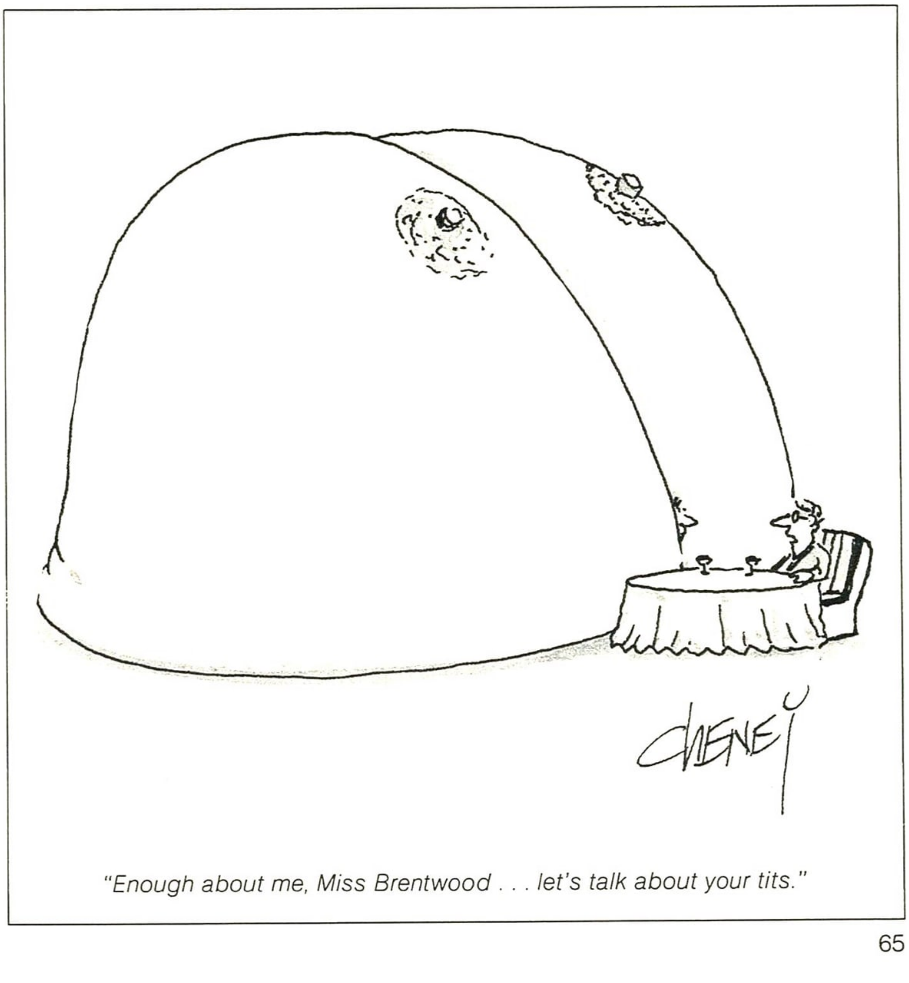
Penthouse: How do you figure that?

Guccione: Because they acted in a very high-handed and arbitrary way. *They* fired Vanessa, we didn't!

Penthouse: I don't think you gave them much of an alternative.

Guccione: They had the best possible alternative. All they had to say was, "During her reign, Vanessa Williams conducted herself in a proper and commendable way. That is our business; beyond that, we do not pretend to control the lives of our contestants either before or after their relationship with the pageant." The public would have loved them and the pageant would have landed right-side-up with both feet squarely planted in the twentieth century. As it happened, public opinion ran heavily in her favor and very much against the pageant for firing her. It was a dumb move and Albert A. Marks, Jr. didn't win any brownie points making it.

Penthouse: A moment ago, you referred to the Miss America Pageant as a business "proficient in the exploitation of women for profit." Isn't that an equally



"Enough about me, Miss Brentwood . . . let's talk about your tits."

appropriate definition of *Penthouse*?

Guccione: Not really. *Penthouse* offers a variety of entertainment and information. Not just girls. Sex may form a principal focal point of our editorial profile, but that's no more than it does in real life. By comparison, the pageant is one-dimensional. And our girls are different . . . they're real. They may live next door in the traditional, folksy sense, but they're sexually alive and responsive and they make love just as eagerly as you and I.

Penthouse: Is the fact that they're sexually more active, or more visibly active, to their credit and yours?

Guccione: Let's put it this way. The fact that they're not ashamed of their sexuality, that they treat sex naturally and openly, is very much to their credit . . . and ours.

Penthouse: Do you feel that by encouraging a sexually freer and more permissive society that you're performing some kind of public service?

Guccione: Providing you're not confusing the term permissive for promiscuous, the answer is yes! If we can encourage society to take a more liberal view of itself, to understand the incredibly complex and wondrous mechanism that drives it, then I would say we did something genuinely important and constructive.

Penthouse: On one hand, you talk about the liberalizing and beneficial effects of *Penthouse*—about women whose open sexuality would set an example for us all—and on the other, you take a real woman like Vanessa Williams and punish her publicly for participating in the same sexual adventures you praise in others.

Guccione: I didn't *punish* Vanessa Williams, I *published* her! I did precisely what she wanted me to do—me, or anyone else. I published the pictures she posed for. That's why she signed a model release, because she wanted to see her pictures published! Surely that makes sense. That's the *only* reason people sign model releases.

Penthouse: Your personal philosophy apart, what about the girl herself? You knew the story would destroy her career. Didn't you consider any of the moral, not to mention human, implications of such a move, and now, having gone through with it, do you feel any remorse whatsoever?

Guccione: Firstly, looking after her career is her business and not mine. My business is publishing magazines and providing a service to my readers. My first obligation is to them. Everything else, especially the Miss America Pageant and Vanessa Williams, comes second. Number two, what career did these photographs destroy? Miss America? Two more months and she would have passed into oblivion, like just about every other titlist before her. Instead, she has become the most famous Miss America that ever lived—not only here but throughout the world. I cannot believe that there was a newspaper anywhere that didn't carry the story.

Penthouse: And you feel no remorse at all . . .?

Guccione: Not now. I did in the beginning. I didn't know the story would blow as big as it did and I didn't think the pageant would fire her. The moment I saw the way things were going, I got in touch with her lawyers and offered to help. I said that if she lost her job with the pageant we would hire her to do precisely the same work for us that she was doing for them at twice the price—namely, $250,000 per annum. No more photographs, just traveling around the country, promoting the magazine, meeting the press, appearing on radio and television, representing advertisers, etc., etc. I also offered, assuming she lost her crown, to fully finance any action she cared to bring against the pageant by way of seeking damages and/or the reinstatement of her title. Her lawyers said they would consider it. Twenty-four hours later they called back and rejected both offers. We certainly tried, and with her cooperation we might even have won. The fact that she posed for nude pictures is no big deal. Hedy Lamarr did the same thing; so did Sophia Loren, Jean Harlow, Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, etc., etc. The list goes on forever. Today, some of the most successful and prestigious actresses in the world are appearing in all kinds of sexually explicit scenes—not only in films, but in men's magazines as well—and for reasons that have nothing to do with business. They don't need the notoriety it attracts and they don't need the money.

> "The press has a vile, lip-smacking approach to human indiscretion. It thrives on bad news as if human fallibility, scandal, and bad luck were commodities of preference."

Penthouse: You said, "for reasons that have nothing to do with business." What kind of reasons?

Guccione: Ego! I'm sure Joan Collins's appearance in *Playboy* wasn't intended to further her career. And I'm sure she didn't do it for the relatively small amount of money they paid her. She did it because she's getting older and she wants the world to know that she's still a beautiful and desirable woman. You can't fault her for that. And when Pia Zadora, who is married to one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in America, agreed to let me photograph her for *Penthouse*, it was for personal reasons, not monetary, and not because she needed the publicity.

Penthouse: Why, in your opinion, did Vanessa do it?

Guccione: Vanessa's reasons were more traditional. Like most young, pretty girls who want to break into modeling or motion pictures, a magazine like *Penthouse* offers all kinds of marvelous advantages. In one fell swoop, everybody who is anybody in the entertainment business will get to see her, all of her, in the most flattering possible manner. Nineteen pages of color in the world's top-selling magazine for men is nothing to sneeze at. In my opinion, that's what Vanessa *wanted!* She wanted to break into modeling and she doubtless saw men's magazines as the most exciting and expedient way of getting there.

Penthouse: She, on the other hand, says that she agreed to the pictures because she thought they would be silhouetted. She also said that they were intended for her own personal use.

Guccione: In that case, why did she sign a model release?

Penthouse: There seems to be some dispute about that. To this day, she continues to maintain that she never signed the Tom Chiapel release.

Guccione: In that case, let me assure you that she's lying. Whatever her reasons, she's lying, and I have the release to prove it. Furthermore, I would never have gone to press without it. Nor would Vanessa and that pack of vultures she calls lawyers have waited so long to sue us. They would have have swooped the minute the magazine hit the street.

Penthouse: But she *is* suing the photographer.

Guccione: Sure, for $10,000; not even enough to pay the legal fees. That suit is just a tactic, a means of employing the discovery process in law to determine whether or not we really have the release. She knows she signed it, but I have good reason to believe that she's under the impression Chiapel lost it when he moved out of his studio. This is their way of finding out. Kind of corny and a little bit insidious, of course, but still a tactic.

Penthouse: Why insidious?

Guccione: Because if Tom *had* lost the release and we published the pictures purely on his word that a signed release *did* exist, they could, and no doubt would, take the position that there never was a release and sue us for the unauthorized publication of her photographs.

Penthouse: Isn't that reaching a bit?

Guccione: Why else are they suing Tom and not us? Tom doesn't have any money. They can't collect anything from him. We're a much more interesting target.

Penthouse: How do you know the release you have is real?

Guccione: Because we took the trouble to bring in two eminent handwriting experts. We left nothing to chance. Both experts checked her signature against other documents we were able to provide and both experts authenticated it. There is no question that Vanessa Williams signed that release!

Penthouse: You have been asked on numerous occasions, particularly by the press, to produce it. Why don't you? Why don't you settle the dispute once and for all?

Guccione: Because Miss Williams, in my opinion, cannot be trusted. That is the single, most valuable piece of evidence we have. Should they decide to sue, our case could stand or fall on the production of that document, and I'm simply not about to disclose its contents to the other side.

Penthouse: But why? If the release is such a crucial piece of evidence, wouldn't showing it to the public make her go away forever?

Guccione: Not necessarily. Once you've seen your opponent's defenses, you can strategically build your attack around it. For example, let's assume they see the release and the release is dated June 1, 1983. That piece of information could be critical. Why? Because if they were so minded, they could set out to prove that she was out of town when the photographs were alleged to have been taken. A shabby trick, perhaps, but it wouldn't be the first time such a stunt was pulled.

Penthouse: You don't appear to have a whole lot of respect for her.

Guccione: Why should I? Particularly at this stage. She lied to the pageant, she lied to the public . . . what's to stop her from lying to a court? She swears up and down she never signed the Chiapel release when we know that she did and she continues to threaten us with lawsuits. Not a very good record.

Penthouse: Couldn't she just be a frightened little girl trying to defend what's left of her honor?

Guccione: The image of Vanessa Williams as a naive and trusting little girl ravaged by photographers and pilloried by the big-city publisher is wearing a bit thin. How innocent can she be? One month after posing for Tom—believing, of course, that the photographs were for her eyes alone—she gets picked up in the streets of Manhattan by another photographer. Once again, in an eager sunburst of innocence and trust, she takes off her clothes and slips into a pair of handcuffs, chains, and leather harnesses—believing, no doubt, that the resulting photographs would be for her own use . . . to make silhouettes, I suppose. Her next step, to ensure the absolute privacy of these photographs, was to sign yet another model release. And those are the pictures on page 52 of this issue.

Penthouse: Didn't she try to get them back?

Guccione: Sure. She went back to Jonathan Aaron, her new photographer, and brought her boyfriend with her. I read that he carried a kitchen knife in his back pocket, in the event that her otherwise persuasive and trusting innocence didn't work.

Penthouse: Nonetheless, a lot of people still believe she was badly mistreated.

Guccione: By whom? Tom Chiapel, Jonathan Aaron, me? If anyone treated her badly, it was the pageant. But one has to look at the other side of the coin. How did *she* treat the pageant? Firstly, she entered the pageant under false pretenses. She deceived the officials by not informing them of her recent past. Remember, she was under a contractual, not to mention moral, obligation to disclose those events in her life which, if they surfaced, could prove embarrassing to the pageant. Clearly, she knew that the photographs represented a real danger. She's a bright girl and it doesn't take much to figure out how valuable the photographs had become now that she was Miss America. She made no effort to contact the photographers and negotiate their return. She took a chance that nothing would happen, and it did. It always does. So whereas I may not agree with the pageant or the repressive morality it promulgates, I have to agree that every man has the right to set the rules in his own home. And once you accept his hospitality, he should have every reasonable expectation that you will abide by them.

Penthouse: You mentioned that the press, by and large, treated you badly. How did the black press regard the incident, and did they attempt to turn it into a racial issue?

Guccione: No. Quite the contrary! The white press tried to create some kind of racial intrigue by harping on the fact that she was the first black Miss America and

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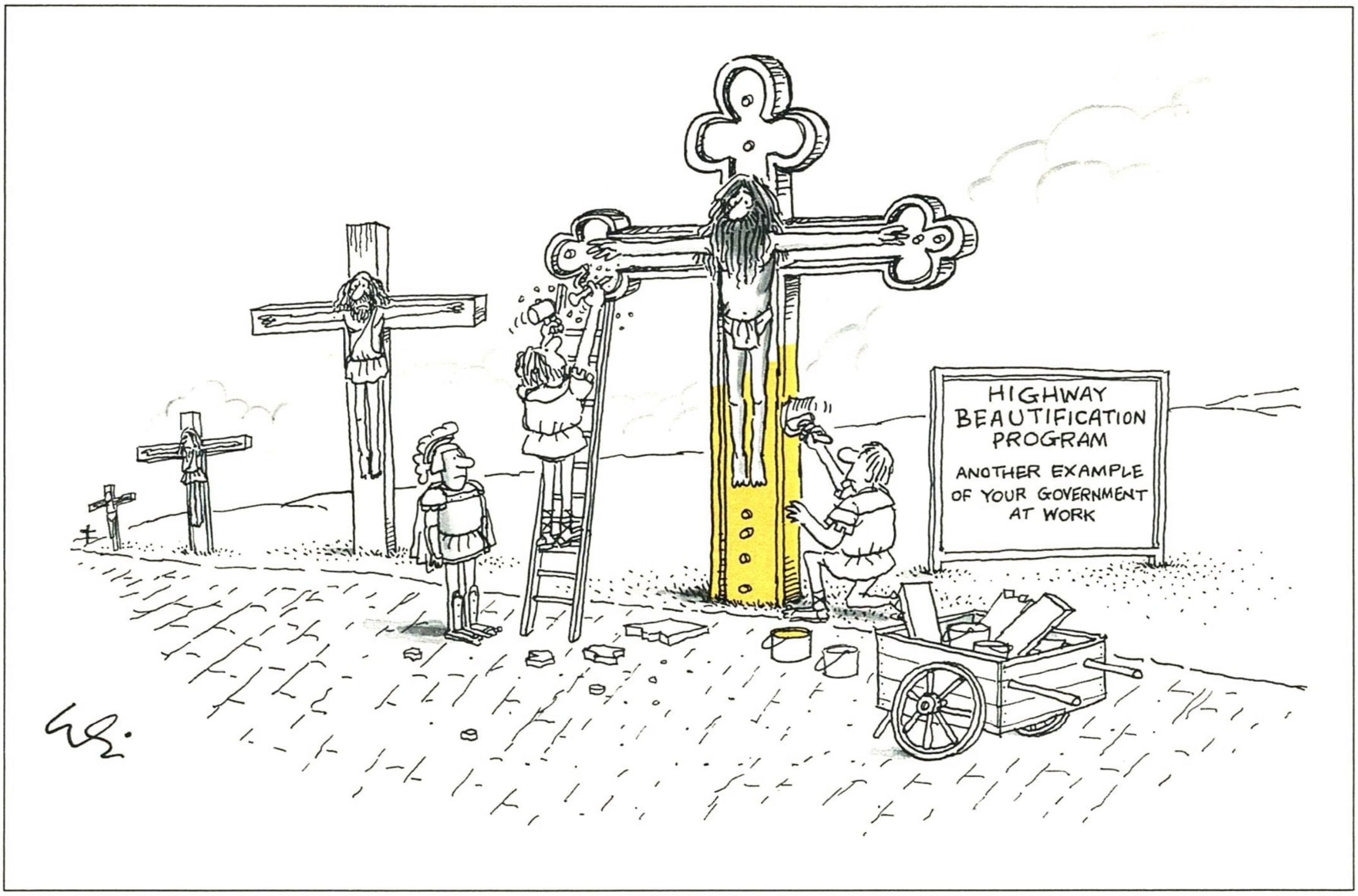

Bourbon and ginger ale
Gin on the rocks
Vodka and tonic
Vodka Bloody Mary
You need Vodka, Gin, Bourbon, Blends

Rum and ginger ale
Rum on the rocks
Rum and tonic
Rum Bloody Mary
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Nothing tastes like them on the rocks. Nothing mixes quite like them, either.

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Blend and 7-UP
Vodka Screwdriver
Canadian on the rocks
Gin and tonic
and Canadian to make all these drinks.

Rum and 7-UP
Rum Screwdriver
Rum on the rocks
Rum and tonic
Gold Rums to make the same drinks.

almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have always produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity.

No wonder 86% of the rum sold in the United States comes from Puerto Rico.

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RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

CLASSIC BEAUTIES

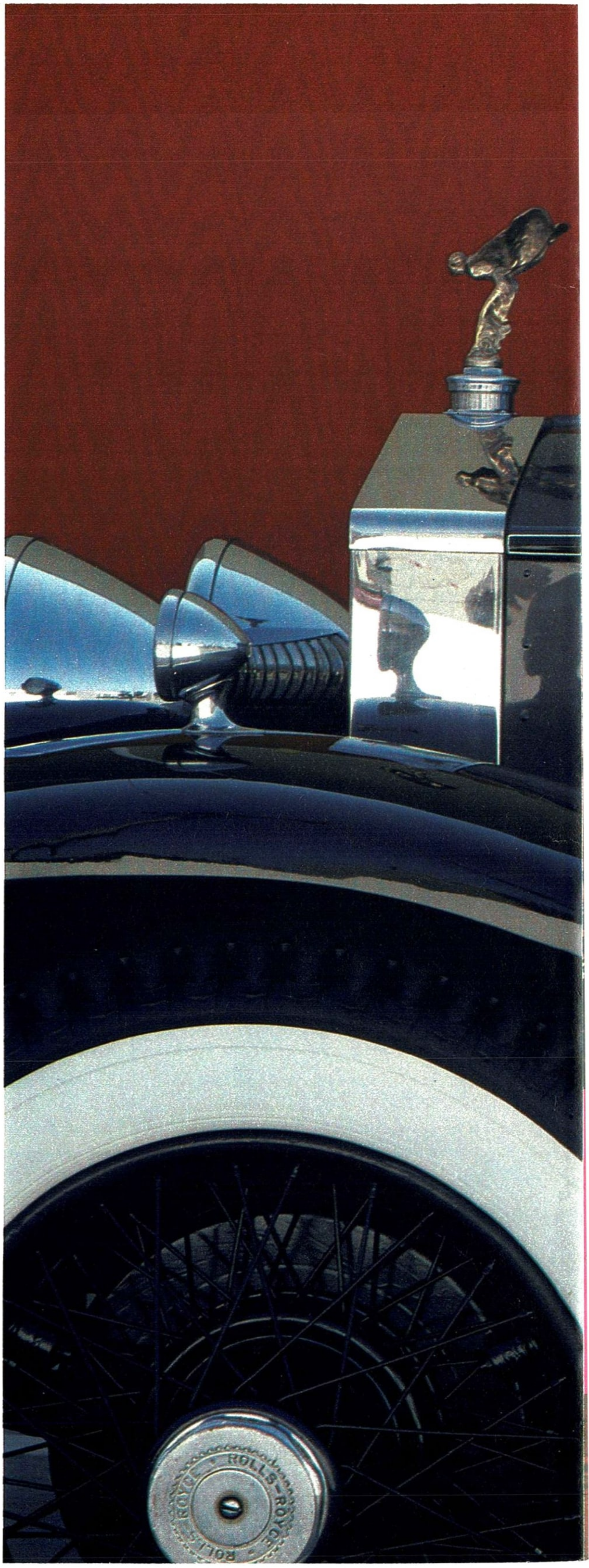
"I love my automobile . . . she is my life, my artistic and spiritual life . . . full of riches . . . she is more dear, more useful, than my paintings which hang dead on my walls. . . ."

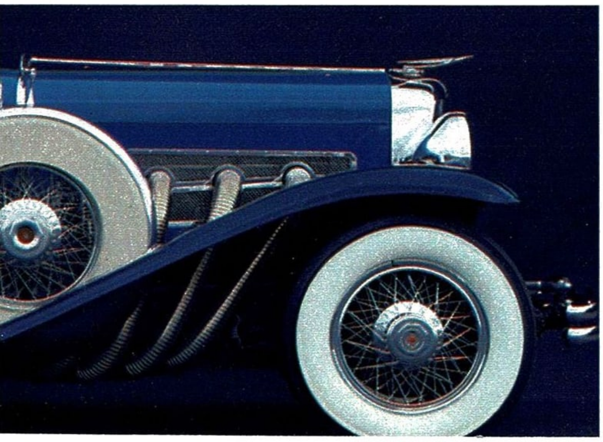
—Octave Mirbeau

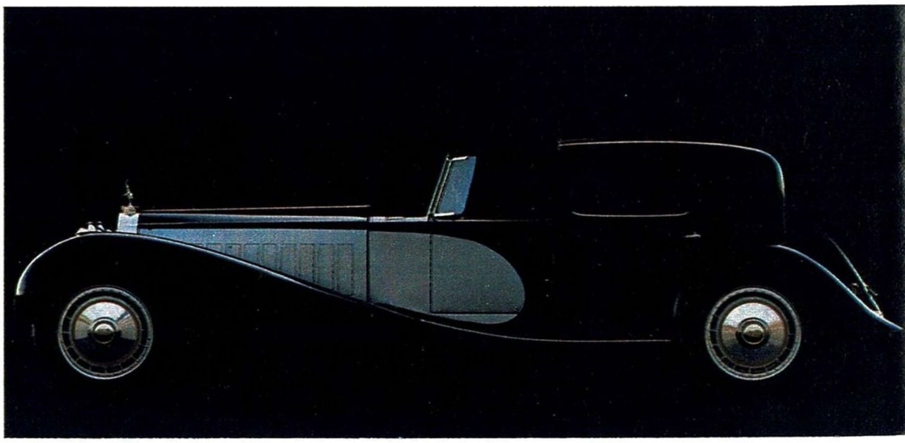
Man's imperishable infatuation with the automobile has spanned nearly an entire century. A mistress of impeccable grace, imposing power, and enduring fascination, the automobile became an object of love and conquest. Automotive mania, or the notion of *machine as messiah,* began in the late twenties. The car became a single-minded obsession: the object of excessive care and a never-ending topic of conversation. When she was abused—after a long, hard drive—she received a remorseful apology by way of a Sunday afternoon washing and waxing.

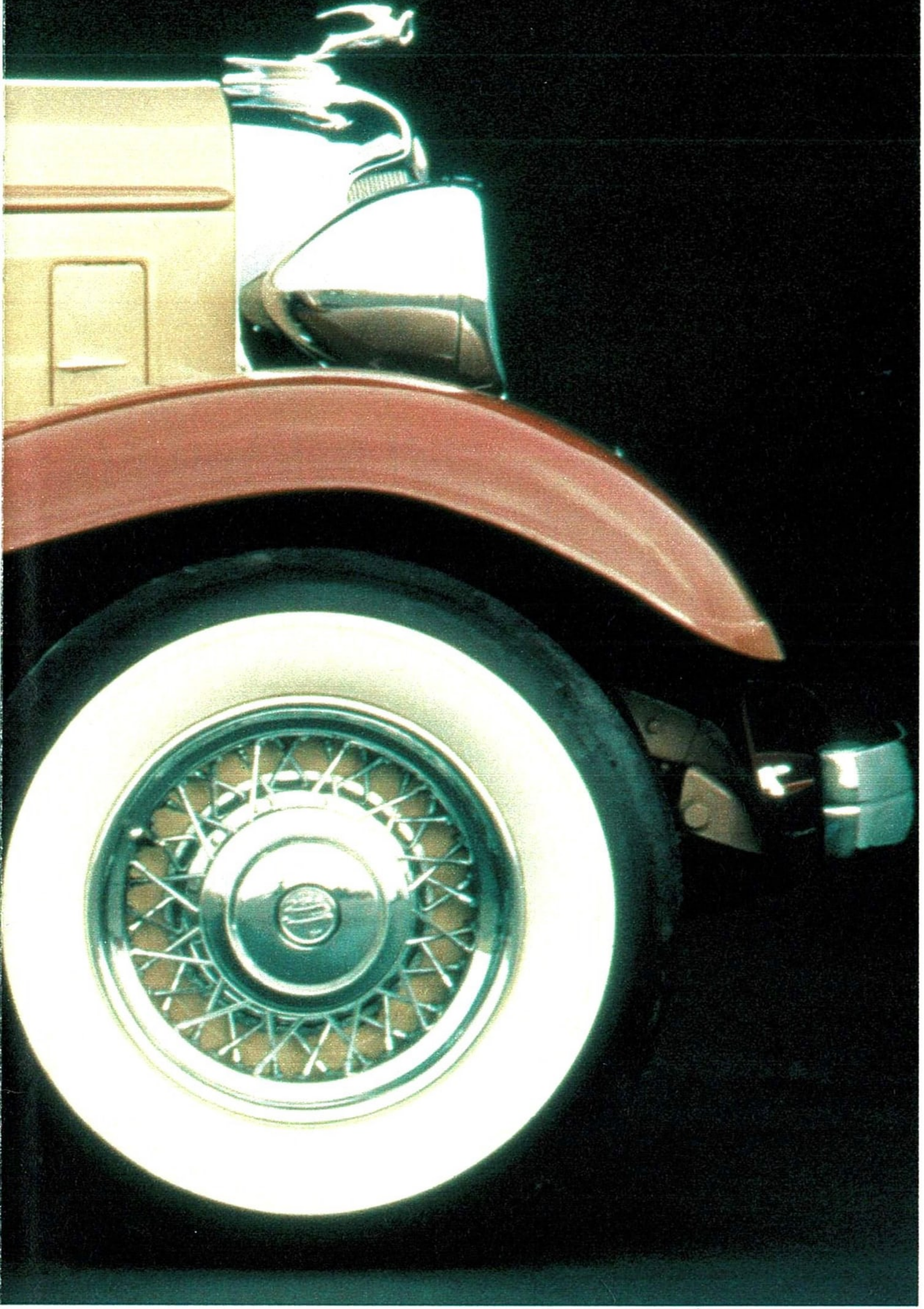
(Right) 1932 Rolls-Royce, body by Brewster & Company, on display at Harrah's Automobile Collection in Reno, Nevada; (above) hood ornament on a 1932 Rolls-Royce.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CINDY LEWIS





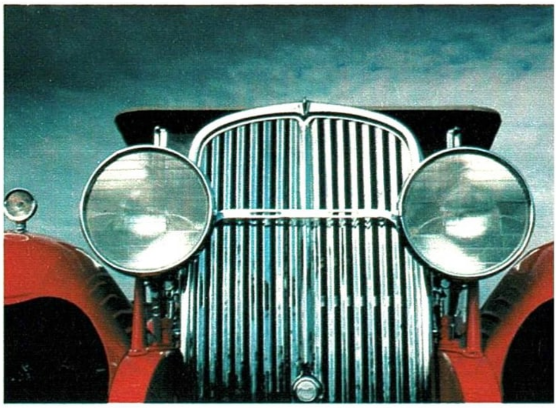


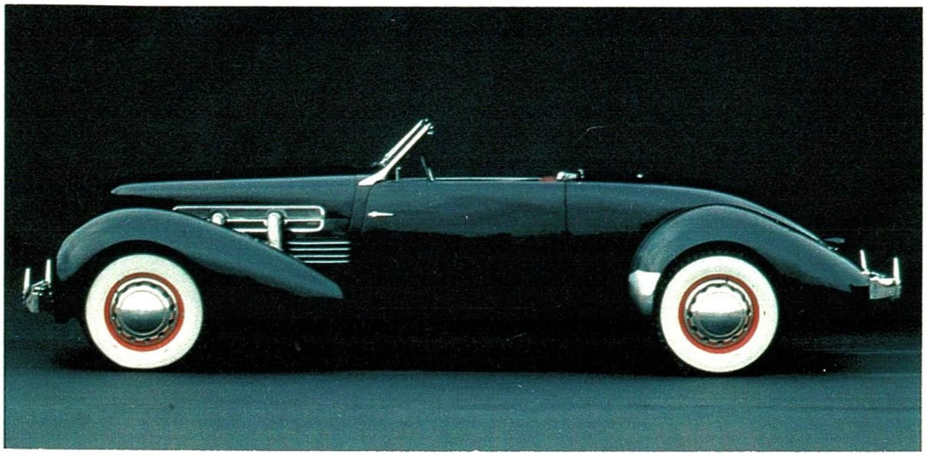


THE AUTOMOBILE IS AN OBJECT OF LOVE AND CONQUEST.

Through the decades, men have unabashedly spoken about their automobiles with either pride or disdain (depending on "her" performance that given day). As noted photographer Paul Haviland poignantly stated, "Man made the machine in his own image. . . . The machine is his daughter born without a mother . . . that is why he loves her. . . ."

Through the years, the "car as persona" theme has remained a constant. The car as *heroine* was depicted in countless Hollywood films such as *Bullitt* or the James Bond series featuring 007's getaway companion, the Aston Martin. And then there is the car as *villainess,* most recently exemplified by the movie *Christine*. The car in our society is, so to speak, a complex actress whose performance can manipulate an audience as coyly and seductively as that of any femme fatale.

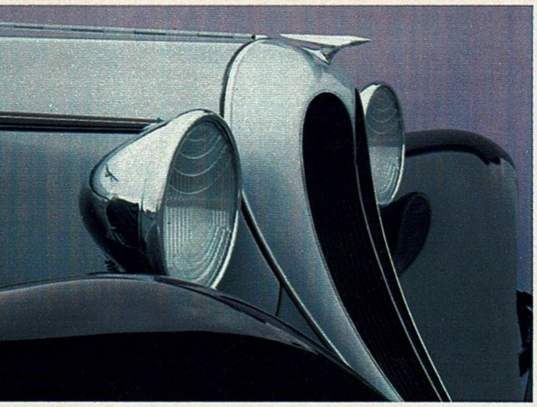




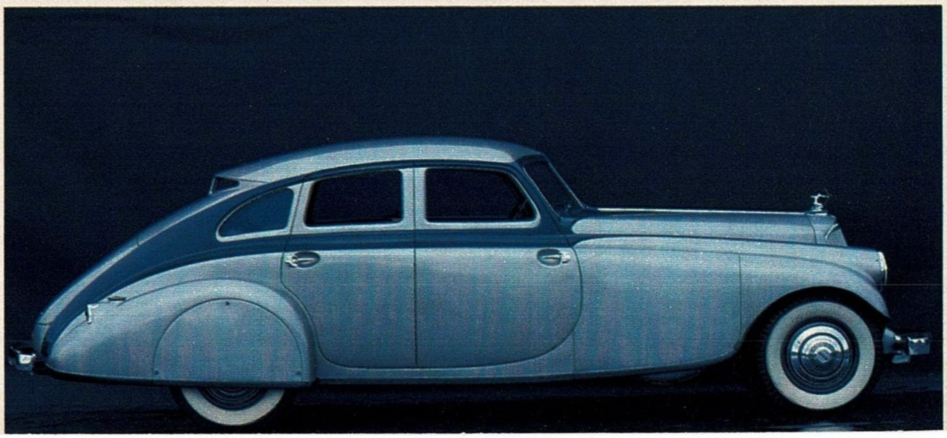
(Opposite, top) 1933 Chrysler Phaeton, body by LeBaron; (bottom, left to right) 1929 Duesenberg Model J (super-charger added later to make an "SJ"); 1931 Bugatti Berline de Voyage, Model 41 Royale, valued today at $3.2 million; 1937 Cord Cabriolet Sportsman, Model 812; (above) 1930 Franklin Pursuit, remembered for its air-cooled engine.

THE 1930'S WERE THE "STREAMLINED" DECADE.

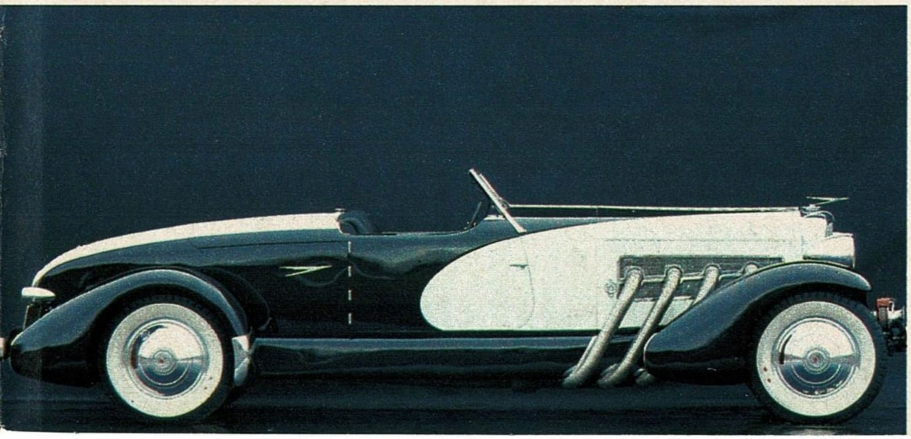
Over time, the automobile reflected, in one way or another, the flavor of the times. For example, automobiles manufactured during the thirties are considered some of the most glamorous and extraordinary machines ever built. Extravagant cars *can* provide an escape from our problems. According to *Automobile and Culture*, recently published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc., which explores in detail the relationship between man and the automobile, shortly after the Wall Street crash manufacturers began an all-out competition to build the fastest multi-cylinder engine. Packard built a V-12, while Cadillac constructed a V-16. It was also the beginning of an aerodynamic look in car design: Longer hoods with lower bodies ushered in the "streamlined" decade. The 1930s were the final era of handcrafted automobiles and the cars of the thirties are among the most desired of classics today.

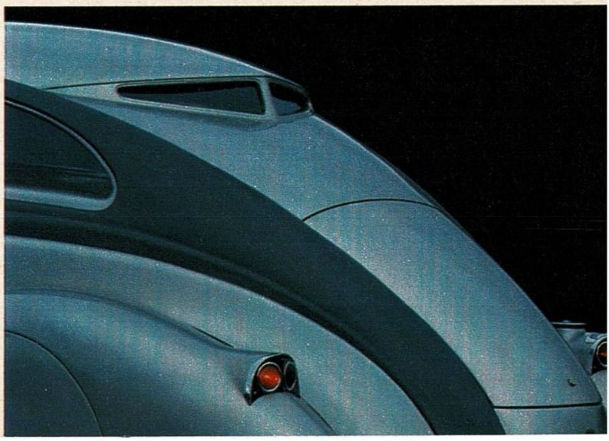


(Opposite, top) 1930 Packard Speedster Runabout, straight six; (bottom, left to right) 1933 Pierce-Arrow Silver Arrow, Model 1234; 1933 Duesenberg Speedster SJ, body by Weyman; rear window of Pierce-Arrow Silver Arrow, 1933; (above) 1935 Ford Convertible Coupe. All automobiles were photographed at Harrah's Automobile Collection in Reno, Nevada.



PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO DETROIT MICH USA

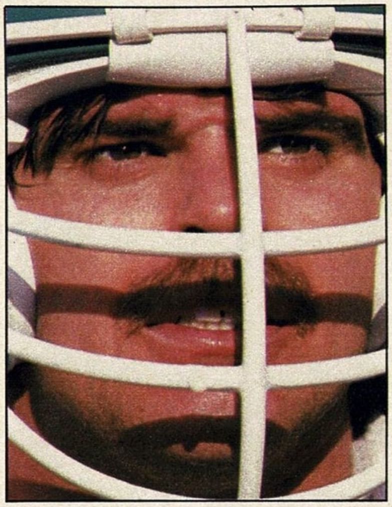




Professional football's
most controversial player
finally speaks out.

MONDAY NIGHT FEVER

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN



Mark Gastineau will surely remember 1984 as the best of years and the worst of years. Last February, Gastineau signed a five-year, $3.75 million contract with the New York Jets that made him the highest paid defensive player in football history. Gastineau commanded that kind of money because he was the National Football League's premier pass rusher, and also one of its most visible players. The Jets' All-Pro defensive end owed much of his recognition to the "sack dance," a manic little jig he broke into each time he tackled an opposing passer. Which was fairly often: In 1983 he led the league in quarterback sacks with 19.

But, alas, the jig is up. In March the NFL passed its so-called "Gastineau Rule," which forbids players, upon pain of a five-yard penalty, from

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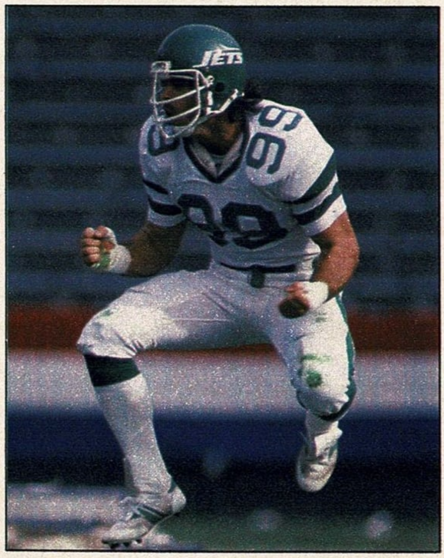
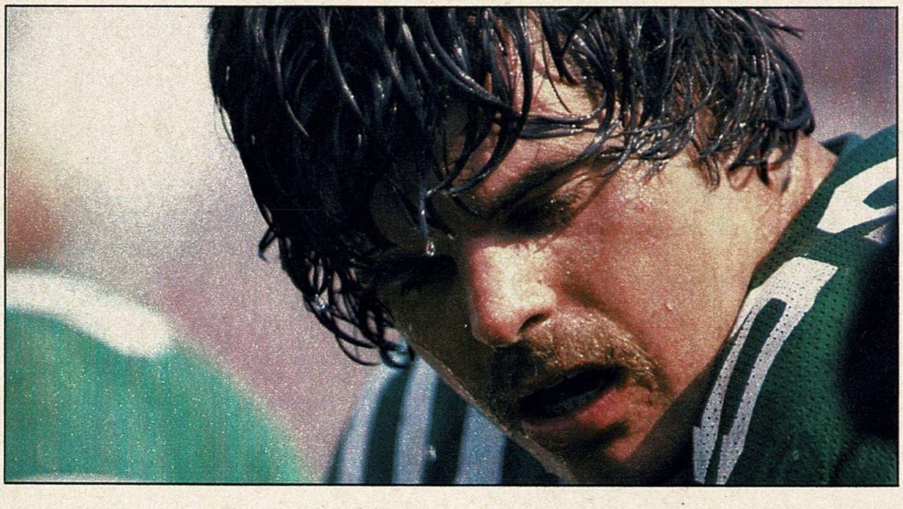
❛I think if a player goes out and tries to hurt somebody, he'll wind up getting hurt himself.❜



JOHN McDONOUGH/FOCUS ON SPORTS



MITCHELL B. REIBEL/SPORTS PHOTO FILE

engaging in any "prolonged, excessive, or premeditated" displays of celebration.

In July Gastineau's record-setting contract precipitated a wave of holdouts by other NFL defensive stars who suddenly felt underpaid. The Dallas Cowboys' Randy White, the San Francisco 49ers' Fred Dean, and the Minnesota Vikings' Doug Martin—to name a few—all refused to report to training camp unless they, too, received what they called "Gastineau money."

Gastineau himself missed the last two weeks of training camp. He and Jet quarterback Ken O'Brien had a more pressing engagement in a Manhattan courtroom, where both players were on trial for allegedly punching out three people at Studio 54, a highly publicized New York discotheque. The trial lasted nearly four weeks, and by now, you know the results: O'Brien was acquitted; Gastineau was found guilty of one count of third-degree assault.

He spent $80,000 on lawyers, and also took (and passed) a lie detector test regarding his version of the Studio 54 incident—but all to no avail. Gastineau's misdemeanor conviction carried with it a maximum fine of $1000 and a possible one-year jail sentence. The prosecutor in the case said it was unlikely that Gastineau would have to serve any time. Gastineau said he would lodge an appeal regardless of the sentence. Sentencing was set for November 20th, which happened to be his birthday. Happy 28th, Mark.

Unfortunately for Gastineau, his high public profile tends to disguise the fact that he's relatively mild-mannered until he steps onto a football field, at which point he goes slightly bananas. New England Patriot head scout Dick Steinberg says, "I've known Mark since he came into the league and I've always found him to be a stable, mature person. Those on-field gyrations of his are an enigma to me."

Gastineau's size, strength, and speed add up to an enigma for opponents. Gastineau is six-feet-five-inches tall, weighs 280 pounds (he bench-presses 450 pounds), and can run 100 yards in 10.3 seconds. He is quite probably the fastest man his size in the world today.

Gastineau was born in Ardmore, Oklahoma, the son of a dairyman who moved the family to Phoenix when Mark was three. Eleven years later, after Ernie Gastineau had grown weary of city life, the family packed up and moved again—this time 150 miles north to Springerville, Arizona. At Springerville's Round Valley High School, Gastineau was a member of the football, basketball, and track teams, but his main love was rodeo. Gastineau's heroes have always been cowboys. In fact, Gastineau's *relatives* have always been cowboys. His father and grandfather are still active ropers, and in his youth, Gastineau and his dad won several team-roping events at local rodeos.

After he finished high school, Gastineau considered going on the rodeo circuit until his parents convinced him to enter college instead. He soon turned his energies to football, and in 1979, when he had graduated from tiny East Central University in Ada, Oklahoma, Gastineau was drafted by the New York Jets. He became a starter the following season, and every year since then has either finished second or led the NFL in quarterback sacks.

Gastineau, his wife Lisa, and their two-year-old daughter Brittny now reside in Huntington, Long Island, about 20 miles outside of New York City. I caught up with him there at RAB's Health Club, where Gastineau works out regularly under the direction of the gym's owner, martial artist Richie Barathy. Gastineau's trial and conviction were still very much in the news and provided the opening subject for our conversation.

In September, a Manhattan jury found you guilty of assaulting a Studio 54 employee. Are you still insisting that you're innocent?

I *am* innocent. I never even *touched* any of the three guys who claimed that Kenny O'Brien and I beat them up. I hate to disagree with the judicial system, but that's the God's honest truth. This whole thing has just been unbelievable to me.

If you're innocent, why didn't the jury believe you?

I can't speak for them, except to say there were a lot of times during the trial when they were laughing, and I didn't think they took it too seriously. When Kenny O'Brien testified that he wasn't involved in any fight, they believed him; but when Kenny told them *I* wasn't involved, they in effect called him a liar. Six other witnesses testified I wasn't anywhere near the brawl that broke out that night, and the jury didn't believe them either. Also, I didn't take the stand, because I didn't think I had to.

I'd given the district attorney's office my testimony three weeks after the fight had taken place, which was October of 1983. I had all those witnesses, and the trial dragged on for more than three weeks, during which Kenny and I missed every practice. I stayed in shape by running in Central Park, but the trial cost Kenny his starting job at quarterback. I just wanted to get finished with it. I really

PRECEDING SPREAD: (LEFT) MITCHELL B. REIBEL/SPORTS PHOTO FILE; (MIDDLE) FOCUS ON SPORTS; (RIGHT) CHUCK SOLOMON/FOCUS ON SPORTS

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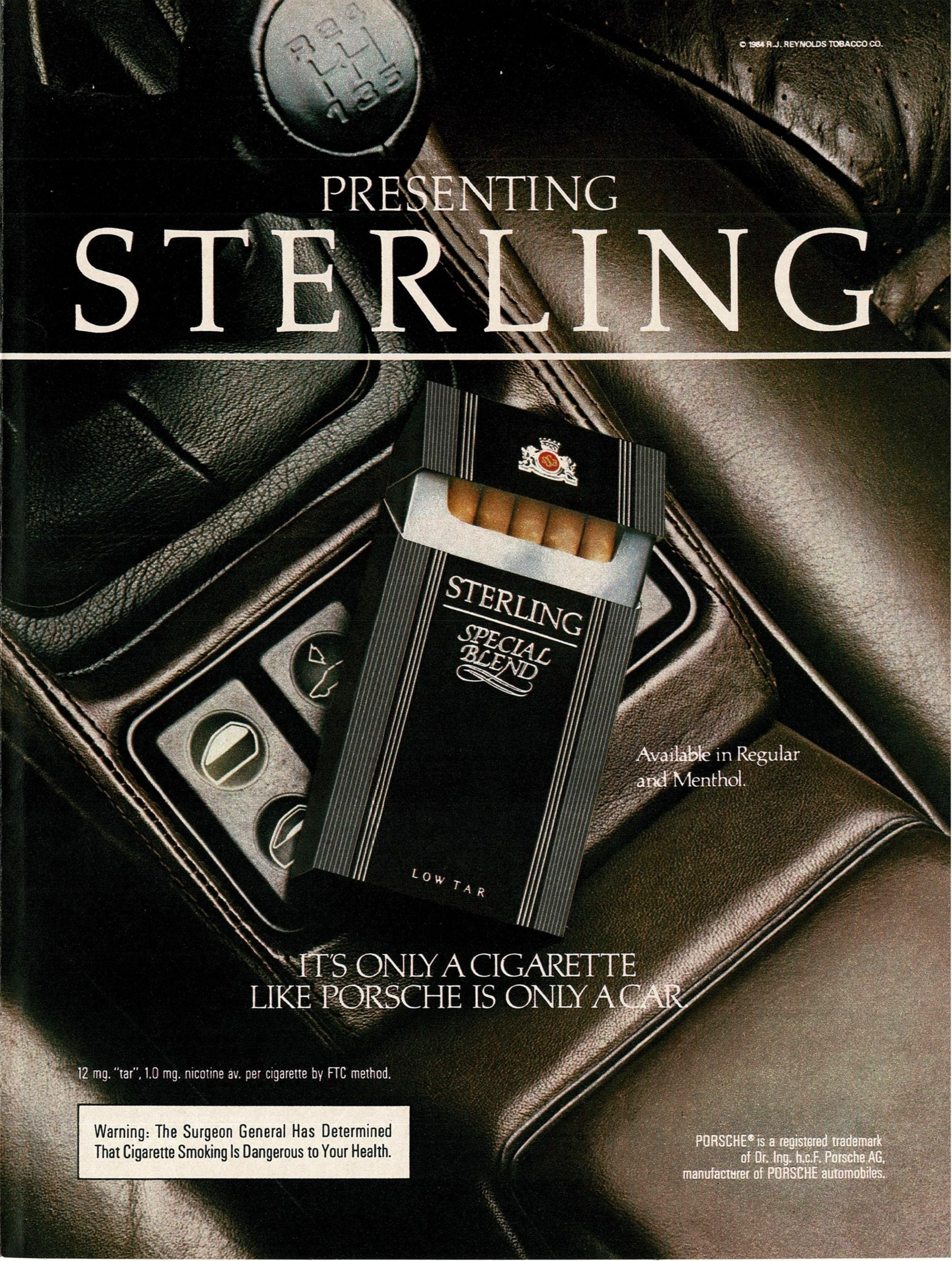
PRESENTING STERLING



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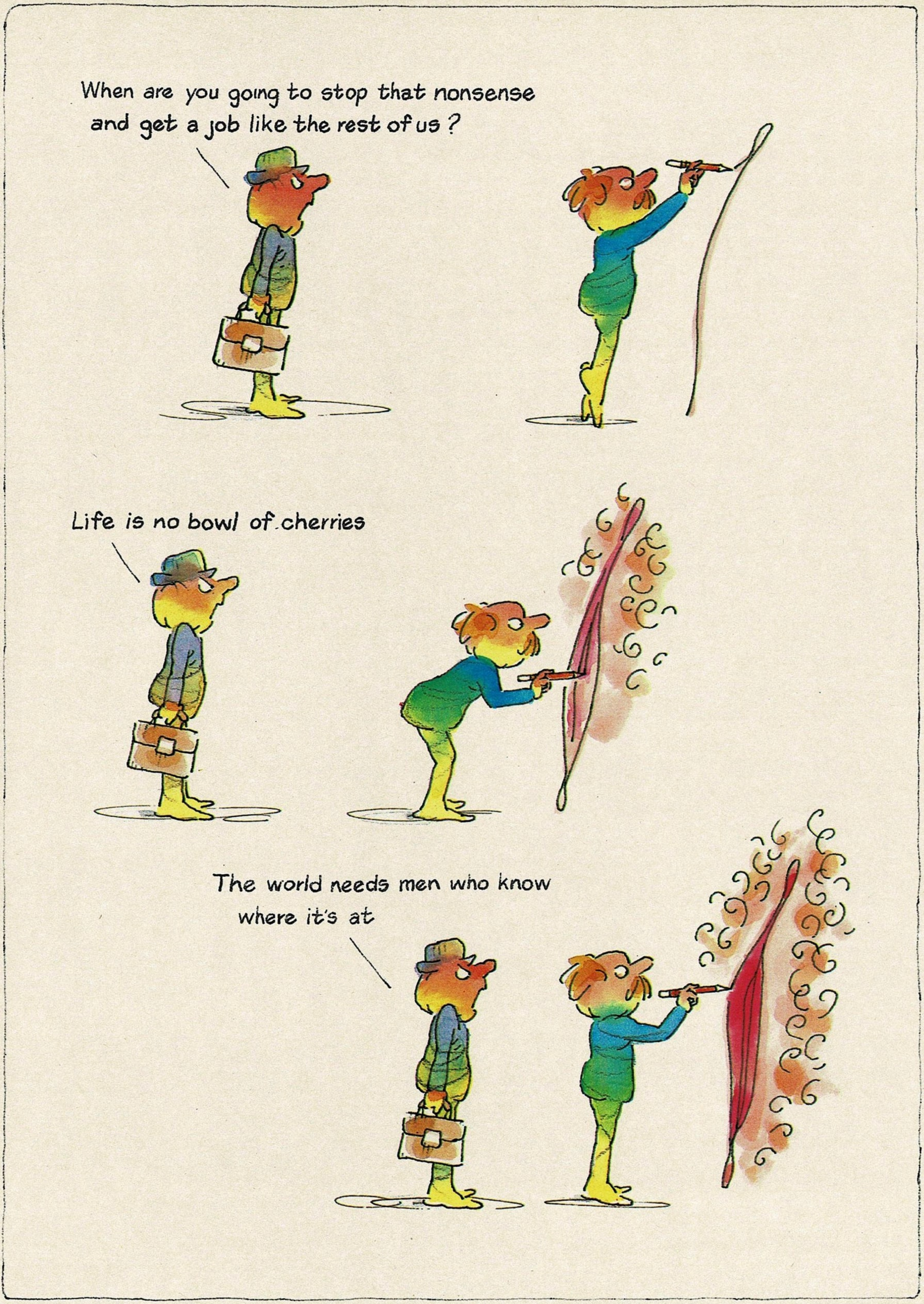
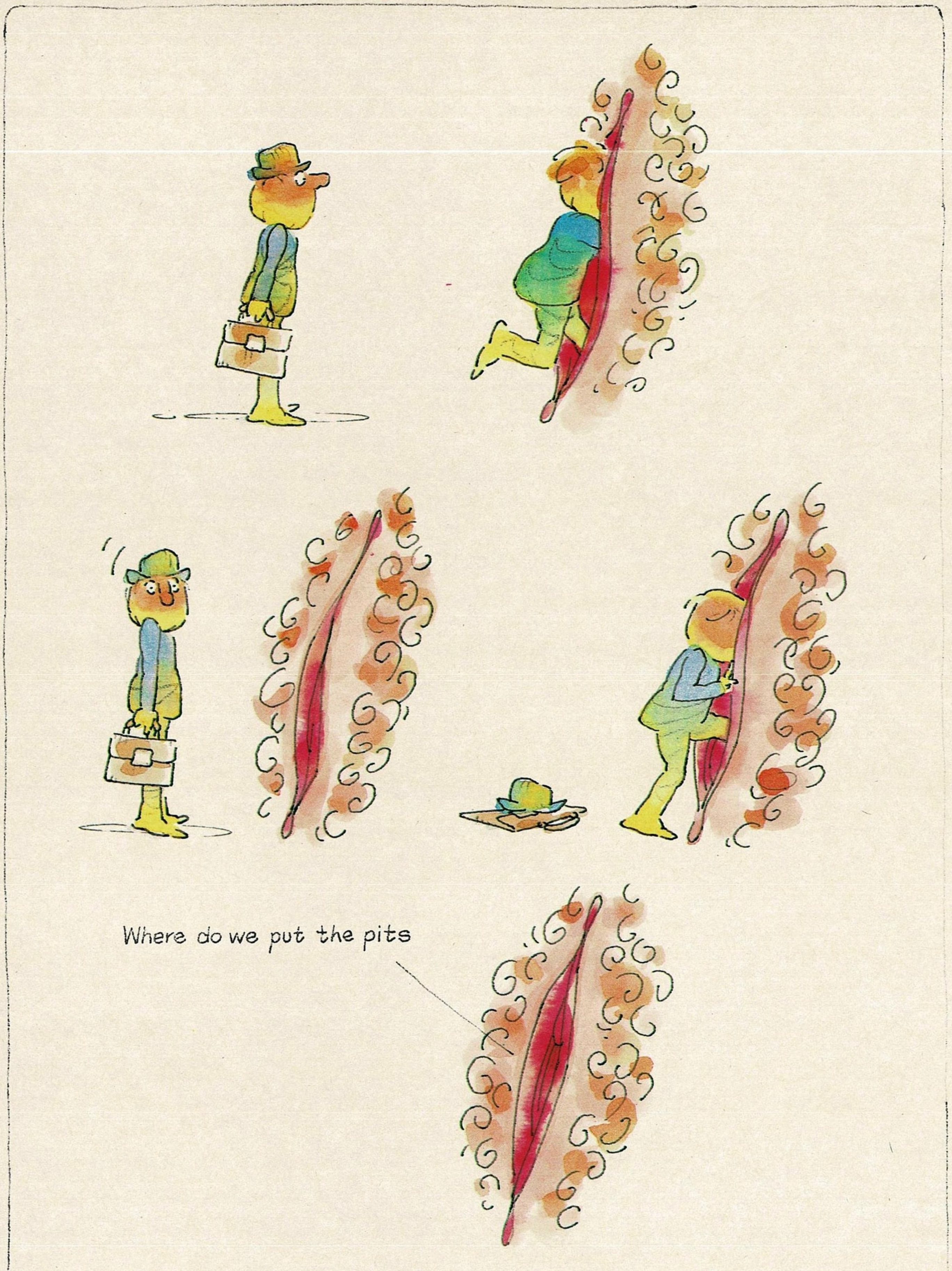

When are you going to stop that nonsense and get a job like the rest of us?
Life is no bowl of cherries
The world needs men who know where it's at


Where do we put the pits

FEVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

didn't pick up on the fact that the DA's office was out to get me.

What proof do you have?

I've been told that New York City has never spent so much money prosecuting a misdemeanor. The reason they did was because the DA's office wanted a piece of Mark Gastineau. And it wasn't even anything personal. They just wanted a celebrity, a name.

The incident itself took place a couple of days after O'Brien's girlfriend, her brother, and her brother's best friend flew in from California to visit the Jets' second-year quarterback. They'd all heard of Studio 54 and wanted to go there, so O'Brien and Gastineau agreed to take them. When Brian and Billy Hampton, the sons of Jet equipment manager Bill Hampton, found out about the Studio 54 safari, they asked if they too could come along. No problem. Everybody jammed into Gastineau's van and drove from Long Island into Manhattan.

The group's first stop that evening was Lenox Hill Hospital, where the two players visited with injured Jet teammates Freeman McNeil and Stan Waldemere. Gastineau and O'Brien then spent an hour or so in the hospital's pediatric ward signing autographs and talking to children.

When the van finally got to Studio 54, Gastineau cautioned the four young men in the group to behave themselves. "My name is at stake," he told them. "A lot of people know me here, and if any of you get into trouble, it'll be my ass."

According to Gastineau, that's exactly what happened. He says that after delivering his short lecture he went upstairs by himself to sit in a private booth, where he could watch the dancers without being disturbed. (Gastineau never turns down autograph seekers; sometimes, however, he hides from them.) A few minutes later, the disco's doorman walked into the booth and told Gastineau that one of the boys he had arrived with was causing trouble on the dance floor. Gastineau immediately went downstairs and learned that 22-year-old Brian Hampton had gotten into a fight with a customer who'd been bad-mouthing Gastineau. The fight was still going on.

Did you make an attempt to cool things down?

I walked over to stop it. There were a bunch of people gathered around where it was taking place, and when I got there everybody tried to push me away. So I just stood there and didn't attempt to go any further.

Right after I got there, Kenny and his girlfriend and the four young guys came up to me. I said, "I *told* you guys not to cause any problems. Let's get the hell out of here right now." And we did. At that point I didn't know anyone was hurt or that some guy had gotten a broken nose. During the ride back to Long Island, I told everybody, "You know, something's going to be said about this in the papers tomorrow, and *I'm* going to be the one who gets the blame." I know one thing: If I would've hit anybody, the results would have been more than a broken nose.

You're saying you didn't lay a finger on anyone the night you and O'Brien visited Studio 54?

I wasn't involved in a fight at any time. I leave people alone. People push me to no end, and I will go out of my way not to cause any hassles. One reason why I avoid fights is that I've put a lot of care and effort into molding my name so that any bank or corporation in the country would want to use me for an endorsement. And I *have* allowed people to take advantage of me. When I first got to New York, I made a little bit of a bad turn one day, and two guys about half my size got out of their car and started kicking in the side of my car. One of them recognized who I was and said, "Come on, motherfucker, go ahead and hit us. You'll have the biggest lawsuit ever." I just sat back and let it happen. I know I could have taken both of those guys by their damned necks and thrown 'em across the street, but I didn't. I am not out to cause trouble for myself.

> ‘
>
> I wasn't involved in a fight at Studio 54 at any time. I leave people alone. People push me to no end, and I will go out of my way not to cause hassles.
>
> ’

If Gastineau was beginning to feel like a pariah, he probably had cause. The "Gastineau Rule" marked the first time the NFL had ever passed legislation aimed directly at one player. In a way, Gastineau's sack dances had been somewhat like Howard Cosell's more opinionated Monday night pronouncements: Both seemed to provide most football fans with a hearty opportunity to jeer.

The NFL's "Gastineau Rule" must feel like a personal slap in your face.

Sure it does. There never were any rules or regulations about what you could do after a play, and there shouldn't be. Once a game starts, I'm all pumped up and in another world. I'm no different that way than the rest of the players. It gets very intense out there, and when I get a sack—and to me, that's like catching a touchdown pass—I'm all emotion, and it takes me 10 or 15 seconds to calm down. The sack dance is just an emotional outlet. If you could put yourself in my shoes and feel what I feel after tackling a quarterback, you'd realize why I think this new rule is just a bunch of bullshit.

You're telling us that your sack dance was totally spontaneous each and every time out?

Definitely. The only time I'm not acting spontaneously is now, because now I have to think about *not* dancing. I can't just let myself go anymore.

A lot of people feel there was a method to your madness, and that the sack dance was a hotdog tactic you adopted in order to attract attention. That's not true?

If it is, then I have to give myself credit for being smart enough to know that what I used to do in front of 2,000 fans at East Central was going to get me all this attention in the NFL. Listen, that dance started out of pure enthusiasm, and nobody ever said one thing about it. When the Ada *Oklahoman* was coming by and interviewing me, they never mentioned it because they knew it was done out of emotion.

Pat O'Neill, my coach at East Central, always said I played with a lot of enthusiasm, and he was right—I do. But now the enthusiasm's caged: The NFL's telling me exactly how enthusiastic I can be. These are people behind desks, pushing pens. I just can't imagine that they have the right to control somebody who's out there busting his ass to do a good job.

Can't you do a good job without showboating?

It's *not* showboating. During the Olympics, I saw boxers knock out opponents and then run around the ring and show all kinds of emotion. When some of our gymnasts finished routines that won them gold medals, they jumped up and down and went crazy—and it was great. They'd performed perfectly in events they'd worked five to ten years preparing for. And when you think about high school and college ball, NFL players put in the same amount of time. Everyone who reads this can be his own judge, but I personally don't agree with the rule. I'm not going to break it, though, because I don't want to be a detriment to the team. And that's all I'm going to say on the subject.

In the Jets' 23–14 opening game victory at Indianapolis this season, Gastineau sacked Colt quarterback Mike Pagel four times. One of those tackles resulted in a fumble that teammate Greg Buttle picked up and ran into the end zone for the Jets' clinching touchdown. During that game Gastineau tested the new rule only once, and even then he merely swung his right fist through the air.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

REBECCA

EVERLAST
MADE IN U.S.A.

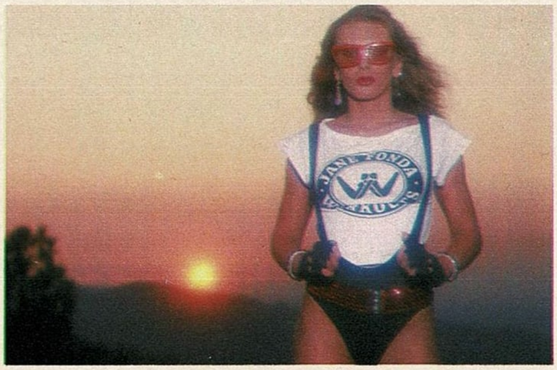
HAIR BY DARLENE DEFREITAS; MAKEUP BY JOHN MALDONADO

“I don’t think permanent relationships really make sense. When you change, you need someone different.”

ON THE ROAD

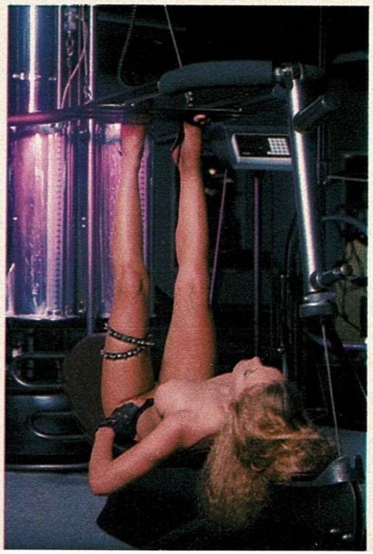
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

If there’s one thing green-eyed Pet of the Month Rebecca Hill has in common with men, it’s that they both love to give her body a good workout. The reasons are doubly apparent, since our contender from Ontario, Canada, rings in this new year with five feet four inches of fine-boned 35-23-35-inch femininity. “Some people think it’s weird that I was a phys-ed freak in high school and still do lots of boxing and martial arts. I also work out on Nautilus machines—it makes me feel good and look even better. Since I have a part-time job as a striptease dancer, it’s good economics, too . . . .”

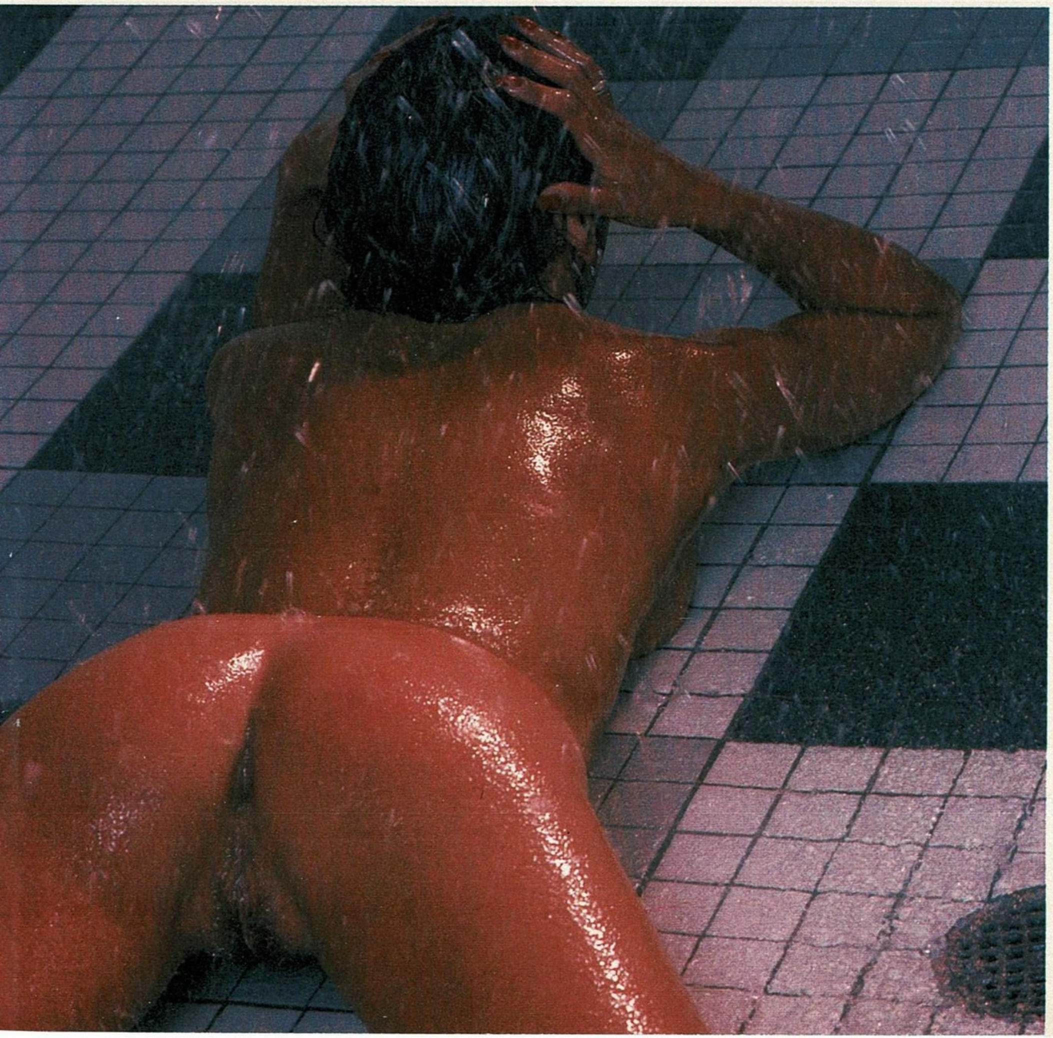


Ironically, it was seeing Canadian stripper Holly-O in the May 1984 issue that prompted Rebecca to send pictures into *Penthouse*. "I thought, 'If she can do it, so can I.' "

EVERLAST
WORKOUTS

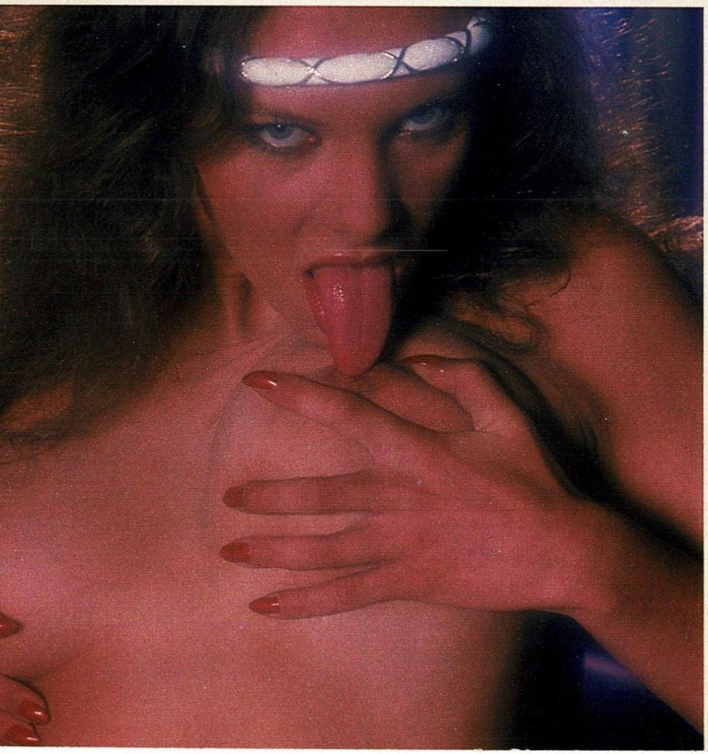


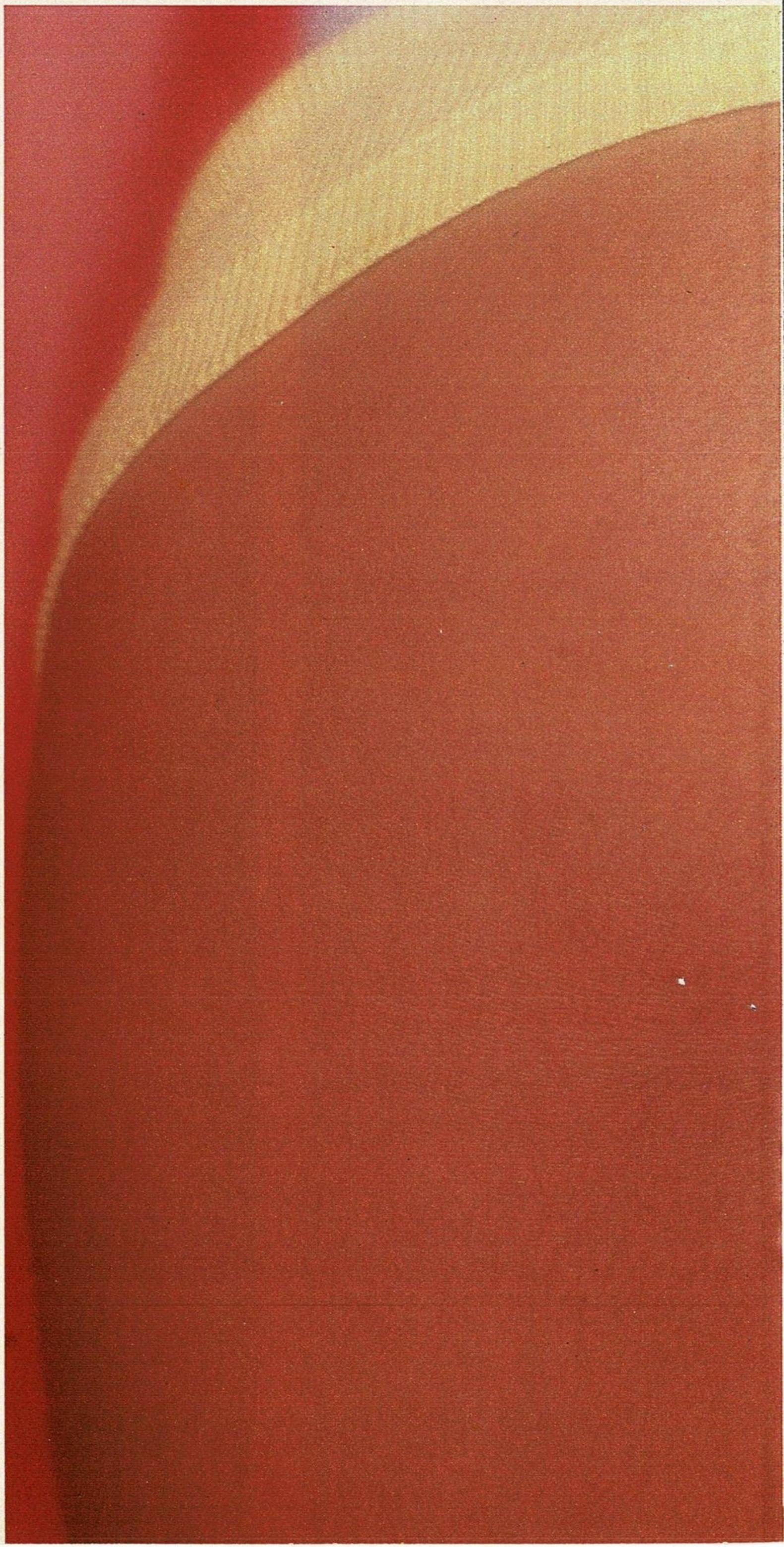
"So I had some outdoor test shots done while working last summer as a waitress at a Wyoming roundup stampede. When word got around that I was posing on a horse without my blue jeans, it started a *real* stampede—of cowboys, not cows. Luckily, Bob Guccione liked the photos. I guess he gave me an 'A' for effort."



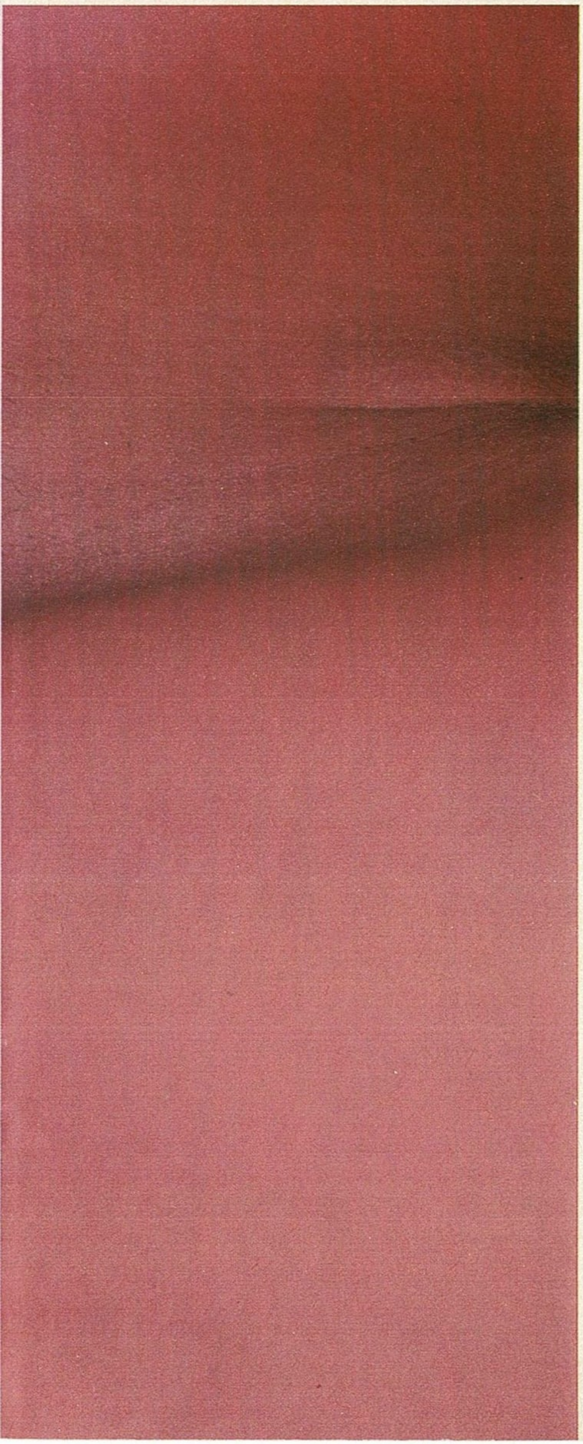
And an "A" for audacity, Rebecca's most prominent quality. "I love to keep on the move, traveling alone through the U.S. with just my kitten Cricket, sometimes picking up sexy guys along the way." The perfect one-night stand? "A silly drive-in movie with a bottle of strawberry wine. It's like making love in a cozy, open-air playground."

Doug, her main squeeze, isn't possessive. "He's a train conductor who's out of town on alternate weeks. So we both have our separate lives and a life that we share—just enough togetherness to keep the romance alive. I don't think permanent relationships really make sense. When you change, you need someone different."





Her fantasy career would be working on a luxury liner as a cruise director, like Julie McCoy on "Love Boat." "I could have one man in every port and one on board, and hopefully make love two or three times a day. I know that's greedy, but it's great for your circulation."



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MISS REBECCA HILL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

‘If we match the technological wizardry of the “Star Wars” defense system with equally high-powered political initiatives, we have a good chance of making nuclear war impossible.’

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY BEN BOVA

The author, who is vice-president of the National Space Institute and a former editorial director of *Omni* magazine, has written several science books, both fiction and nonfiction. His latest is *Assured Survival*, a study of the political implications of space-based strategic defenses.

FINDING PEACE ON EARTH IN OUTER SPACE

President Reagan's call last year for a Strategic Defense Initiative, "Star Wars" for short—in which laser weapons would be mounted on satellites in space—was not just another proposal for a defense against nuclear attack using the most scientifically advanced means possible. It marked the beginning of a new era in international politics.

In a small way I helped to create this new era. I worked at the laboratory where the first breakthrough into truly high-power lasers was made, and in February 1966 I helped arrange a top secret meeting in the Pentagon in which we revealed to the Defense Department what our laboratory had accomplished. A group of scientists from our lab—the Avco Everett Research Laboratory—spent over an hour explaining that now lasers of truly enormous power could be made. When the last slide was shown, there was a long moment of awed silence—from the best scientists the Pentagon could bring together.

Within months we were not only developing the technology of high-power lasers, we were also studying how they could be used. Some of the potential uses we came up with for such lasers were peaceful: drilling tunnels in hard rock, cutting and welding metal at high speeds, communicating over interplanetary distances. The most significant weapons application, however, appeared to be in space, where there is no air to absorb or distort the laser's beam of energy, where the distances between laser and target could be thousands of miles, and where the targets themselves would be moving at thousands of miles per hour.

To give you an idea of the kinds of power outputs these lasers can produce, in 1970 Avco Everett sold a relatively low-power laser to Caterpillar Tractor Co. This laser produced a mere 10,000 watts, or ten kilowatts, of output and cut through three-quarter-inch steel at the rate of 50 to 100 inches per minute. Today, Avco sells 100-kilowatt lasers on the commercial marketplace. Military classification begins at still higher power levels.

Since the mid-sixties I have been thinking and writing about the technical and political implications—not to mention the impact on the future of the human race—of using high-power lasers in orbit as a defense against nuclear missile attack. In my books *Assured Survival* and *The High Road* I examined various scenarios dealing with the time when such weaponry is inevitably put into space. This could bring about the end of the threat of nuclear holocaust. But it might also instead trigger the very Armageddon we all fear.

Today we are all hostage to the nuclear missiles of the Soviet Union. By deliberate government policy, every American man, woman, and child is defenseless against a Soviet missile attack. By the terms of the SALT I treaty we have agreed not to even attempt to defend our cities and population. The Russians have agreed to the very same terms.

Since Hiroshima, strategic policy has been based entirely on the idea that there is no viable defense against a determined nuclear attack. Our official policy is literally MAD: Mutual Assured Destruction. We strive to maintain a nuclear attack force that is so strong that even if the Soviets launch the first strike our counterstrike will also annihilate the Soviet Union. And the Russians do the same.

This MAD policy has produced the continuing nuclear arms race that has terrified so many people around the world. The nuclear freeze movement is an attempt by people in Europe and America to stop the constant escalation of nuclear weapons. It is a well-intentioned movement, but it is doomed to failure—unless someone, somewhere, can assure the leaders in Washington and Moscow that they can actually protect their nations from nuclear annihilation.

Now, technology offers the possibility of creating a *workable* defense against nuclear missiles. Critics of the idea claim that it is impossible, or at least undesirable. Some people suggest that it is preferable to live under a nuclear sword of Damocles than to build a credible defense against nuclear war. This is akin to Neville Chamberlain's hope when he was prime minister of Great Britain in the late 1930s that he could appease Hitler and avert war.

I, for one, do not choose to spend the rest of my life, and the lives of my children and *their* children, under the constant threat of nuclear holocaust. If there is a way to defend us, it is deadly nonsense to ignore it.

But—and this is the point on which our entire future will turn—we must be prepared not only to open our minds to bold new technological concepts; we must be prepared to consider, fairly and openly, equally bold new *political* ideas. For just as the technology of gunpowder eventually blew apart the political system based on kings and emperors, just as the technology of aircraft ended Britain's snug, smug feeling of safety on their tight little isle, space weaponry is going to change international politics forever.

The first political reality we must face is that we no longer live in a bipolar world of two superpowers, their various allies and satellites, and a scattering of small, poor nations that don't count when it comes to military power. True, our major military concerns all center on the Soviet Union. But the People's Republic of China has nuclear-tipped missiles and so do France and Great Britain. India is launching satellites with its own rockets and has tested its own nuclear bomb. Pakistan, the most likely target of India's missiles, is undoubtedly trying to produce its own nuclear arsenal.

It may be that none of the smaller nations would ever dream of aiming a nuclear-tipped missile at an American city. But would you bet your life on it?

A second fact we must face is that we are not the only nation in the world that might build orbital defenses. Most American pundits who have come out against the Star Wars defense have tacitly assumed that if the United States does not place defensive weapons in orbit, nobody will. That is arrant foolishness. The Soviet Union has been developing this technology almost as long as we have, and in several key areas they are far ahead of us.

In the 1960s, as we worked on the early high-power lasers, we at Avco Everett examined the Russian scientific literature carefully. (At that time the Soviets did not classify theoretical work.) We saw them developing the same ideas that we ourselves had developed only a year or two earlier. And when the scientific ideas of our two countries converged on the realization that lasers of virtually unlimited power could be built, all evidence of such work disappeared.

Through the 1970s, when the American space program became moribund after Washington killed the Apollo program, the Soviets sent scores of cosmonauts into orbit aboard a succession of space stations they call Salyuts. Salyut 7 is in orbit today. It is larger than any previous Soviet space station and may well be the permanent platform from which the Russians will test their own orbital beam weapons.

Soviet scientists have worked hard not only on lasers, but also on particle-beam devices, which fire a stream of subatomic particles, such as protons. As a weapon, particle-beam devices may prove to be more effective than lasers. The Soviets have also pushed development of the kinds of electrical power systems that are needed to "drive" high-power lasers and particle-beam weapons.

For nearly 20 years the Soviets have flown military weaponry in space. While both the United States and the U.S.S.R. have placed satellites into orbit for early warning, military surveillance, communications, weather observation, and mapping, only the Soviets have put actual weapons into space. They regularly fly tests of their antisatellite weapons, and unconfirmed leaks from intelligence sources claim that they have blinded American surveillance satellites by firing lasers at them from the ground. The fact is that the military got into space before anyone else did, and space is already a theater of military operations. The best and wisest thing we can do is to try to use space in a way that will shield us against nuclear attack.

Is it possible? Technologically, yes. Satellites armed with lasers, particle-beam weapons, or even pellet guns or small missiles, could destroy ballistic missiles while their rocket engines are still boosting them over their own territory and they are very vulnerable to attack.

Earlier proposals for defense against ballistic missiles were based on the idea of firing antimissile missiles from the ground

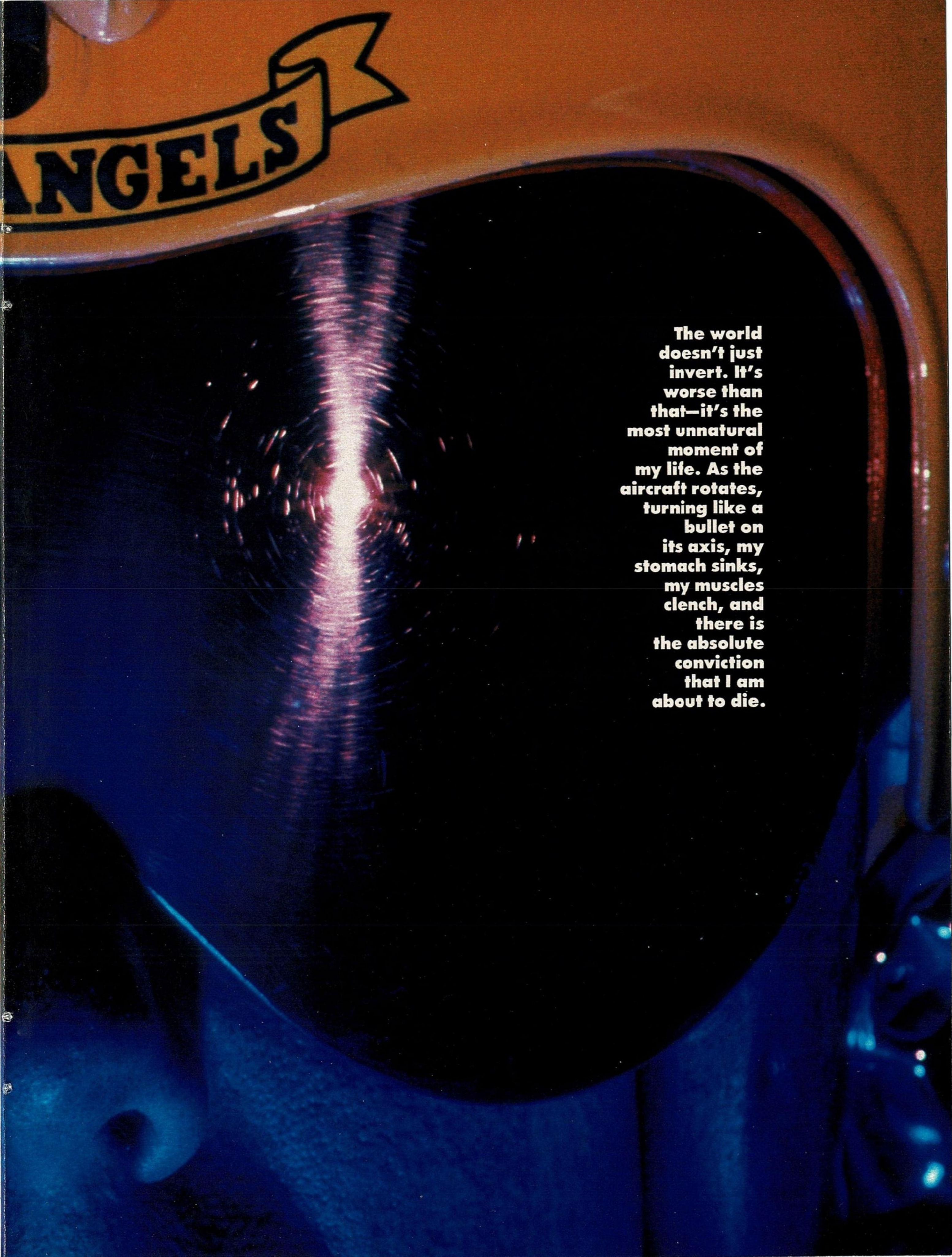
CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

THE RIGHT STUFF

BY PETER MANSO

The Blue Angels are among the greatest fliers in the world. Going up with them is one of life's most terrifying experiences.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC MEOLA

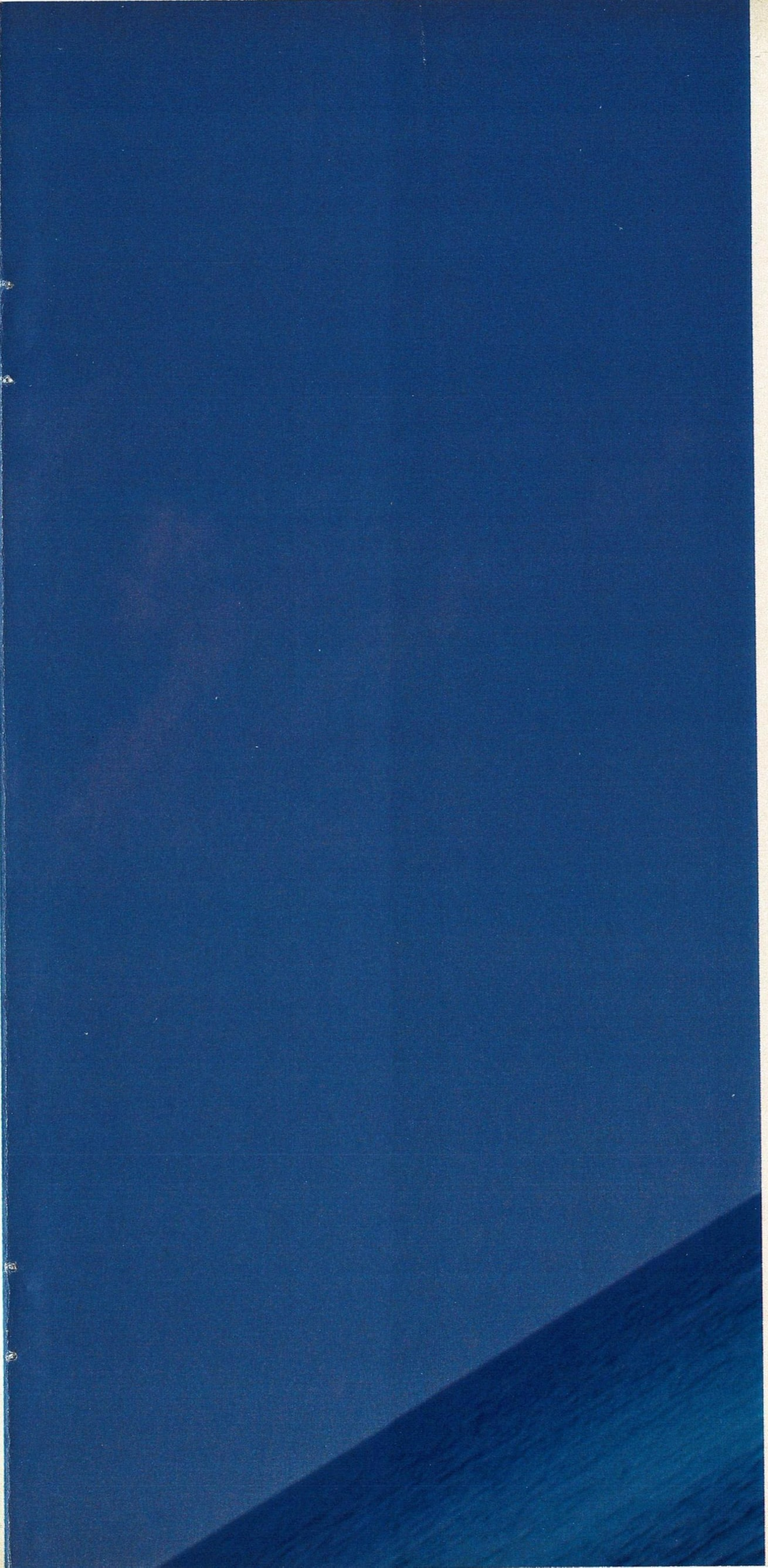


The world doesn't just invert. It's worse than that—it's the most unnatural moment of my life. As the aircraft rotates, turning like a bullet on its axis, my stomach sinks, my muscles clench, and there is the absolute conviction that I am about to die.

I am flying with the Blue Angels, the navy's precision aerobatic team. It is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, but it's precisely that lifetime I am concerned about as the

world turns upside down and inside out.

I can't keep out of my mind what an Angels pilot said to me about a colleague and friend of his: "He got so wrapped up in trying to save the airplane, he forgot to save himself." The man was flying lead



solo in a training exercise in 1982 and his plane stalled at 2,500 feet. He never ejected. Back on the ground, getting out of the cockpit of an A-4 Skyhawk after a 30-minute ride, I continue to remember the fear. It is an unusual moment when I don't brood over whether I'm better or worse for the experience, particularly as friends

ngels
BLUE ANGELS

and relatives continue to ask what it was like. My impressions, at best, are conditional. How could they not be? I went up as an amateur; I do not fly. I had never before been in a military jet, and although several of my friends are fortunate enough to own their own planes, there is no comparison between being flown from New York to Cape Cod in a Piper Chieftain, say, and what awaited me in the skies over the

navy's Pensacola, Florida, air station. Besides, I have never taken to roller coasters, even as a child, and for as long as I can remember, any such excursion always resulted in . . . well, vomit.

For weeks I'd been pretty uncertain about actually going up. Over the telephone, the Angels' PR man had been reassuring: nausea, g-forces, blackout, all were containable; the maneuvers would be progressive; I could call it off in midflight whenever I wished; and indeed, they weren't in the business of "putting writers to sleep." My anxiety held, nonetheless, held clear through the intervening weeks and my trip down to Pensacola, held despite days of hanging out with the squadron's eight pilots, until I found myself being briefed at 7:40 on the morning of my scheduled flight. So much for prudence or the lingering thought that I wouldn't go up.

"Now, Pete," the crew chief began by saying, "what I want to get across to you is some safety factors. The ejection seats in a jet can either save your life or be real dangerous, so when I set you in the plane I'm going to strap you in real tight. It's gotta be tight 'cause when you go inverted you can't be swinging around."

"Yeah," I reply. "I've driven race cars. I know about tight." Outside on the airfield, parked in formation, the squadron's eight Skyhawks glistened in the morning light. The temperature had already reached the 90s.

"Okay, good. Then I'm going to show you ejection handles, all of which you're not supposed to touch. In case of an ejection everything is handled from the front seat; the pilot does it. But I'll show you how to posture yourself. The important thing is to keep your hands inside."

"Clamped on my knees?"

"Yeah, right there. And hopefully you're gonna have enough time to slide your buttocks all the way down to the back of the seat, make a real nice gesture with your back, straight up and down. An ejection throws your head back, see, so you want it planted all the way back to begin with. Also, if you have an ejection, try to grab both sides of your harness, crossing your arms, like. Again, that's to keep your hands from flying around."

"And your knees?"

"As long as your feet are flat on the floor your knees will be okay."

He pauses, giving me a wink as he picks up the phone which has started ringing. I take the opportunity to clear my throat, trying to get rid of the dryness. What I'm thinking about is what Squadron Commander Larry "Hoss" Pearson, veteran of 158 Vietnam combat missions, had told me the previous day: namely, that "punching out" is indeed a real big deal. Ejecting over the Red Sea ("The radar system in my F-8 overpressurized, blew up, and most of the parts went down the intake and FOD'd the engine"), he'd left the plane with only 300 feet of altitude, taken the 16 g's imparted by the "Escapac" ejection mechanism, and hit the water an instant later. "Ejecting is dangerous, no doubt about it. Especially over water. There's the possibility of the chute just dragging you down . . . We're talking about this man-machine interface and you're in a nice warm cockpit, the womb, if you will, an environment you're comfortable with—and to leave that is a traumatic moment, really."

Indeed.

"Look, Pete," the crew chief comes back, "we've never had an ejection, but there's always the possibility, which is why I'm telling you these things. Another thing—when I put you in the plane, after you get started up, the electrical power will come on and you'll want to give the pilot a test to make sure your radio is working. All you gotta do is flip the switch up, tell him you hear him fine, he'll say, 'Okay, I hear you, Jim Dandy.' Then he'll lower the canopy on down. There again, make sure your arms aren't up, 'cause that thing comes down with 3,000 psi and it tends to ruin your day if you cut your fingers off. Okay? Then I'll start you up, and we go through some checks to make sure all the flight controls are working. I'll pull the pins, pull the chocks, and away we go."

> The Angels' PR man had been reassuring: nausea, g-forces, blackout, all were containable. I could call it off in midflight whenever I wished.

"How long are we sitting with the canopy down?" I ask, thinking of the heat and the sickening jet fumes, which are already attacking my system.

"Not very long at all. Five minutes. We do it fast. I've already been out preflighting the whole jet. Excuse me." He picks up the phone again, turning back, and announces a 45-minute delay due to a rescheduled training flight. Me, I'm not happy. I've worked up a small head of steam, half-psyched myself, but most of all, I want to get it over with.

"Another thing," he adds. "Everything out of your pockets. You wear contacts? No? Good. I've got a flight suit for you downstairs. Also a little bag, a baggie, just in case."

"I don't care about the mess, that's not the problem."

"I do," he laughs. "As long as you grab that bag, it's not going anywhere."

"What do I do with the bag afterward?" I try to joke.

"Bring it out and show everyone what you had for breakfast."

The McDonnell Douglas A-4 Skyhawk is technically described as a "low–aspect ratio delta wing, carrier-based attack aircraft." Rated at 720 degrees of roll per second at a maximum speed of mach 1, it measures just over 27 feet from wingtip to wingtip, with a wing area of 260 square feet. It's a small plane, smaller by far than the F-18, the navy's latest, with an operational range of only 340 miles, and was designed to excel at low-altitude, high-speed maneuvers. In reality it is all engine, an aerobatic dragster. The ideal hot rod for the Blue Angels' repertoire of loops, dives, crossovers, "farvels," "vertical breaks," and God knows what other hair-raising numbers that lie in store for me.

Correspondingly, the cockpit fits like a sheath. As they strap me in I scan the instruments: the rate-of-climb and airspeed indicators, the artificial horizon, the sweep-second-hand clock, and the Q-meter, all tightly clustered to the left. The air-conditioning ducts, set into waist-high side sills, can be reached only by bending your arm around the dark, dirty-gray control stick coming up between your thighs. Toggle switches, fuses, and warning lights cluster over almost every surface. It's like I've been squeezed into an aluminum cigar tube, except that I'm sitting upright, lashed to the ejection seat as if tied to a stake.

The canopy still up, they lean over me, retightening the harness buckles, connecting up the intercom wires coming out of my helmet. The leviathan engine intakes, flanking each of my shoulders only inches away on the outside of the aircraft, are large enough to swallow a man.

"Pete? Mike here." The intercom crackles to life, with Lt. Mike Gershon, my chauffeur, up in the front seat. A native Floridian, his voice is strangely accent-free, but who cares? The canopy is down and locked in place. It's already hot, sickeningly so, as the engines come to life with the odd hush of a home vacuum cleaner.

"I'll be getting us clearance from the tower in just a moment," explains Gershon. "Why not follow through on the checks with us? By then we ought to have a 'go.' "

I nod, mumbling "okay" into a dead microphone as I've forgotten to use the switch. No matter. The man is busy, and although the Blue Angels are not unskilled in PR, there are now priorities a little more pressing.

Fear, it is said, is a response to the unknown. Psychologists speak of the emotion as "a preparedness state" during which the brain or soul, or whatever it is that keeps us alive, manages to provide the necessary energy to meet the new and threatening. And, indeed, if our brain consists of halves, with our life as a journey between what we know and what we fear, and curiosity is the key to health, then imbalance is the root of dread. Acrophobes live with it day to day. The man paralyzed at the window of a skyscraper: He has been afflicted with inertia. He cannot *move*. He senses he is close to death. Death? Yes. In the 38 years the Angels have been flying, over 20 men have perished in mid-performance. But the feeling is more than a sense of death. One's imbalance may be physical, even genetic, but it is the reverse of ego. And with the loss of ego, there can only come nausea.

Nausea. The word is synonymous with dread. And now, while the heat of the cockpit and the stomach-ratcheting fumes and the tight harnesses combine to induce dread in me, the plane has moved. The 7,000-foot runway lies in front of us, the radio crackling, sweat matting the hair inside my helmet. We wait, the engine turning over at 38 percent.

"My name is Peter Manso, my name is Peter Manso, my name is—" I hear a voice as though from far away, but it is me, chanting a mantra, trying to keep it all together.

The aircraft inches forward. Suddenly I am hammered back in the seat; we get lift and race down the runway at an elevation of about a dozen feet. At the end of the tarmac, the plane rears skyward. Instantly, we are at a thousand feet. The wingtips bobble from an updraft.

"We'll head out over the Gulf and get some altitude, Pete," Gershon announces. "Then we'll start easy with a slow roll. Then you take the stick, try 'er yourself." I nod, remembering to activate the mike. We're traveling at 300 knots and it's not unenjoyable. Still, I am drenched with sweat, telling myself to relax.

"We generally do our maneuvers at 300 to 350," he continues. "The plane's real stable at that speed. Also, you've got a reserve. 'Course, in a dive we're going faster, but as you can see, you really don't sense the speed 'less you're low to the ground."

He banks to the right to take us farther out over the Gulf, which is already beneath us. I am on my side, the plane flying knife-edge, 90 degrees to the water.

"Ready? Real slooow, now . . ."

"No! No!" I'm moaning into the intercom. "I can't take it. No!" I fight back a wave of nausea, breathing deeply.

"All right," Gershon says. "Let's get altitude and you take the stick. If you're controlling the aircraft, you'll feel better."

Instantly, he stands the A-4 on its ass, shooting us upward. The altimeter spins wildly, like something out of a World War II movie, albeit in reverse: 18, 20 seconds later, and we're at 10,000 feet.

"You feel better?" Gershon asks. I lie, taking the controls, and gently push the stick to the left. The plane responds instantly—I try it to the right, then push the stick forward and back to the left, more forcefully now, putting the plane into a long, banking dive. The only possible comparison is to an open-wheeled race car, and I'm starting to feel like I want to play with it. Not for nothing do these guys drive Corvettes on the ground.

"All right, Pete," Gershon's voice comes back, a little sternly now. "We've got some rain coming in and I want to beat it back. We'll do a simulated carrier landing going in."

Within seconds the air-speed indicator is reading 510 knots—over nine miles a minute, close to the speed of sound—and droplets begin to streak the canopy as the airfield comes back into view. I sigh, still talking to my stomach. I'm going to make it. Maybe. But then, *Wham!* The plane decelerates wildly, scrubbing off speed as Gershon goes into a tight bank to the left, using the air brakes. We hang there, coming around once more. My eyes start to cloud, shadows moving in from the periphery as if someone's drawing a curtain.

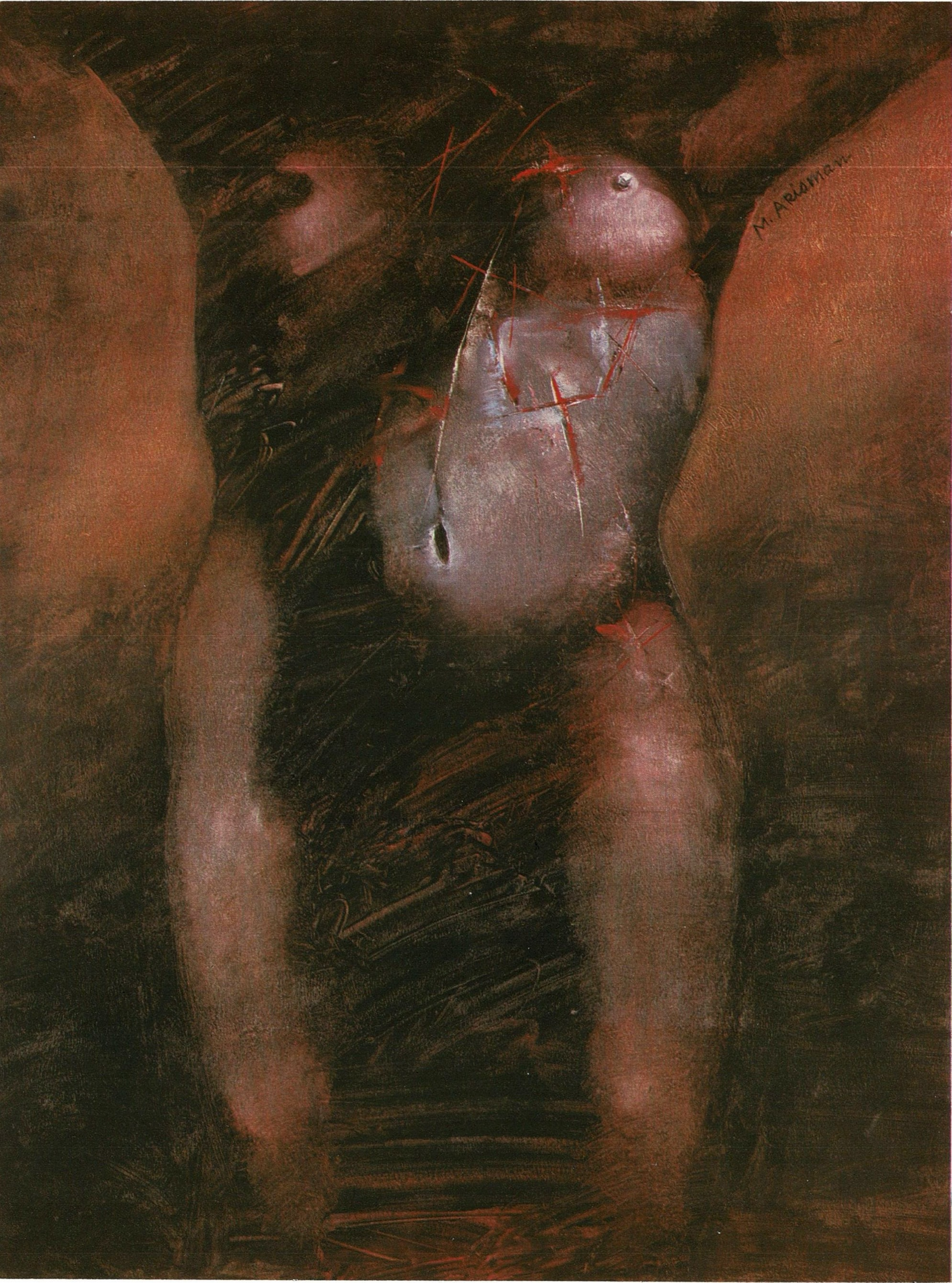
He comes around again, still taking off speed. I raise my right arm, only somehow it's not the arm I'm used to. It's heavy, unresponsive. The g-meter is reading over 4 g's and I'm helpless, just waiting out the ride when a voice—Gershon's—acknowledges our approach to the tower.

From March through November, the Blue Angel Squadron performs roughly 50 air shows across the country. The average age of the pilots is 31; each of them has logged at least 1,500 flight hours in tactical jets. As "ambassadors of goodwill," their mission is to take naval aviation to the public as a means of demonstrating precision aerobatics. Esprit de corps is on display, too, as well it should be, given the thousands of hours of practice, briefings, and debriefings, and the analysis of each performance's tiniest details as recorded on videotape. The life-style is one of regimen. Wives, girlfriends, mortgages—all are subverted to the single norm of competence. Training, discipline, and focus—nothing else matters.

Indeed, finally it's a team concept. "It's not just the danger of precision flying," says Lt. Cmdr. Scott Anderson. "You're taking a risk because you're confronting yourself, basically showing everyone in the squadron what your potential is. And if you fail, everyone's gonna know. Not many people get a chance at that. . . . I've set goals for myself and failed, and I thought I failed within my potential. That scared the hell out of me."

For Lt. Curt Watson, an ex-University of Tennessee All-American running back who flies Plane No. 3, "My performance is no better than the people I fly with. If I do well and the guys in front of me don't, then I want to beat my head against a brick wall. If you don't work together, the end result just isn't there."

MEULENSTEYN


M. Arisman

A NUN IS RAPED IN HARLEM

BY BOB GUCCIONE, JR.

New York
City has grown used
to violence,
even murder, and
almost no
longer notices it.
But this
crime was too
horrific.
And against all
odds, two
cops decided that
they had
to do something
about it.

PAINTING BY
MARSHALL ARISMAN

THE CRIME

The two cops stood quietly by their unmarked car, which still had its headlights on. They were looking at the convent that sat bleak and pathetic and violated, as cold and irrevocable as a tomb. Bo Dietl and Tommy Colleran were hard, cynical New York police officers. But they had never heard of anything like this.

There were still other cops on the scene, moving about quietly, softly. The nun—a white, 30-year-old, sparrowlike woman—had been taken away hours earlier. Peter Christianson, from the sex crimes unit, came up to Bo and Tommy.

"Petey, what happened?"

"Bo, it's fucking crazy. Two guys took a nun in there, punched the shit out of her, raped and sodomized her, stuck a broom up her and some candles, carved crosses all over her butt and breasts—27 crosses, Bo, with a goddamned sharpened nail file! They pissed on her, threw her downstairs, and left her for dead. And they may have used a crucifix, we don't know. We're checking all the crosses inside."

Tommy suddenly hit himself hard in the chest. The thud made everyone jump.

"You've got to be fucking kidding. *In a convent?*" His eyes filled with tears. "Oh Mother of God, they didn't do that."

"Oh shit," exhaled Bo. "How is she?"

"We don't know. She's in shock at the hospital."

"Have you got anything?"

"Well, we've got a couple of junkies who were in the building across the street that said they saw two black guys on the corner, one tall, one short with like a limp. They never actually saw them coming out of the place though, so maybe that wasn't them."

Bo and Tommy crossed the street and studied the convent from there. Behind it loomed a dark, four-story brownstone with a ladder leading down from its roof.

"That's how they got in," said Bo flatly, pointing.

"Since when have you heard of a sex crime with two guys doing it, Tommy?"

The other said nothing. He lit a cigarette and threw the match into the gutter.

"And if they were just sex guys, they would have gone straight through the front door, not entered through the friggin' roof! These were burglars. The sex offense was an afterthought; these bastards came here to burglarize the place."

For a moment the two cops stood still, breathing hard and steady, not speaking.

Like a wide asphalt canal, 116th Street bisects Harlem, running from the Hudson to the East rivers. Our Lady of Mount Carmel convent sits on the southwest corner of 116th and, ironically, Pleasant Avenue. This is the heart of the tiny Italian section: a poor, detached, defiantly white, and surprisingly safe enclave tucked in the corner of the city's huge black and Hispanic community.

The convent is a plain three-story building, light-colored and clean except for a little pale-blue and red graffiti that ribbons its front wall. Inside, it is Spartan. The small group of nuns live in tiny rooms meagerly furnished, each with a cot bed, plain wooden chair, simple night table, and small cheap chest of drawers. The walls are bare, except where the sisters have hung holy pictures and crucifixes. Unshaded bulbs light the landings with their dead glow. The chapel is small and plain.

Facing the convent, a line of buildings and a vacant lot stretch out like a row of bad teeth with one missing. The buildings in East Harlem are either tenements or shells. They stand side by side regardless—uniformly soot-darkened and braided with rusty and uncertain fire escapes, poor men's terraces. Some of the empty apartment houses are incongruously ornate under the dilapidation, like the dirt-stained and moss-covered, but probably once fine, marble headstones of a run-down graveyard. These buildings are boarded or bricked over at street level. But they are not entirely deserted. Creeping into them, with what is left of human instinct after even the need to eat has been forgotten, are the junkies, New York's undead.

> ‘
>
> The cop's eyes filled with tears. "In a convent?" he shouted. "Oh, Mother of God, they didn't do that!"
>
> ’

Tom Colleran turned to Pete Christianson. "How long did these animals . . . violate her?" he asked.

"Apparently about an hour 45 minutes, we don't really know. She figures she was unconscious about 45 minutes. She came to at the sound of the noon church bells and called the precinct."

"Jee-sus," whispered Bo. "Who's got it?" he asked.

"Sex crimes."

"It ain't a sex crime."

They got back into their car and swung west along 116th, looking for the people who usually knew everything that went on locally. They stopped at Andy's Colonial Tavern and talked to some of the people Bo euphemistically calls "Italian businessmen"; they had not heard about the nun being attacked. The officers continued down 116th, stopping in each of the narrowly fronted, brightly glowing cigar and grocery stores still open. It was the same everywhere. No one had heard about the atrocity or could imagine who would do such a thing.

As the terrible news spread across the neighborhood, the two cops discussed the possibility that the rapists were junkies on angel dust, a drug that can inflame its users with a mindless viciousness. So they decided to hit a junkie joint on 115th Street—an abandoned apartment in a tenement that drug dealers had taken over, reinforcing the door from inside and cutting a hole in it through which to sell their wares.

The two cops drove up and parked diagonally across on the pavement. Tommy went into the building. Bo got on the hood and silently pulled himself up to the fire escape. He waited outside the blackened second-floor window. From inside, he could hear voices and people moving around, then the rapid bang of Tommy's gun butt at the door and his muffled voice demanding: "Police! Open this fucking door!" At the furious sound of the toilet flushing as the panicked junkies tried to get rid of their drugs, Bo crashed through the window, gun drawn, bellowing: "Freeze!" He rose quickly from the floor, one hand holding his gun, the other instinctively sweeping fragments of glass off his clothes. He ordered the door opened. Seething, Tommy entered clutching his 9-millimeter automatic with both hands and yelled: "Get up against the fucking wall!"

For an hour they questioned the junkies, who were scared and suggested anyone or anything that they could think of—all obviously worthless. By the end of their tour that night, Bo and Tommy had to concede defeat. The streets were dry.

For four days the story was kept out of the press. When it broke, what ensued was the thunder of a public's grief and outrage and behind it the reverberation of their disbelief: New York has come to live with violence, even murder, and almost no longer notices it. But this was too horrific. It cast a gray pall, an odor of bereavement, over this normally dispassionate city and, while the nun's desecraters remained free, suspended it there.

They probably would never have been caught but for these two anticrime plainclothes cops, both Catholics. The official police task force had 100 of the city's top detectives, with nearly another hundred backing them up part-time. But after a week and a half had passed with no results, Bo Dietl and Tommy Colleran asked to have three days to work the case on their own: Bo had received a piece of information that was so weak he was embarrassed to report it, but he inexplicably believed it would lead to cracking the case.

Later, these two men would talk about their investigation as a mission from God, a miracle. At any rate, in three days they caught both rapists.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

PENTHOUSE VIDEO

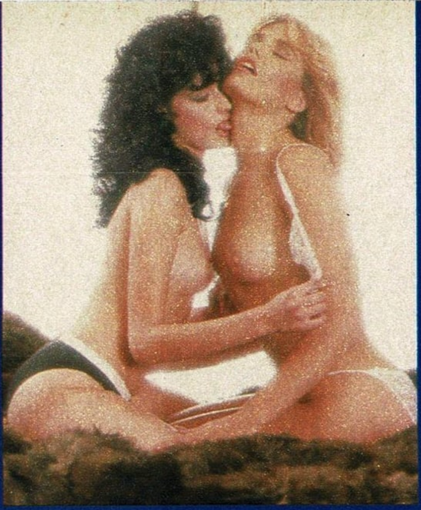
Produced by Edward Holzman, this is the love portion of a segment called "The Locket" from the first Penthouse *videocassette,* The Girls of Penthouse, *which will be on sale sometime in February/March 1985.*

PENTHOUSE VIDEO

THE LOCKET

They began as teacher and pupil, piano tutor and novice: a simple business arrangement. But the pleasure of each other's company gives way to more complex desires. After silently undressing, ebony and ivory entwine, making a kind of music that's unheard but not unfelt. . . . The brunette, wiser and more experienced, finds her awkward young charge more adept at the rhythms of sensual abandon, the tempos of mounting passion. Cradling the blonde in her arms, she caresses with practiced fingers the secret pulse of desire that throbs beneath her flesh. . . .

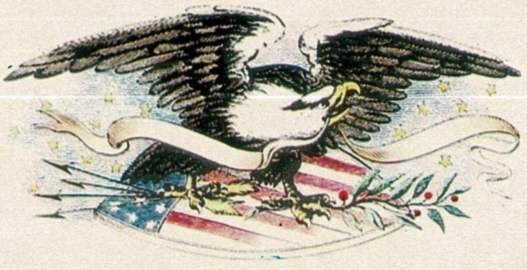
Suckling one love-ripened breast, the blonde becomes a babe in arms invested with the wisdom of ages; in a chorus of kisses, both draw tremulous lips toward the center of their passion. . . .



With eager flicking tongues, they taste the fruits of desire presented by their fertile, outstretched forms; inspired by mutual arousal, they compose exotic arrangements together.

Shyly, the blond girl touches herself just as her tutor has, expressing a newfound awareness of her body as an instrument of pleasure, the sensual starting point for endless variations on a theme.

Having learned the lesson of love, the pupil becomes the aggressor, conducting an erotic duet with a flurry of breathless kisses and fluttering fingers, at one with their tumultuous two-part harmony. . . .



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The start of a new year is usually a source of hope and anticipation. This year, however, America's veterans and servicemen and women are facing the future with considerable trepidation. During the presidential election, both major parties were careful not to offend or alarm America's veteran population. It was a most successful tactic: Veterans issues were, for the most part, shelved for a later day. That day is now upon us and no veterans program, from disability benefits to burial allowances, is going to be safe from the budget-cutter's ax.

Veterans and veterans' groups are ill-prepared for the legislative and budgetary battles that lie ahead in Congress and the White House. Arguments about past sacrifice will be much less compelling now than at any time since the imposition of a peacetime draft in 1940. Current thinking is largely shaped by the size of the defense budget in the past four years and by a flawed public perception of today's so-called all volunteer force (AVF). Many believe that military personnel are well-paid, if not overpaid, "hired hands" who neither require nor have the right to much in the way of residual claims against the government (such as veterans' benefits) once their contracted period of service is actually completed.

> Risk is an inherent feature of military service, but veterans' problems are not one-time kinds of difficulties that can be paid for with a single check and then be forgotten.

This is dangerous thinking. It has led to the false belief that somehow the cost of military personnel and national security can be paid on a current-account basis.

Take, for example, the deaths of 241 marines in the 1983 suicide truck bombing of their defensive position in Beirut. The ceremonial return of the marines' bodies and their subsequent military funerals made for emotional features on the TV evening news. Today, however, more than a year after this tragic event, the continuing plight of these dead marines' widows and children has drawn no media attention. For these young families, the veterans' "safety net" has been grossly inadequate. (It is rather ironic that, at the time of their deaths, some of these young marines' families were eligible for and receiving food stamps.)

This situation makes clear that veterans' problems are not necessarily one-time kinds of difficulties that can be paid for with a single check and then be forgotten. Everyone knows that risk is an inherent feature of military service, but there is no way the nation can meet its military personnel requirements if it refuses to minimize those risks, both direct and indirect, for our servicemen and women and their families.

Last year on Capitol Hill we heard all too often the complaint, "Veterans want too much!" Most who voiced that view, on the grounds of fiscal responsibility, were nonveterans themselves and not personally acquainted with the vicissitudes of life in a wheelchair, with the fear of Agent Orange's unknown genetic effects, or with the frustrations of having been a participant in America's great national "mistake." This year the same group, having been safely reelected, is preparing to rise up and slay the dragons of waste, abuse, and fraud in and through veterans programs. Wiser heads may prevail in this coming battle, but we think not. As a claim for present and future help, past sacrifice is an idea whose time has almost gone. Quite simply, too few in our nation care and too few are grateful.

Of course, this grim prognosis would be quickly reversed—at least for a while—if the United States were to find itself in a shooting war in any number of the world's trouble spots. In such an event, the politically popular slogan "Nothing's too good for our boys!" would be quickly picked up by the same fiscal conservatives who presently look upon veterans programs with a jaundiced eye. Although in our history this is nothing new, it raises the issue of whether current efforts on behalf of veterans are really adequate.

In particular, Vietnam veterans need to be watchful about projected changes in programs that would contract their services out to the private sector. Such efforts usually find a receptive audience in Congress because of the private sector's advertised efficiency and lower costs. The reality, however, is quite often the reverse. Also, the question of private sector accountability in the event of poor performance hasn't been resolved: The individual veteran and his congressman might likely have no leverage to insure that a private contractor makes good. To automatically assume that a private contractor's employees will outperform government employees, particularly in the area of health care, is dangerous—perhaps penny-wise, but certainly pound-foolish.

Thus, 1985 is a year in which veterans and their organizations must keep their powder dry and pay special attention to those who come bearing "gifts" that resemble the unsolicited "prizes" one receives in the day's junk mail. We'll do our best to keep readers alerted to the things being done "for" and *to* veterans in the coming months. It is a time for watchful waiting. Nonetheless, we wish you a Happy New Year.—*William R. Corson*

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

PLAYERS GO PLACES
PLAYERS
Special Menthol
Players
Kings
PLAYERS
Select Blend
Players
100's
Easy-going taste in a low tar.
Regular and Menthol
Kings and 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg ''tar,'' 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg ''tar,'' 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

HOT SHOTS

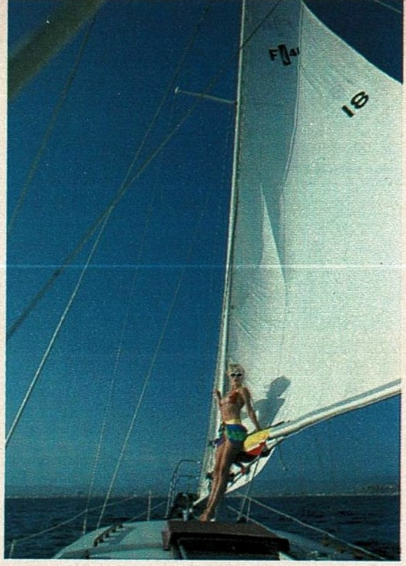
QUEENS OF THE X-RATED CINEMA

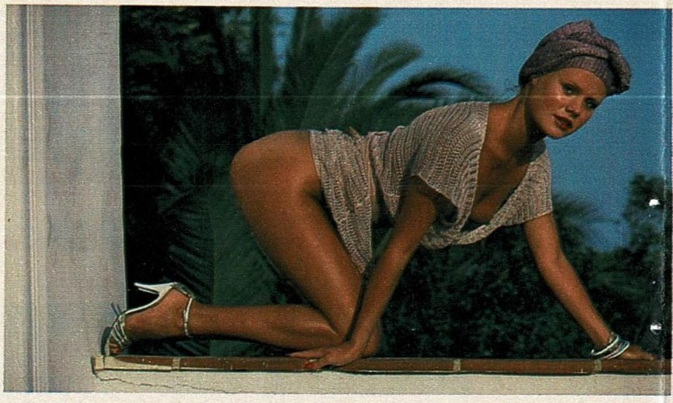
STYLING BY STELLA ARROYAZE; MAKEUP BY TONY PROCTER-LAMBE

Pipi Anderssen is sexy, sultry, and Swedish. The 21-year-old Scandinavian blond beauty is the Nordic gods' most recent gift to the American X-rated flick scene. Making her first appearance in the Suze Randall erotic epic *Studhunters*, Pipi's screen debut came in with a bang. In fact, five bangs. "In the movie I had to fuck and suck off five guys in the gymnasium. I loved every second of it. And later that night we did it again . . . all five . . . on our own time. I don't think that I've ever done anything more outrageous. It was like taking on my own basketball team." This daring darling left her small Swedish village at the tender age of 19 to discover the good life in the United States. "I think that if I didn't decide to become a model, I'd still be selling ice cream cones back home. I started to work when I was 16 and I got a taste of the sweet life. I would go out about three or four nights a week dancing, to discotheques, dinners, and parties, with sexy men. I love action! That's why I got bored just having still shots taken of me. It was such a turn-on, but also such a tease. I wanted something more. Making porno movies is where the action is."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

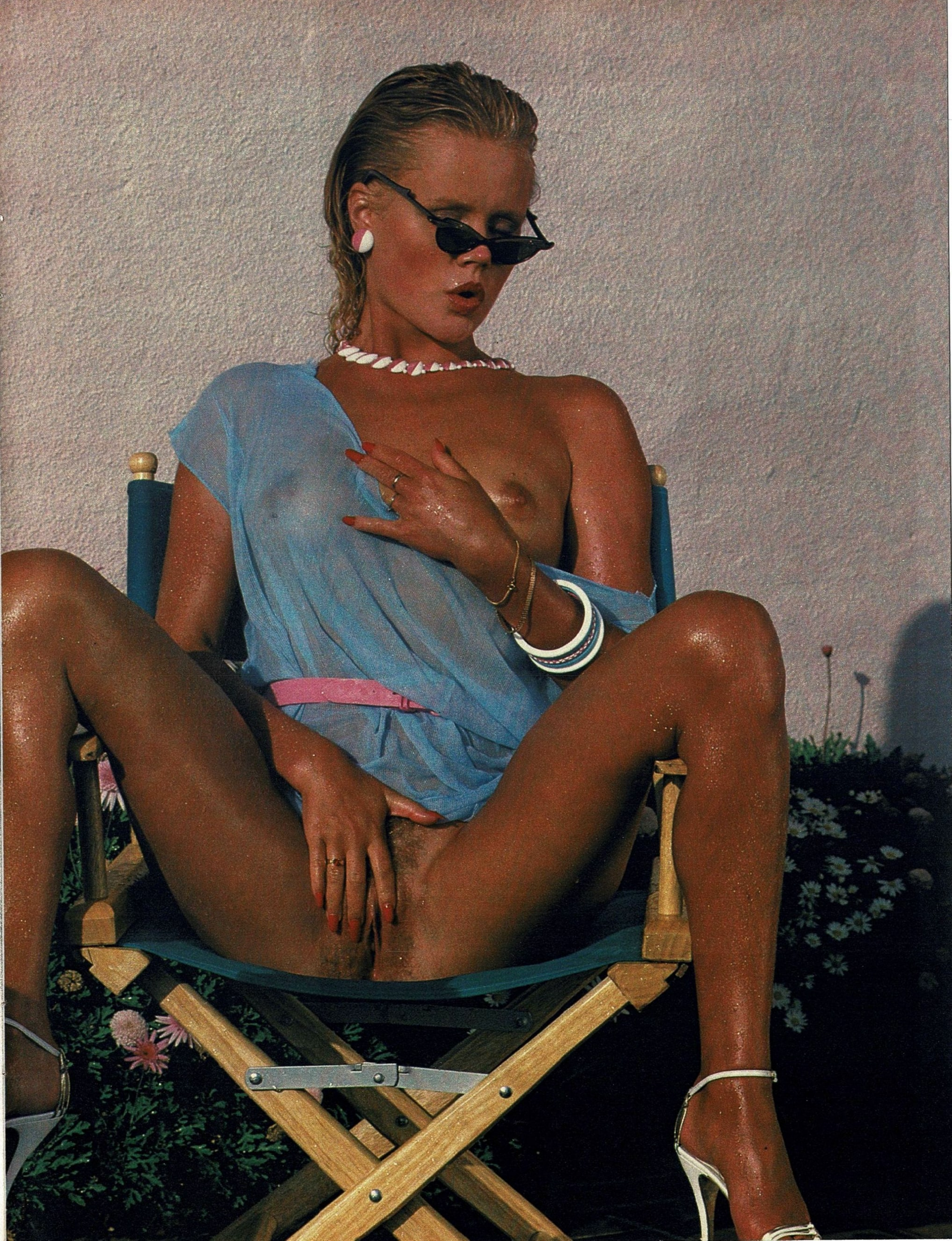
Pipi, although a newcomer to the business, has very high standards about erotic films. "When I see a porno movie, I like to see a good and tasty sex scene. I actually don't enjoy it when you just see a plain old-fashioned fuck. I don't get turned on by that. I like it best when I get the feeling that the people on the screen are really enjoying themselves."





"Although I'm not a sex maniac," Pipi will tell her admirers, "sex is something that I prefer every day of the week." While a late bloomer in sex—"I had my first orgasm when I was 19," she confesses—piquant Pipi is a lass who knows just what she wants from her lovers. "They must be gentle, nothing too rough. The best way my men can satisfy me is when they use their tongue on my clitoris. I love to lay back, relax, and be licked for hours. I remember the first time I had an orgasm. I was with my boyfriend at his apartment and he told me, 'Tonight I'm going to make you come.' I didn't believe him, but he took off my clothes and began to lick me. Boy, did I come!"

There is nothing jaded about our visitor from Scandinavia. Pipi's imagination does run wild with fantasies, often with visions of men she would love to make love to. "One fantasy that I really have is to take a beautiful man like Warren Beatty on a boat with me. We'd be all alone, sailing to some exotic island in the West Indies or the Caribbean. We lie naked on white beaches, making love all day under the sun. At night we wouldn't sleep, but fuck and suck until the sun would rise. After two weeks of this I think that my fantasy would be fulfilled." And if Warren Beatty is not available? "Maybe one of your readers would be happy to help me out."



GUCCIONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

that, as a result of our publication of her photographs, the black community would be set back 20 years. I found that figure interesting. No one could tell me why it was 20 years and not 12 or 15 or even 30. The black press, however, with very few exceptions, took a much more balanced and philosophical view. Of course they were disappointed. She was a black achiever, glamorous and intelligent, the perfect role model for young black women competing in a predominantly white world. They were disappointed, all right, but they didn't lash out and blame Tom Chiapel, or *Penthouse*, or me. "She made the mistake," they said. "No one held a gun to her head."

Penthouse: Did you get any threats?

Guccione: A few.

Penthouse: How many?

Guccione: About 2,000—2,000 death threats and about 250 bomb threats.

Penthouse: Weren't you frightened?

Guccione: If I was, I was too scared to think about it. . . .

Penthouse: Then you *were* frightened.

Guccione: Not really. I was only joking. I've been threatened before. It's one of the things a public figure has to learn to live with. Besides, it's the guy that doesn't threaten that you have to worry about . . . like the lone-wolf psycho that shot John Lennon. He's the dangerous one and he doesn't tip you off in advance.

Penthouse: Did you take any extra precautions, hire more bodyguards?

Guccione: No. But I tend to be cautious anyway. I think a lot of that early bad blood disappeared the moment the magazine came out and the people had a chance to see the pictures for themselves.

Penthouse: How do you think they're going to feel about the new pictures, the Jonathan Aaron bondage portfolio?

Guccione: Well, if they've got a sense of humor, they have to laugh.

Penthouse: Why laugh? Wouldn't those who still sympathize with her take offense at what they might perceive to be harassment on the part of *Penthouse*?

Guccione: I doubt it. I think any lingering sympathy will evaporate the minute they see the second portfolio. No one could look at Vanessa Williams appearing to go down on Amy Grier in one issue of *Penthouse* and then see her regaled in handcuffs and chains in another issue and still take her "innocence" seriously.

Penthouse: Let's assume for a moment that you're absolutely right, that she knew precisely what she was doing at all times.

Guccione: Okay.

Penthouse: Isn't it possible that despite her apparent awareness of *what* she was doing, she had no *real* knowledge of the potential consequences, and secondly, wouldn't that suggest still another kind of innocence?

Guccione: Possibly, but her inability to foretell the future is not at issue. How many of us consider the consequences tomorrow of the things we do today? That's not innocence. It's sloppy planning or lack of interest or downright stupidity, but it isn't innocence.

Penthouse: Perhaps not everyone agrees with you.

Guccione: Well, it wouldn't be the first time.

Penthouse: Hasn't it been reported that the original Chiapel portfolio was offered to *Playboy* at the same time it was offered to you, but *Playboy* turned it down, saying that they didn't want to be known as the magazine that cost Miss America her crown?

Guccione: Bullshit! *Playboy* turned the pictures down for two reasons. They didn't want to pay the price and the documentation was insufficient. I also turned them down on the lack of proper documentation. It wasn't until I met the photographer himself that I learned a properly executed model release did exist. I saw it, sent it over to our lawyers, and had the handwriting and signature authenticated. The rest is history.

> Our girls are different.
> They may live next door in the
> traditional, folksy
> sense, but they're sexually
> alive and responsive
> and they make love just as
> eagerly as you and I.

Penthouse: Hugh Hefner appeared on television saying, in effect, that what you had done was immoral. How did you feel about that?

Guccione: Hefner is an unmitigated hypocrite! He's also a liar and a fool. I happened to see that little interview and I couldn't believe my eyes. He had to be envious to the point of distraction to make such a stupid statement publicly. For the 19 years I've been publishing *Penthouse*, four in England and 15 in the United States, I have scrupulously avoided a public mention of his name. To me, it's unethical to personalize the competition between us. Business is business and personal is something else.

Penthouse: Why do you think he said what he did?

Guccione: I have no idea. He must have been so eaten up with jealousy that he let his guard down, lost his composure.

Penthouse: Perhaps he was genuinely offended.

Guccione: The most offensive thing to Hugh Hefner was that I had the pictures and he didn't. And what about the Suzanne Sommers episode? They had tested her years ago when she was a nobody and turned her down for not having the proper *Playboy* image. Once she became famous, however, they dug up the original tests and published them. They didn't ask her permission—and furthermore, how concerned was Hefner about the possible impact on her career . . . especially in television, where they're so paranoiac about sex and nudity? And what about the various policewomen, I seem to remember, and the cheerleaders and lady marines who lost their jobs because they appeared in *Playboy*? I didn't see Hefner offering to help them out.

Penthouse: It appears that *Playboy* is about to publish Suzanne Sommers again.

Guccione: Perhaps she reasoned that it's better to submit and be paid than resist, not be paid, and get published anyway.

Penthouse: What has the competition been like between *Penthouse* and *Playboy*?

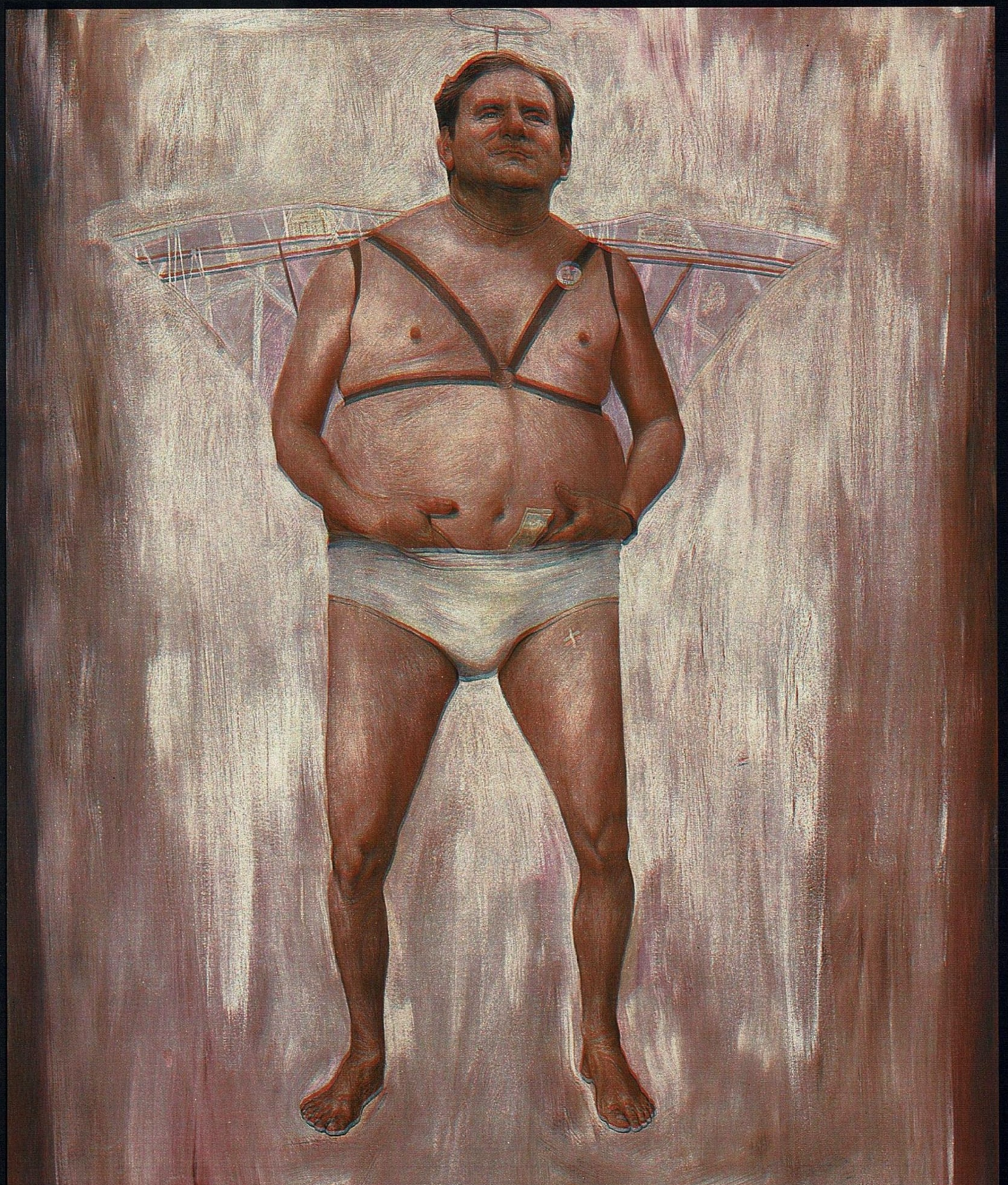
Guccione: Low-down and dirty . . . from their side, that is!

Penthouse: In what way?

Guccione: Lots of ways. Every time there's something controversial in our magazine, their advertising staff cuts it out and sends it to our advertisers or makes an in-person presentation of all our so-called failings and indiscretions to the same advertiser, just like the little kid who used to run home and "snitch" on you when you said a four-letter word. That's the mentality! Only recently, I gave an interview to one of the trade magazines about certain fundamental changes we were about to make in our publishing philosophy. The most important of these changes had to do with advertising and the fact that I intended to restrict the number of ad pages *Penthouse* would accept in any given issue. Among the reasons I gave was that the indiscriminate glut of advertising in most magazines was off-putting to their respective readerships. I described page after page of commercial messages as being an undifferentiated "clutter" and said that *Penthouse* would take the initiative in discontinuing that practice by actually limiting the number of pages it would carry. This was revolutionary, to say the least—especially to magazines like *Playboy* which rely so heavily on advertising income. The next thing we knew, our advertisers were getting letters from *Playboy* saying, "What do you think of a publisher who describes your advertising as 'clutter'?" How sleazy can you get! That's not competition, that's whining and sniveling like a child in a jealous rage . . . that's "snitching!"

Penthouse: Isn't that what you're doing right now—snitching?

Guccione: If it is, I'm sorry . . . or maybe I'm just trying to demonstrate why people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.


REVELATION OF ST. JERRY

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 21

When he goes for the cash bottom line,
Our Lynchburg dictator is fine.
But in matters of prayer,
Jerry's just not all there—
His theology's undiluted moonshine.

FEVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"That's all I wanted to risk," he said after the game. "I definitely know the officials are looking at me, and I don't want to do anything that would nullify a sack and give our team a penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct. There's a fine line, and I just haven't figured out how far I can go."

Gastineau has *never* figured out how far he can go. An average high school football player, he wasn't good enough to attract a single scholarship offer to a major college. In 1975 Gastineau entered Eastern Arizona Junior College on a half-scholarship and worked off the other half as a dormitory proctor. Gastineau majored in Spanish (he speaks the language fluently), and gave football a maximum effort. It paid off handsomely. He was named to several Junior College All-American teams, which resulted in a scholarship offer from Arizona State University, a leading western football power. Gastineau transferred there the following autumn.

Going to A.S.U. was one of the biggest mistakes he ever made. Gastineau says he got caught up in a life-style he wasn't accustomed to—drinking and partying with his teammates almost every night. He also wasn't accustomed to coaches like A.S.U.'s Frank Kush. Now head coach of the Indianapolis Colts, Kush acted like a Marine drill instructor during his days at Arizona State.

Gastineau still vividly remembers his first look at Kush in action. Upon arriving at Arizona State, he headed straight for the football field to watch the team practice. "I was standing next to Kush when one of the players really got nailed on a tackle—the guy's helmet flew off, the right side of his face busted open, and he needed at least 25 stitches," Gastineau recalls. "The player was laying on the ground and Frank walked over, looked down at him, and said, 'It's a rough fucking game. Right, son?' "

Kush demanded a lot out of his players. When they didn't satisfy his demands, Kush had a unique way of venting his displeasure. "During practices, Frank would carry a big stick with him," Gastineau says, "and if you messed up, he'd hit you with it on the back of your legs, which would leave you black-and-blue."

Kush never hit Gastineau, but it wouldn't have mattered if he had—playing for Arizona State was the most important thing in Gastineau's life. His first start came against U.C.L.A. in a game that was televised nationally. "That was as good as it gets in college," Gastineau says. He thought he had it made.

As the season wore on, however, Gastineau became homesick and unhappy. He was a small-town boy, and Arizona State is a big cosmopolitan school. To paraphrase Bob Seger, he felt like a number. That summer, Gastineau dropped out of A.S.U.

A few weeks after doing so, he realized how much he wanted to play football. By then his parents had moved back to Oklahoma, and he decided to attend school somewhere in the state. Gastineau refused scholarship offers from Oklahoma and Oklahoma State because an NCAA rule requires athletes who transfer from one major college to another to sit out a year before playing for their new schools. Gastineau wanted to play immediately, so he enrolled at East Central.

Did you miss the aura that surrounds big-time college football?

Only at the very beginning. My first day at East Central, I started to cry while I was walking across the campus to go to my first football practice. Things got worse when I got to the locker room to get my practice gear. I thought the equipment manager was playing a joke on me, because he gave me football pants, shoulder pads, and football shoes that all looked like they were 25 years old. It was no joke. I had to adjust to using old equipment—at A.S.U., players got the best of everything—but after two weeks I didn't even think about any of that. I started working out with weights for a couple of hours every night, and by my senior year I began capitalizing on the one thing I knew I had: speed. On weekends I'd go home and work on lowering my time in the 40-yard dash. I taught myself how to run, and if people tell you that's not possible, they're full of shit. I worked on my stance, my takeoffs, my hand movements—everything. And I got my time in the 40-yard dash down from 4.9 seconds to 4.5 seconds.

> ‘The biggest problem I had was getting my teammates on the Jets to accept me. I guess every NFL team has guys who are treated like black sheep, and that's what happened to me.’

Why were you so preoccupied with speed?

Because if the rest of your game is there, speed gives you a big advantage. I'd say that speed is 70 percent of my game. If you've got quickness and good leg speed, you don't have to run over your man—you can run *around* him. Speed's important at every position, which is why NFL scouts go all over the country timing players in the 40-yard dash. In my senior year, a scout from the Dallas Cowboys timed me at 4.6 seconds for the 40-yard dash. He thought his stopwatch was broken. I told him it wasn't, but he went and got another one out of his car, and I ran another 4.6 for him. Before the NFL draft was held, scouts from every team in the league came down to East Central to time me.

Gastineau still wasn't projected to go very high in the NFL draft. He hadn't received the level of coaching available at a major college, and he hadn't competed against the top players in the country. Gastineau took care of the second strike against him when he appeared in the Senior Bowl, held annually in Mobile, Alabama. Gastineau was named the North's outstanding defensive lineman, and overnight his stock rose dramatically. When the NFL draft was held a few months later, the New York Jets selected him on the second round.

Did the idea of playing in New York scare you?

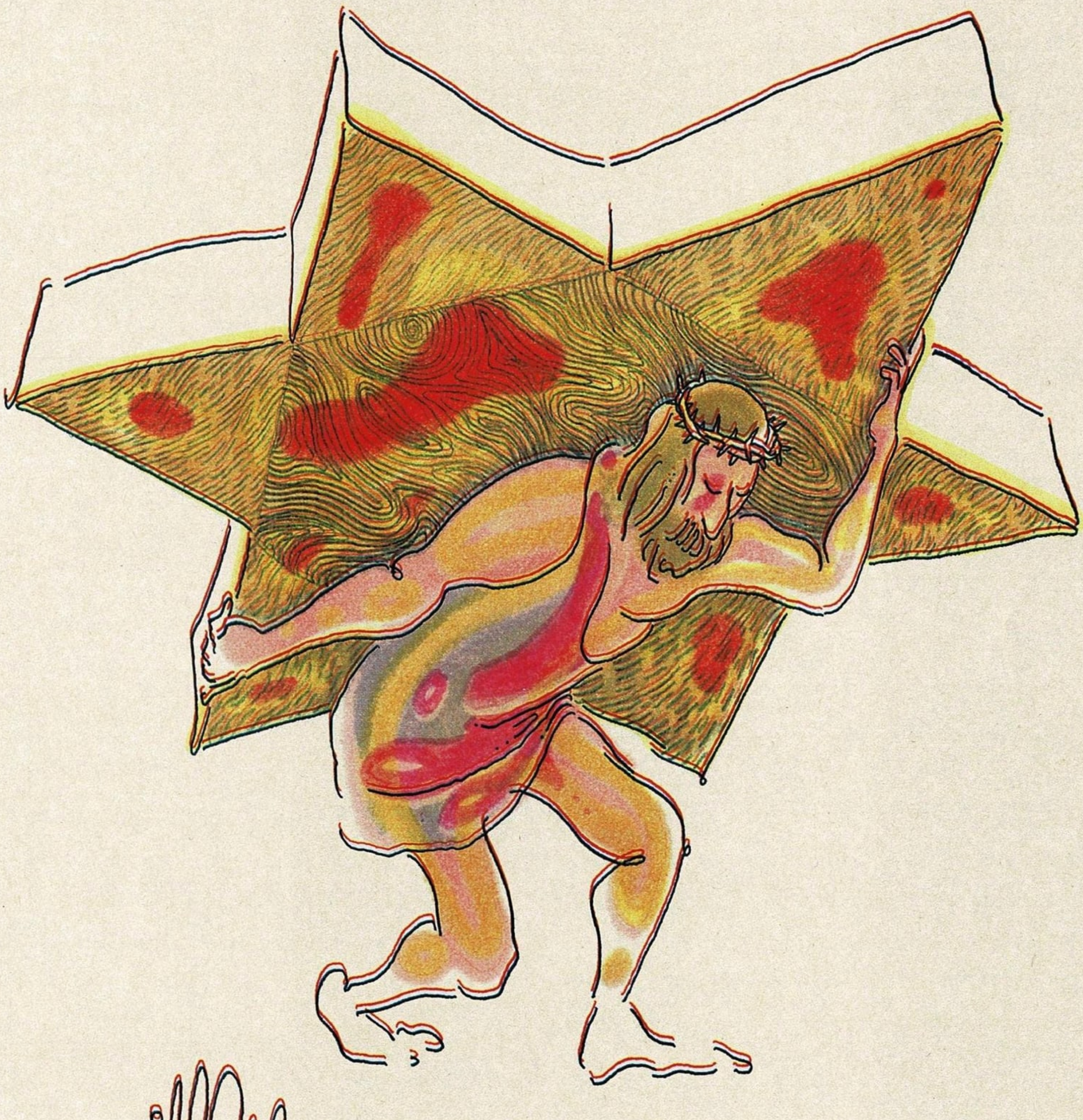
Oh, I was happy the Jets drafted me, but I was worried about going to New York City. I mean, after going to Arizona State and feeling I couldn't make it there, I was going to make it in *New York?* Yeah, I was *real* worried. I thought New York might be too big and too much for me. But within a week after I got there, I met Lisa. We fell in love with each other right off the bat. We dated for about a year and a half, and then we got married.

What problems did you have adjusting to pro ball?

The biggest problem I had was getting my teammates on the Jets to accept me. I went out of my way to be nice to everybody, but at first the team just didn't accept me at all. I guess every NFL team has two or three guys who are treated like black sheep, and that's what happened to me. If I sat down at a table where five or six players were eating lunch, the conversation would suddenly stop, and then everybody would get up and *leave*. That makes you wonder about yourself, and I got to a point where I thought something was definitely wrong with me. I'd come home asking myself, "Do I treat people badly? Am I fake, artificial?" I just couldn't figure out what I was doing wrong. The situation made me really miserable for two years. I guess you could say I was blackballed by a lot of guys on the Jets.

For what reason? Did the sack dance have anything to do with it?

Yeah, I think most of it revolved around that. In my rookie year I did my first sack dance in Houston, and after the game six guys on the team told me not to do it anymore. They said that they didn't think it was the personality of the Jets. I tried to go along with that during my second year, but it just wasn't me. I didn't enjoy



holding myself back or having other people dictate the way I should play. In 1981, which was my third year in the league, I had 20 sacks and I danced each and every time. After that, I think everybody sort of got used to it.

In the Jets' second game of the season, a 23–17 loss to the Pittsburgh Steelers, Gastineau had two more sacks. Although he's known for his pursuit of passers, Gastineau is almost equally adept at defensing the run. Joe Walton, who is the Jets' head coach, believes Gastineau improved tremendously in that respect last season. Gastineau agrees. "I'm a much more complete player than I was two years ago," he says, "but I'm just so good as a pass rusher that it's hard for me to think I could ever be that good against the run."

As pompous as that might sound, Gastineau wasn't just blowing smoke. In the Jets' third game of the season, a 43–23 trouncing of the Cincinnati Bengals, Gastineau recorded another pair of sacks. And after seven games, Gastineau had accumulated a league-high total of 12 sacks.

For each sack he registers, Gastineau donates $500 to the Tomorrow's Childrens Fund and $250 to the American Heart Association. Gastineau is Honorary Chairman of the Tomorrow's Childrens Fund, a foundation started at Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital for young cancer and blood-disease patients.

Gastineau became aware of the fund in 1983, when a doctor from Mount Sinai wrote to him about a cancer patient named Dennis Alfonso, who had had a leg amputated. The boy, a big fan of Gastineau's, was terribly depressed; could Gastineau write to him? Gastineau did better than that: He and Lisa (who told me about this) showed up at Mount Sinai unannounced, and since then Gastineau has become a frequent visitor to the hospital. His contributions to the Heart Association are made in memory of Lisa's sister, Joan D'Amico, who died of heart disease in 1977 at the age of 15.

As the current season unwound, teams routinely began assigning two and sometimes three players to keep Gastineau at bay, but it didn't seem to matter. Gastineau had become as dominant as Mean Joe Greene in his prime. Barring an injury, he seemed like a cinch to set a new NFL record for corralling quarterbacks. It was enough to make opponents uneasy.

During the course of a game, what actually goes on between you and the player facing you on the other side of the line of scrimmage?

All I do out there is try to wear my man down. I get most of my sacks in the last part of the third quarter and in the fourth quarter. That's because I'm still coming at him, still coming, and that's from desire. After you manage to get your man worn down a little, you can start working on him.

Do you ever try to psych out an opponent?

If you mean by talking to him between plays—no, I don't. I'm usually too worried about my own ass to be out there playing games. And why would I want to get an offensive tackle mad at me? Why would I say something nasty about his mother or father? That would just make him mad, and then he *would* try to take my head off. I'd rather tell him he's an All-Pro. I would never, ever say anything derogatory, because you never know when somebody's going to have a shot at you. That's not my personality anyway. I've never wasted my time thinking about things I can say to hurt someone's feelings.

Do you make it a point to treat quarterbacks the same way?

You can ask any quarterback in the league: I always try to be nothing less than a gentleman to them. I remember breaking a quarterback's ribs, but I was very nice about it and helped him up. It was nothing intentional. What happened was, one time when we played the Buffalo Bills, I broke Joe Ferguson's ribs. When I found out about it, I sent him a telegram wishing him well and letting him know that I hoped he healed quickly. I do want to get good hits, but so does every other defensive player in the NFL. The truth is, the harder you hit, the better you feel. But I'm not out to *hospitalize* anybody. In fact, I'm very superstitious about that. I think if a player goes out and tries to hurt somebody, he'll wind up getting hurt himself.

> ‘
>
> The NFL's telling me exactly how enthusiastic I can be. I just can't imagine that they have the right to control somebody who's out there busting his ass to do a good job.
>
> ’

Gastineau also has a tendency to be superstitious about not envying the accomplishments or salaries of other players. "I think if I felt like that, something would be taken away from me—probably my pride," he says.

These days it's easy for him to be generous. Gastineau lives well: Two years after joining the New York Jets, he bought a large two-story home in the suburbs that he's since outfitted with a seemingly endless variety of electronic toys. He has spent a not-so-small fortune on separate audio and video laser disc systems that are hooked into an army of televisions, screens, and speakers stationed throughout the place.

Gastineau's inner sanctum is his basement, which houses a 12-by-12-foot Jacuzzi and about $100,000 worth of chromed Universal exercise equipment. When he's not working out with Richie Barathy, Gastineau can be found pumping iron at home. He's serious enough about bodybuilding to have been featured on the cover of *Muscle & Fitness* magazine.

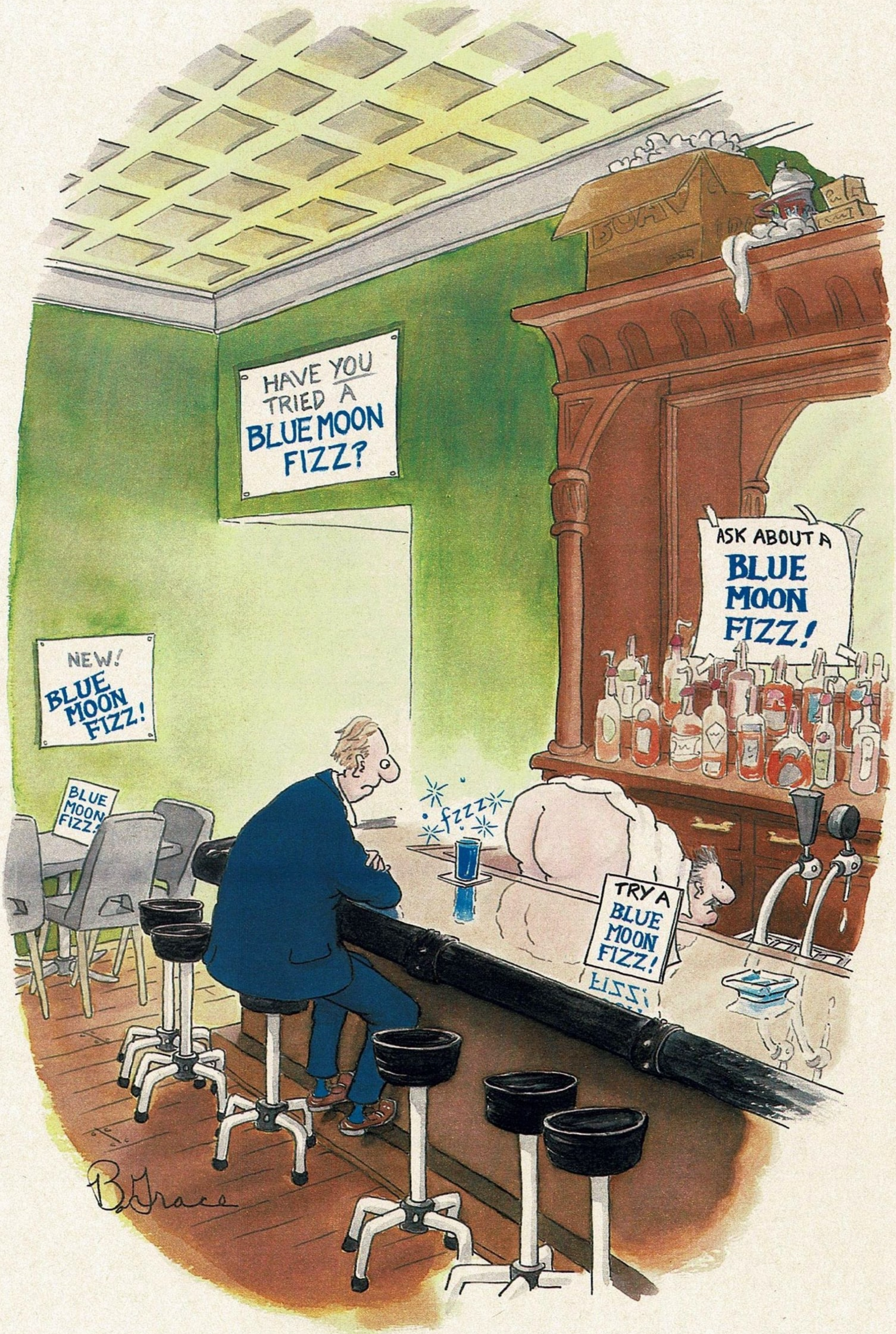
Most NFL players, including the majority of his teammates, weren't particularly thrilled to learn that he's now earning $750,000 a season, and Gastineau is somewhat concerned about that. "I just don't want anyone to think I'm getting all this money and that I'm not doing my job," he recently told me. I could barely hear him above the music—we were sitting in his basement and watching a Rolling Stones concert that was being projected on a movie screen.

After the concert ended and the screen disappeared into the ceiling, I asked Gastineau how he deals with the knowledge that not only other players, but the public as well, feel he's overpaid. Gastineau prefers not to deal with that at all. "Mostly, I just want to make the Jets happy," he said. "I really want them to feel they are getting their money's worth. I want to have a close-to-perfect game every time out, and I want to please our defensive line coach, Ray Callahan. When he comes over to me after a game and tells me I graded out excellent—well, that plays a big part in my life."

You see, Gastineau has a goal. He wants to be the best defensive player in the history of football. "I want people to remember not just that I was the guy who did the dance, but that I was also one son of a bitch who could really play football."

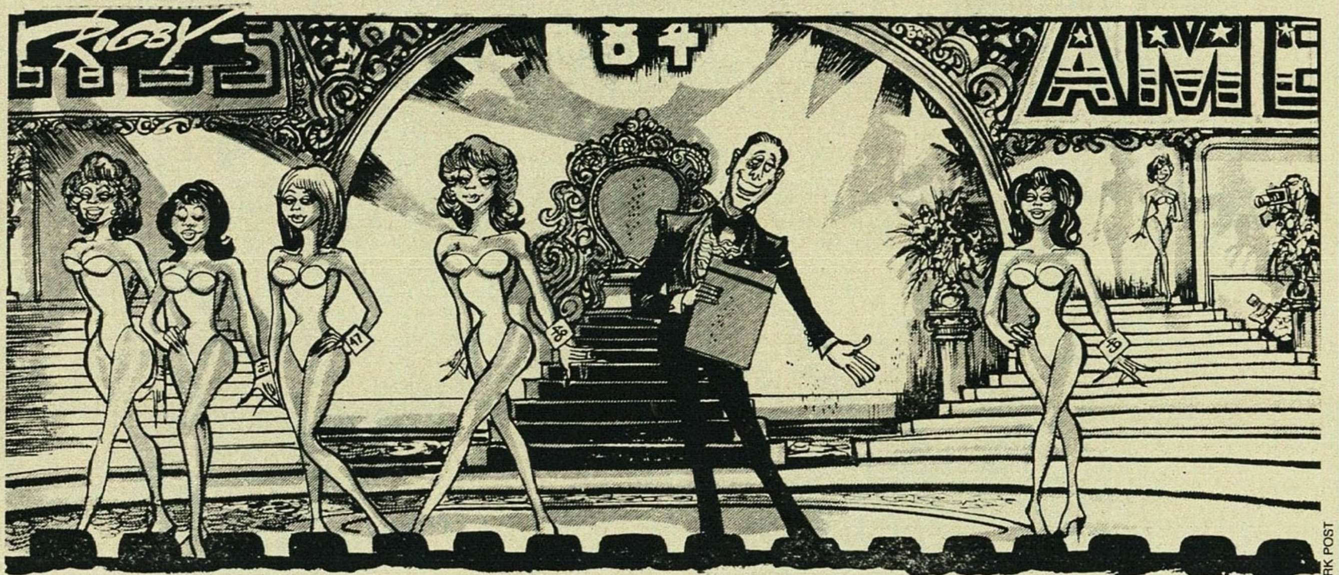
In his fantasies, Gastineau spends at least ten more terrific injury-free seasons with the Jets, at which point they release him because he's too old to play. A few years after that, Gastineau is enshrined in the Professional Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio. He often asks Jim Ringo, the Green Bay Packers' center for 11 of his 15 years in the NFL, and now the Jets' offensive line coach, how it felt to be inducted into the Hall of Fame. Gastineau is in awe of Ringo and every other Hall of Famer. Sure, he hopes the Jets make it to the Super Bowl sometime soon. But on the other hand, he realizes that thousands of players have competed in the NFL over the years, and not many more than a hundred of them have been voted into the Hall of Fame.

"That's an honor I'd like to have," he quietly told me, just before I left. "That would be the biggest and best accomplishment of all."


HAVE YOU TRIED A BLUE MOON FIZZ?
ASK ABOUT A BLUE MOON FIZZ!
NEW! BLUE MOON FIZZ!
BLUE MOON FIZZ!
fzzz
TRY A BLUE MOON FIZZ!
B. Grace

The Vanessa Williams affair, as
interpreted by a selection of some of the nation's
leading editorial cartoonists. This
sympathetic consensus, overwhelming at first,
soon would change as the country saw
the actual photographs in the September issue.

THERE SHE GOES...


RIGBY
84
AME

"... No. 48, 36-24-35, part-time model, doesn't even know what a Penthouse Pet is... NEXT! No. 49, 38-25-36, likes to travel, never heard of Bob Guccione... NEXT!..."

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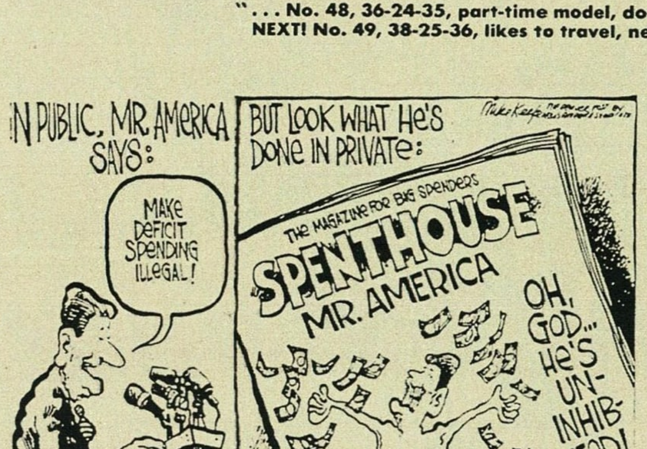
IN PUBLIC, MR. AMERICA SAYS:
MAKE DEFICIT SPENDING ILLEGAL!
BUT LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE IN PRIVATE:
Mike Keefe
THE MAGAZINE FOR BIG SPENDERS
SPENTHOUSE
MR. AMERICA
OH, GOD... HE'S UN-INHIB-ITED!

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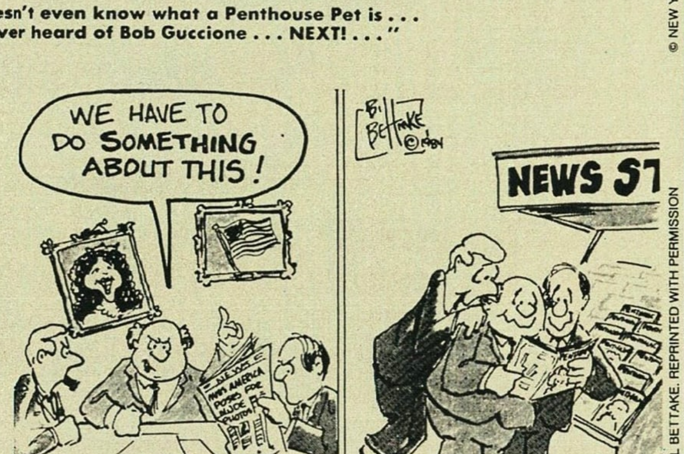
WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!
NEWS
MISS AMERICA POSES FOR NUDE PHOTOS
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NEWS ST

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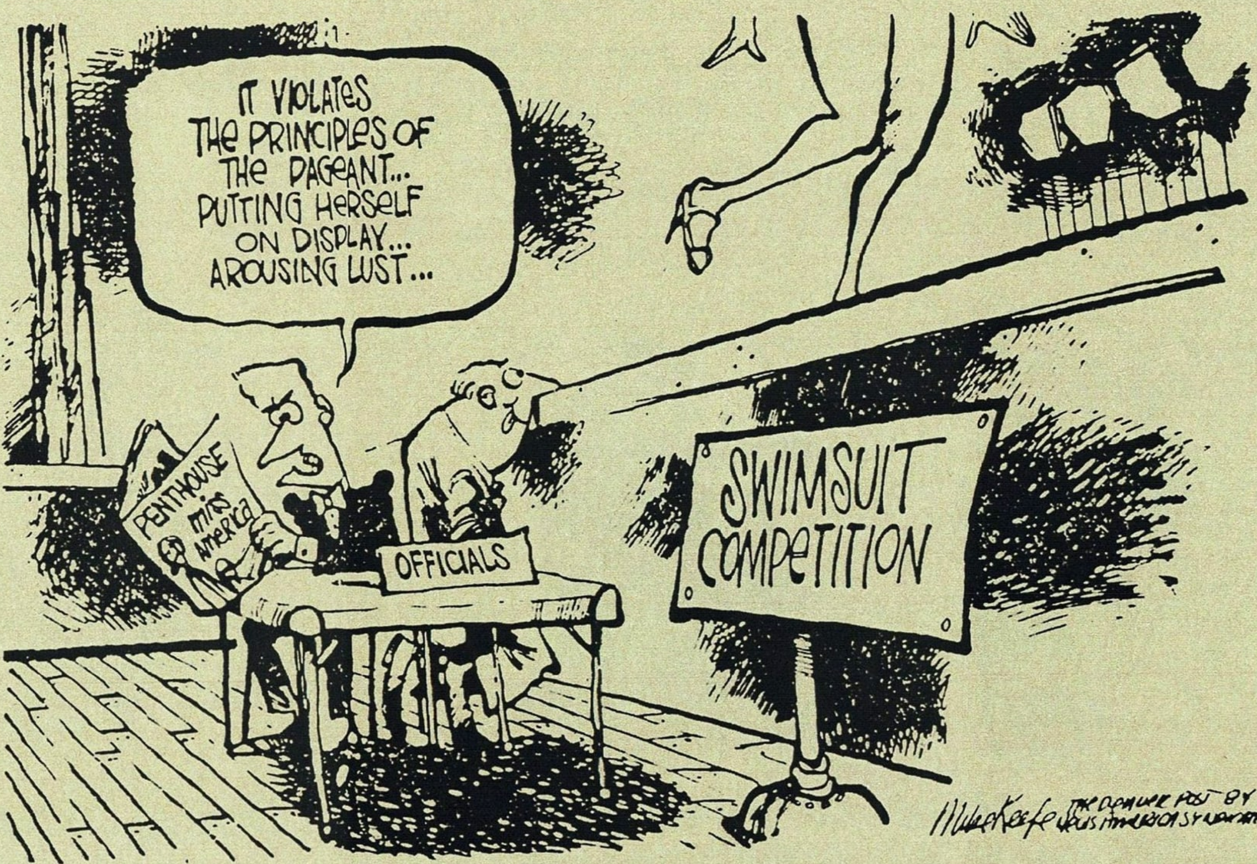
IT VIOLATES THE PRINCIPLES OF THE PAGEANT... PUTTING HERSELF ON DISPLAY... AROUSING LUST...
PENTHOUSE
miss america
OFFICIALS
SWIMSUIT COMPETITION
MikeKeefe THE DENVER POST '84

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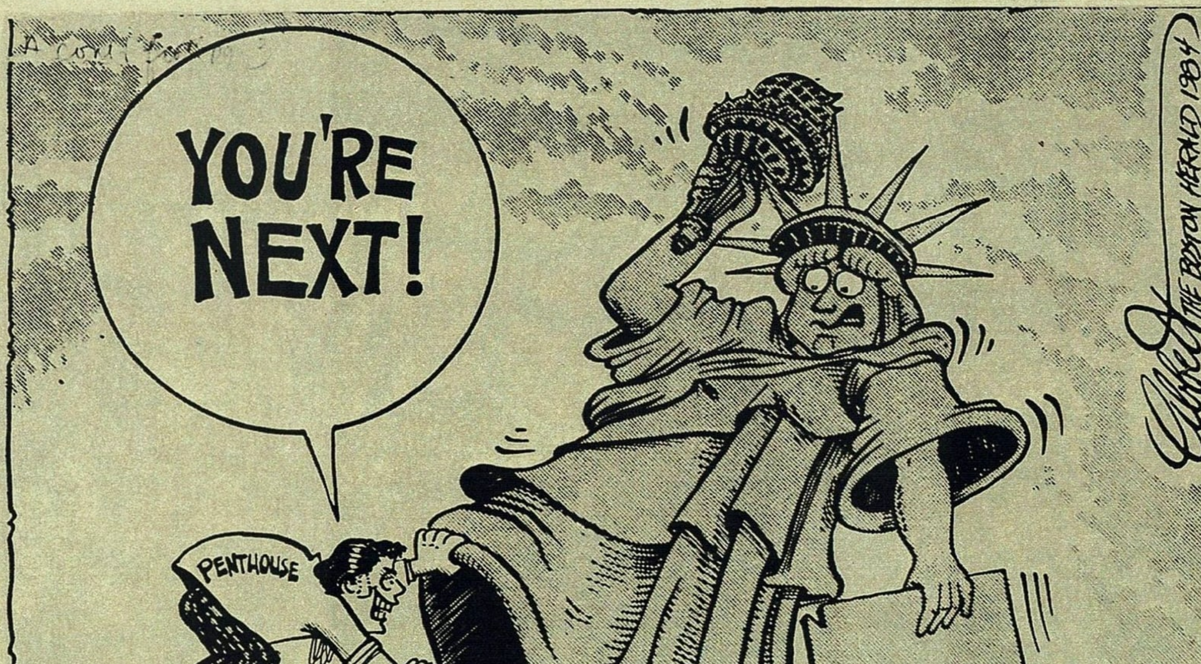
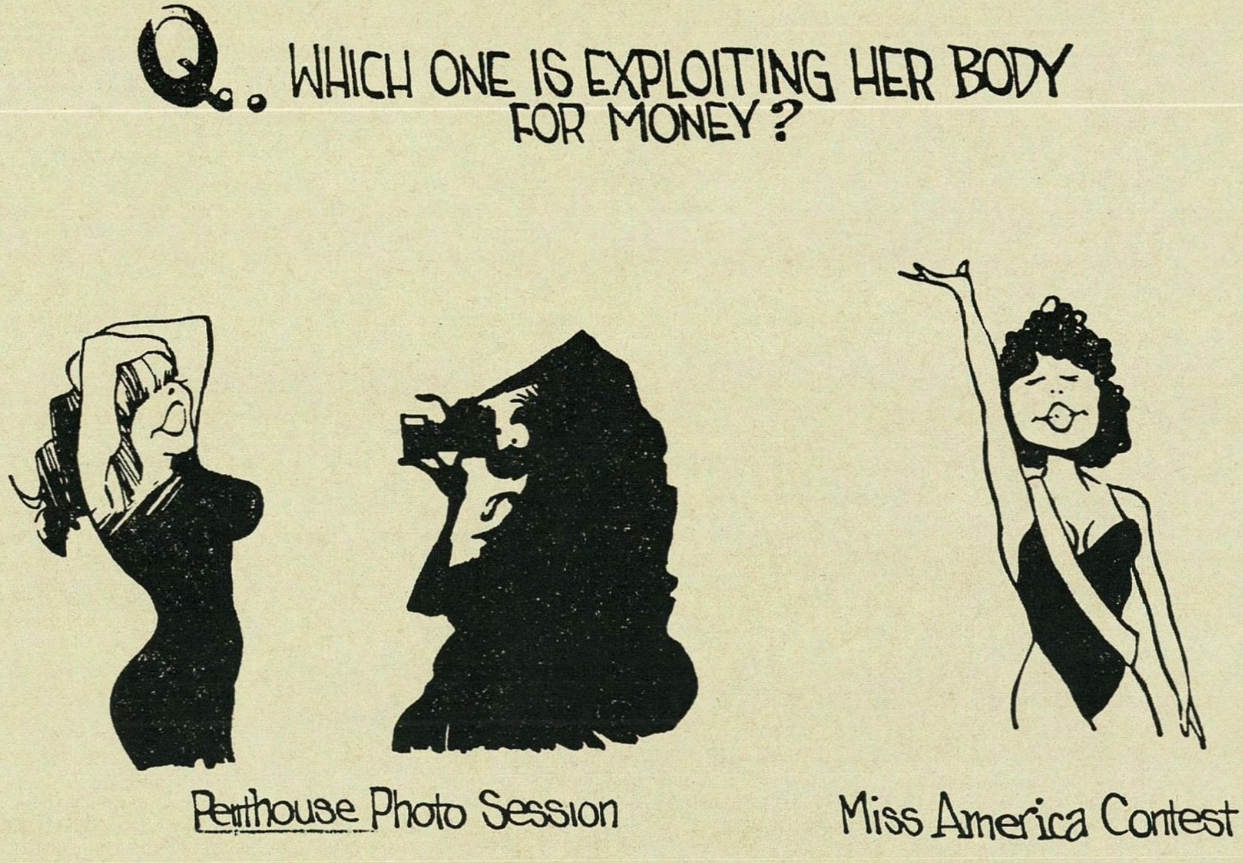
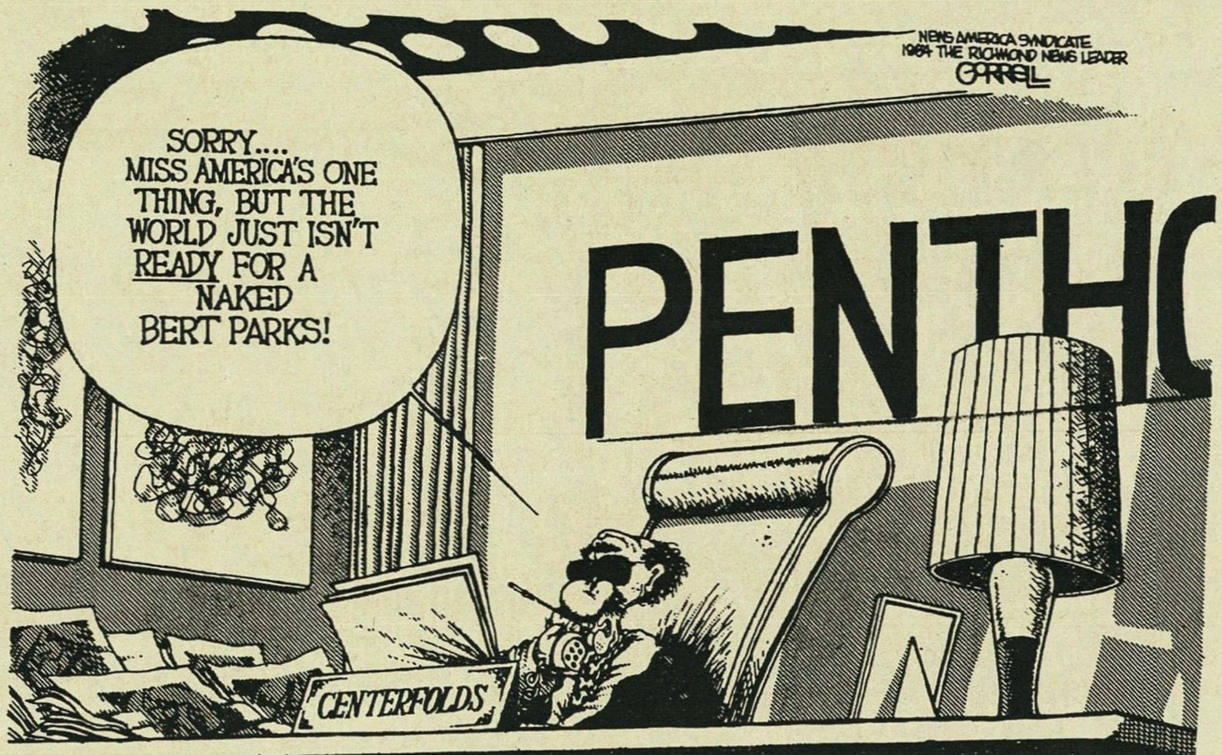

YOU'RE NEXT!
PENTHOUSE
THE BOSTON HERALD 1984

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION BOSTON HERALD


Q. WHICH ONE IS EXPLOITING HER BODY FOR MONEY?
Penthouse Photo Session
Miss America Contest

COURTESY OF THE LIGHT, SAN ANTONIO, TX


NEWS AMERICA SYNDICATE 1984 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER
GORRELL
SORRY.... MISS AMERICA'S ONE THING, BUT THE WORLD JUST ISN'T READY FOR A NAKED BERT PARKS!
PENTHO
CENTERFOLDS

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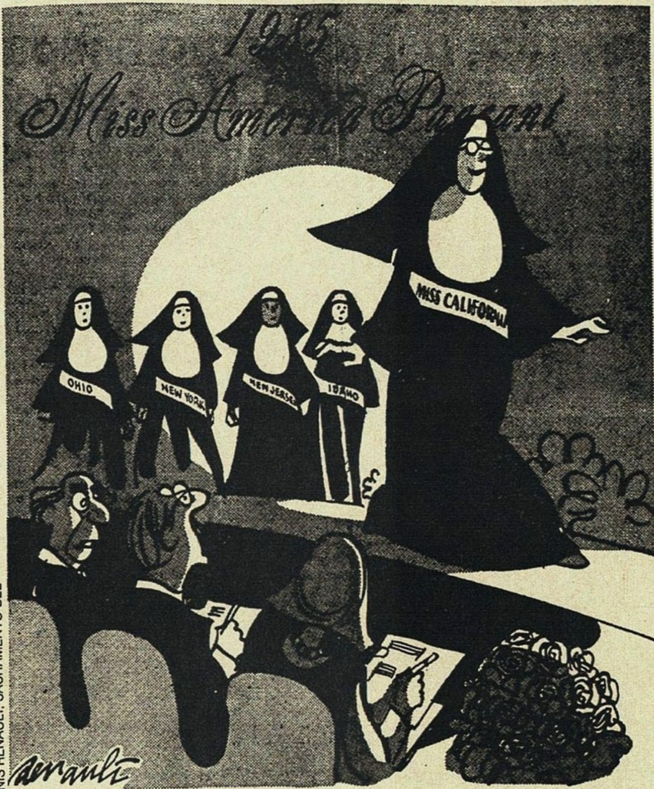
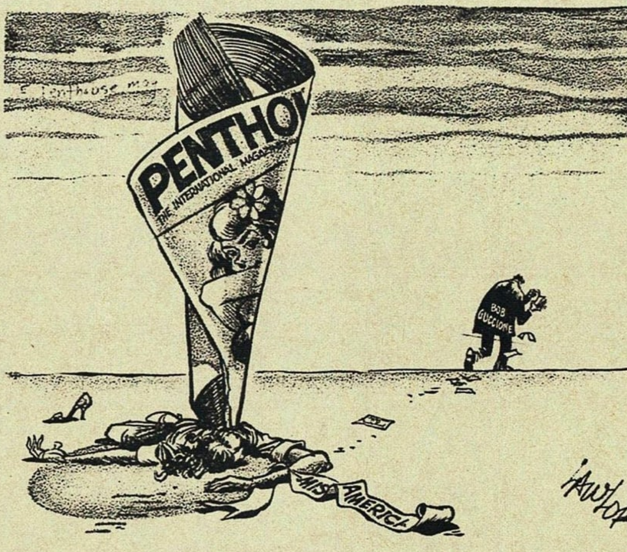
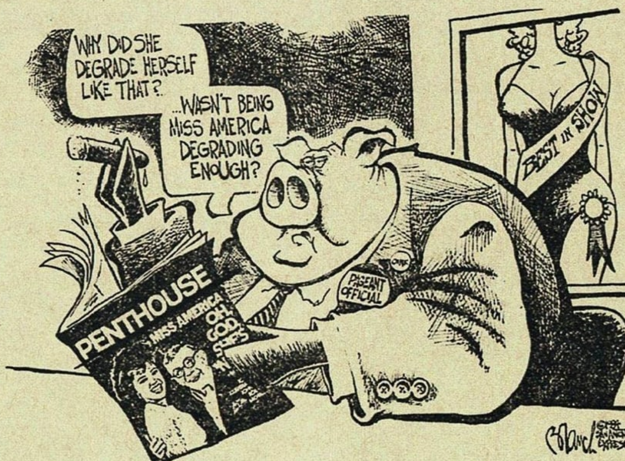

1985
Miss America Pageant
MISS CALIFORNIA
OHIO
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
IDAHO
renault

'I suppose we have Penthouse magazine to thank for this!'

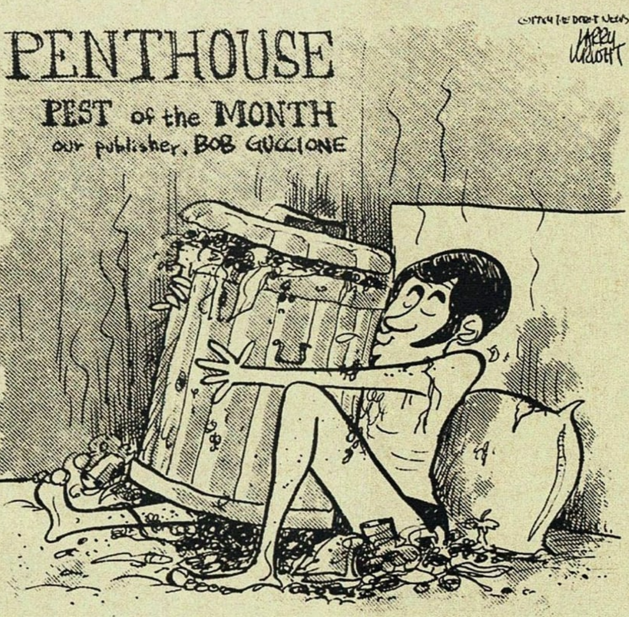
DENNIS RENAULT, SACRAMENTO BEE


PENTHOU
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZ
BOB GUCCIONE
MISS AMERICA
LAWLOR

ROB LAWLOR, COURTESY OF PHILADELPHIA DAILY NEWS


WHY DID SHE DEGRADE HERSELF LIKE THAT?
...WASN'T BEING MISS AMERICA DEGRADING ENOUGH?
PENTHOUSE
MISS AMERICA
OH GOD
PAGEANT OFFICIAL
BEST IN SHOW

COURTESY OF EXPRESS-NEWS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LARRY WRIGHT
PENTHOUSE
PEST of the MONTH
our publisher, BOB GUCCIONE

Bob loves nothing better on a languid summer day than immersing himself in warm, smelly sleaze. His greatest joy, he says, is in exploiting women for huge profits. His most heartfelt Dream is to someday trick Mother THERESA and Geraldine FERRARO into explicit photo sessions.

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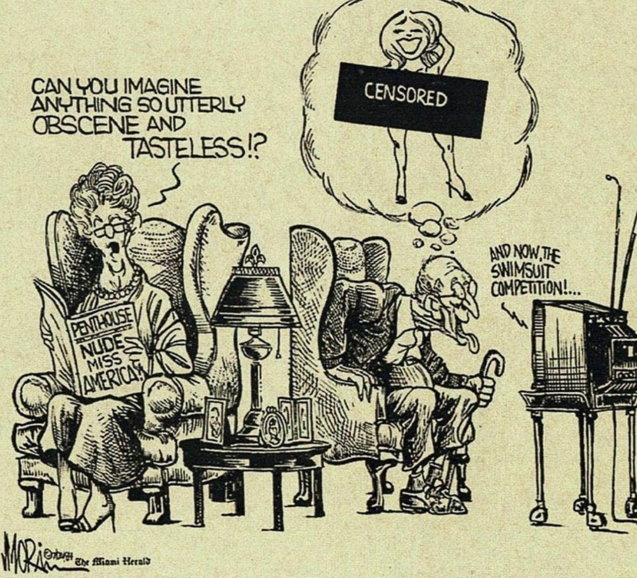
CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYTHING SO UTTERLY OBSCENE AND TASTELESS!?
CENSORED
PENTHOUSE
NUDE MISS AMERICA!
AND NOW, THE SWIMSUIT COMPETITION!...
MACNELLY The Miami Herald

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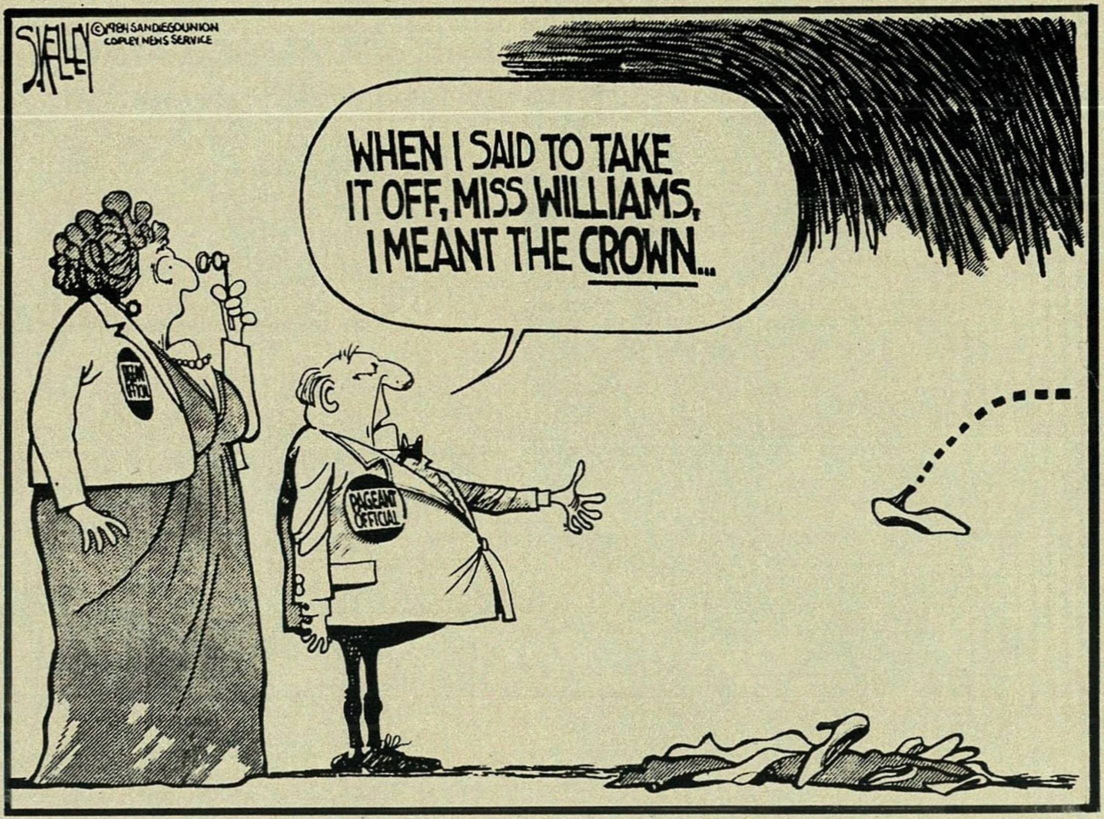
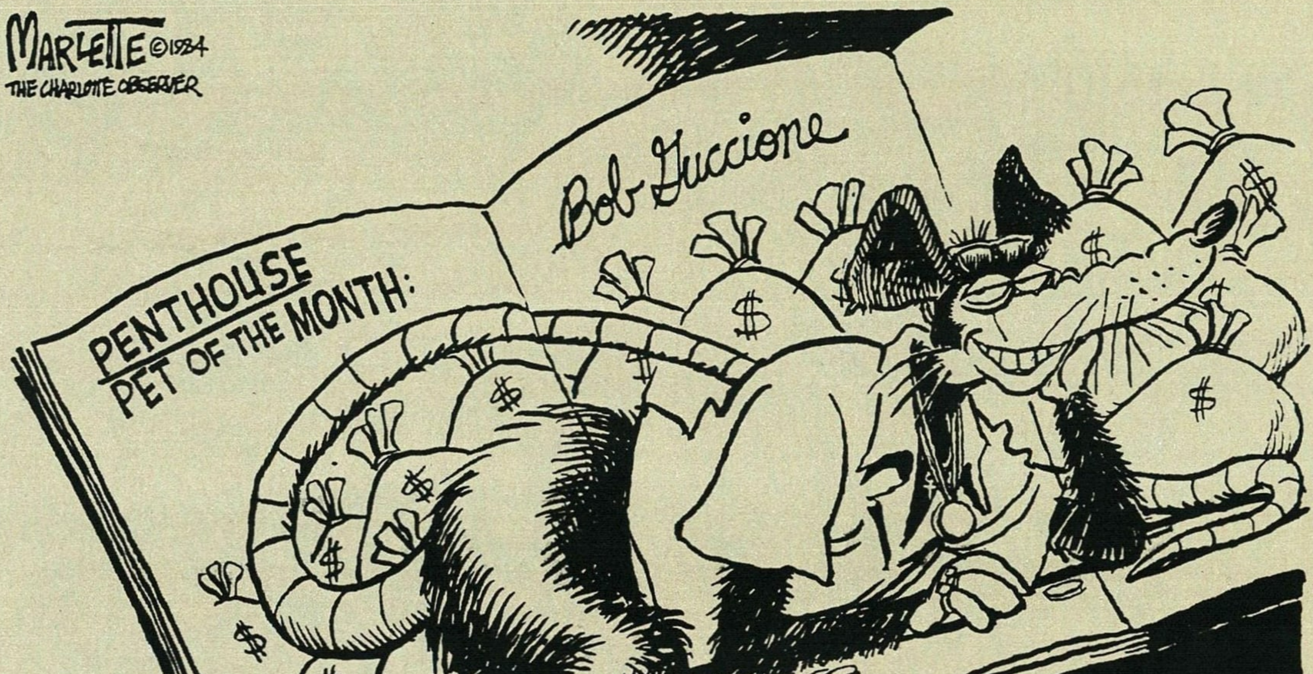

SKELLEY ©1984 SAN DIEGO UNION
COPLEY NEWS SERVICE
WHEN I SAID TO TAKE IT OFF, MISS WILLIAMS, I MEANT THE CROWN...
PAGEANT OFFICIAL

COURTESY OF GASTONIA GAZETTE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THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER
PENTHOUSE
PET OF THE MONTH:
Bob Guccione
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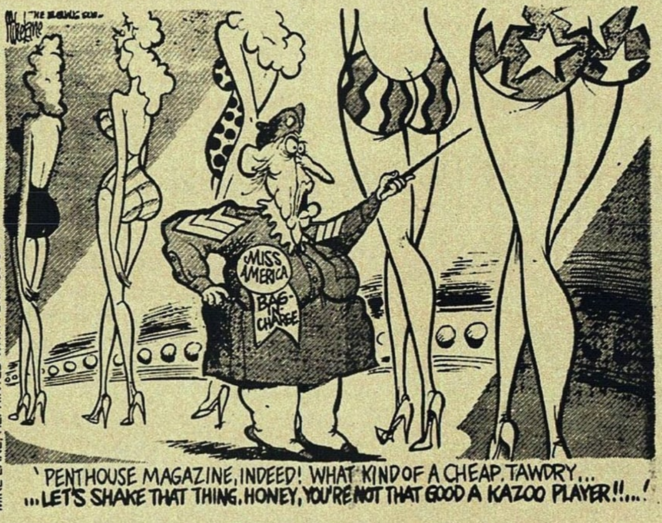
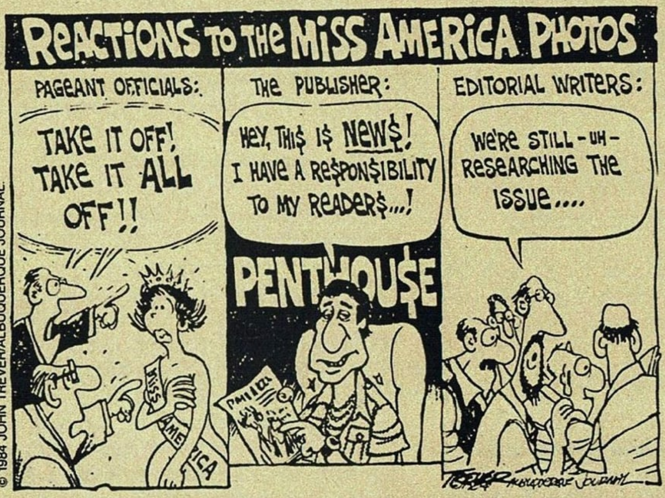
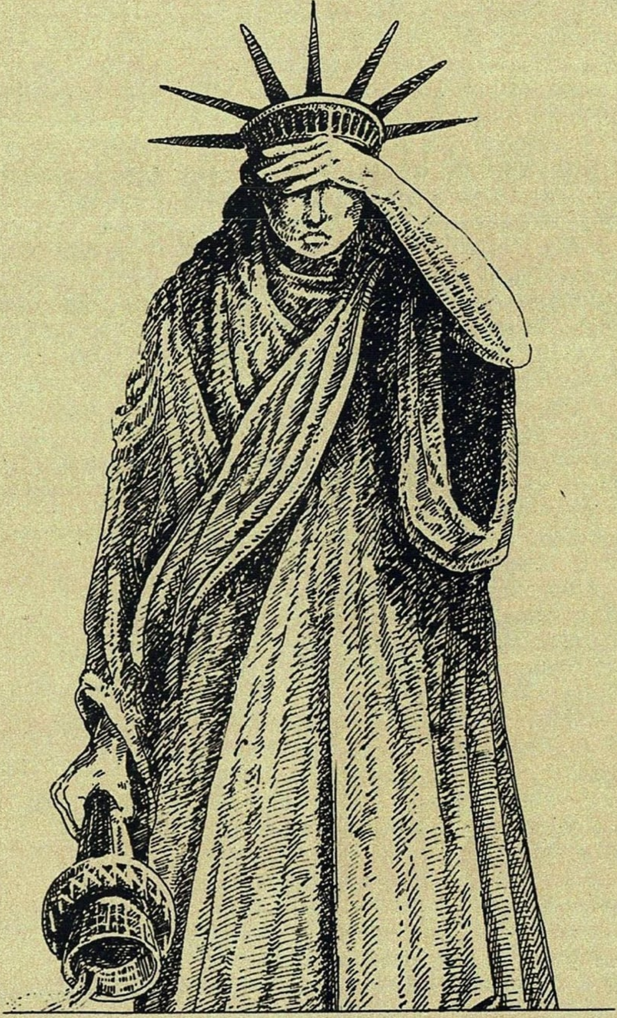

MikeLane
THE EVENING SUN
MISS AMERICA
BAG IN CHARGE
'PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE, INDEED! WHAT KIND OF A CHEAP, TAWDRY...
...LET'S SHAKE THAT THING, HONEY, YOU'RE NOT THAT GOOD A KAZOO PLAYER!!...!

MIKE LANE, REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION


REACTIONS TO THE MISS AMERICA PHOTOS
PAGEANT OFFICIALS:
TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT ALL OFF!!
MISS AMERICA
THE PUBLISHER:
HEY, THIS I$ NEW$! I HAVE A RE$PON$IBILITY TO MY READER$...!
PENTHOU$E
EDITORIAL WRITERS:
WE'RE STILL - UH - RESEARCHING THE ISSUE....
TREVER ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL

© 1984 JOHN TREVER/ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL



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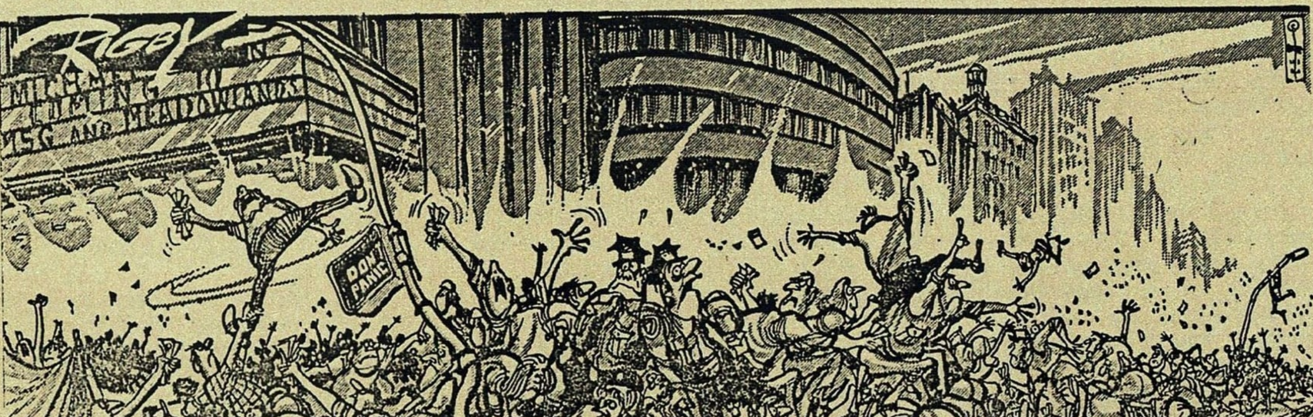

RIGBY
MSG AND MEADOWLANDS
DON'T PANIC

"Small problem . . . the Michael Jackson line overran the Vanessa Penthouse line!"

© NEW YORK POST

RAPED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

THE COPS

At the time Bo and Tommy had worked together for four years. All over Harlem they were known and, they will tell you, respected—others will say, feared. The truth is that in areas like Harlem there is no difference; the polite semantic distinction between respect and fear has long since been worn away and the two separate concepts have merged into an instinct, a reflex. "You can't talk to these people," says Bo. "You've got to whack them a few times before you can talk to them. You've got to get down on their level. If you try to treat them like gentlemen, they tell you to go fuck yourself."

In his eyes you can see the hardness the street has engendered, and the instinct it has honed. But you can also see the sensitivity that drives him: Reflected in those bright, clear brown orbs are particles of all the tragedy he has witnessed in his 14 years as a cop. He retains it not morbidly or proudly but unavoidably. All good cops do. It collects on their souls like coal dust on a miner's lungs.

Although only five-eight, he is phenomenally powerful, with the chest and shoulders of a bull and the arms and fists of a heavyweight. Instead of having the usual sepulchral features of a veteran cop, he is boyishly handsome. He smiles warmly and laughs easily, with the strange sound of his laughter seeming to end before it starts. He speaks rapidly, almost percussively, in a husky, cheery voice. Sometimes in his enthusiasm to say something he explodes it, an arm flailing up and backward in a reverse karate chop that is dismissal and acceptance at the same time.

But Bo's extraordinary career has made him a legend among his peers; they can't talk about him without smiling and gently shaking their heads. He has over 1300 felony arrests to his credit—the average for a police officer is 12 a year. He seems to fear nothing and on the street the "skells"—felons, whom Bo describes as "low-grade scumbags," as if to imply there are better grades of scumbag—fear him because they suspect he is crazier than they are. Bo encourages this fear. "I'll fight a guy," he understates. "I'll get involved. I won't shoot a guy, but I'll immobilize his nose, mess up his day."

But he has never fired at a suspect, preferring to rely on his strength and speed. He confesses, however, that his reluctance to shoot is an Achilles' heel that may someday cost him his life. Once it nearly did: With gun drawn, he was backed all the way down an alley by a suspect with a knife, and was actually stabbed before overpowering the man.

Bo came to the "Two-Five" (the Twenty-Fifth Precinct, which covers East Harlem) in 1975. By then he already had a reputation for spectacular collars and intermittent brushes with authority. His partners had aptly nicknamed him "pit bull," and Patrolman's Benevolent Association official Paddy Burns had defended him so many times that he later joked that when Dietl became a detective the promotion left Burns with 50 percent more time on his hands.

In Harlem, Dietl's new lieutenant asked him if he would work decoy. They hadn't done it before because it was considered too dangerous, but now the Two-Five had an assault and robbery epidemic on its hands. Bo readily agreed, as long as he could train his own backup team. Tommy Colleran was one of the men assigned to work with him.

Because Colleran resembles a latter-day frontier sheriff, and because he hero-worships John Wayne, the Two-Five christened him "Cowboy." He stands a little over six feet and is erect, square, strong, and solid-looking, though he's neither broad-shouldered nor particularly muscular. In fact, he looks older than his 42 years. He smiles appealingly, but his eyes are hard and penetrating—not unattractive or unkind, just unafraid.

> "New York City has come to live with violence, even murder, and almost no longer notices it. But this crime was too horrific."

He speaks in a voice absurdly low and deep, which actually becomes harder to follow the more he drinks—and it continues to get quieter, so that you move closer and closer to hear him at all, trying desperately to disregard all other sounds and concentrate on the low hum the way you would on a faint radio signal.

His fellow cops love to tell the story of the time he was shot and lying in a hospital with five bullets just removed from him. He wouldn't let anyone tell his wife how bad he had been hit, so when she entered the room, she found him with his usual stoical face, trying to smile. She went to him and touched his shoulder, and he winced, saying painfully: "Careful, honey, I stopped a little lead there." Shaking, she took his hand and he, again wincing, said (the Cowboy voice getting understandably weak): "Don't touch me there either; I caught some lead there too." Astonished and frightened, she sat down and put her hand on his thigh. Once more, his face registered tremendous pain, and he forced: "Not there either, honey; I got a little lead there, too." Whereupon, almost exasperated, she asked, "Where *can* I touch you?"

He had been off duty when he was shot. He and a partner were drinking uptown when the partner got into an argument with a black man. Finally Tommy said he'd fight the man, who replied, "Sure, man, you've got a gun!" Tommy took it out of his holster, slammed it on the bar, and hissed, "C'mon motherfucker, let's go, you and me." When they got out to the street, the black pulled a gun from his trouser belt and unloaded it at Colleran. Inside, the bartender screamed: "They're shooting your partner!" but the other cop stayed frozen on his bar stool and said he didn't hear any shots. After Tommy got out of the hospital he went up to his partner at the station house and said: "There's a lot of talk, Jimmy—listen, it was your argument, I got involved, that's okay, I went outside—but there's a lot of talk going around that you're one big faggot."

Colleran lives for being a cop. His father, whom he calls "the toughest man I ever knew," was a policeman and a rebel in the IRA in 1916 "when it really *was* an army, really fighting for something, and when it never would've killed children." Tommy also tells you, in an almost reverent tone, that he was shot in exactly the same places as his father had been a half-century earlier.

Tommy sees himself as a pro's pro and appears only to be really comfortable in the company of other cops. Until recently he spent his entire career, starting in 1970, at the Two-Five. He has been shot at 22 times, if you count the bullets, which he does, on seven separate occasions. He once killed a man in a fierce shoot-out on 118th Street under the rusted girders of the Park Avenue el. For four years afterward he had nightmares, although his action had been entirely justified—the man having fired at him from point-blank range. When he went to see the mother, to offer his condolences and explain what happened, she thanked him for shooting her boy. All these years later he is still affected by that: "Slap my face, get mad, scream at me, do something, but don't *thank* me for killing your son!"

From the beginning Bo liked working with Tommy. They matched as perfectly as they contrasted. When they worked decoy together Bo asked Tommy to make him a promise. "One guy got his throat slashed from ear to ear, and I was always afraid of getting stabbed in the back. So I said to Tommy, 'You want to back me up, there's only one thing I ask you. If I get it, if I buy it, I only want you to do me one favor: I want you to get him, and I want him to die too. That's my biggest thing—if he kills me, please, you kill him.' And I used to go out with that; if somebody got me, at least Tommy would get him. Once I had that in my head, that made me feel so comfortable out there."

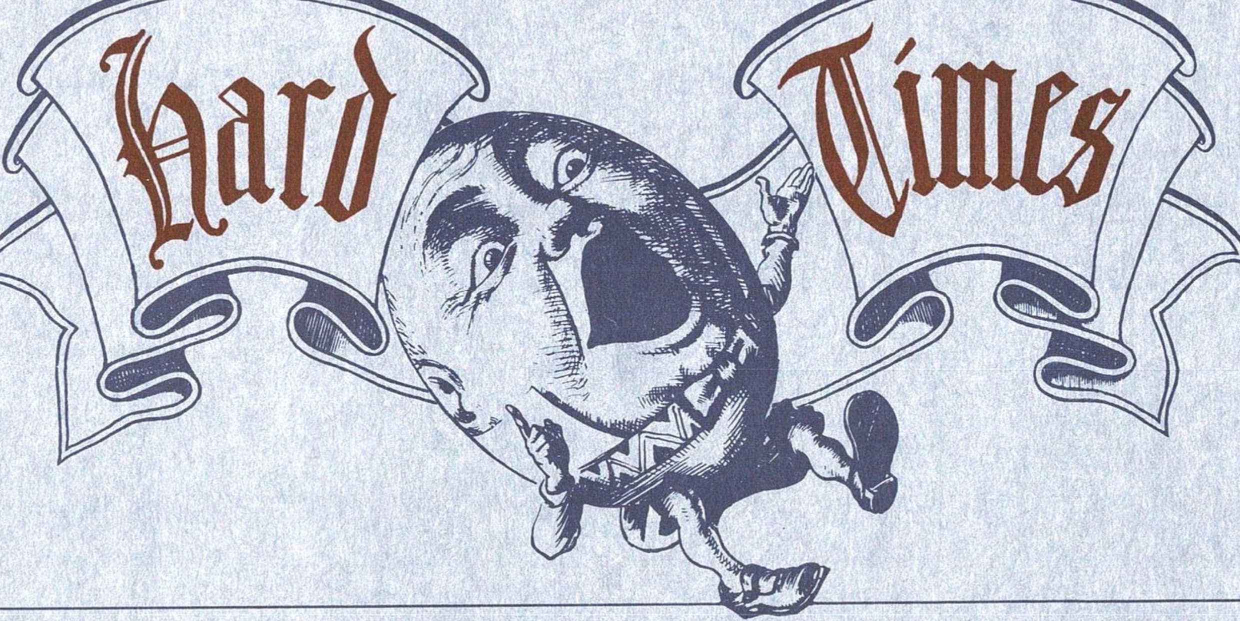
Bo was the motivator of the partner-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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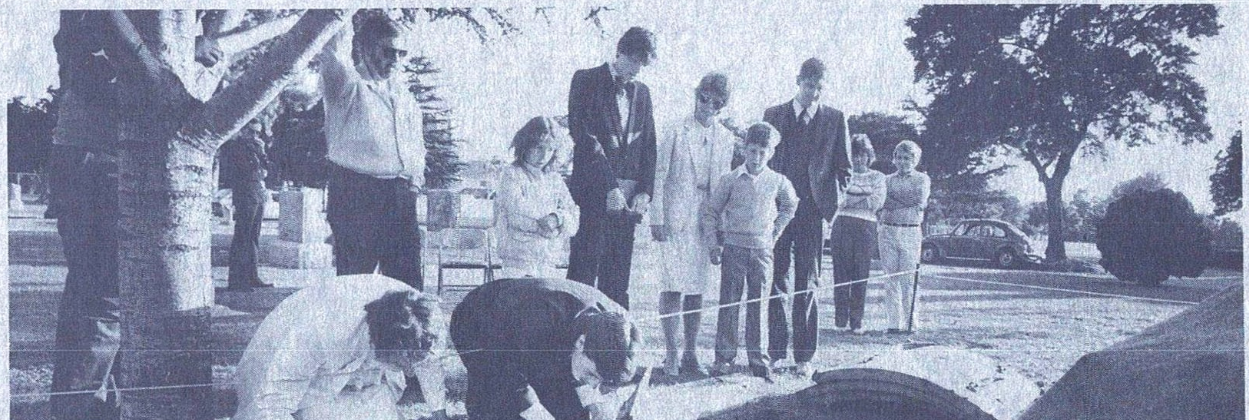
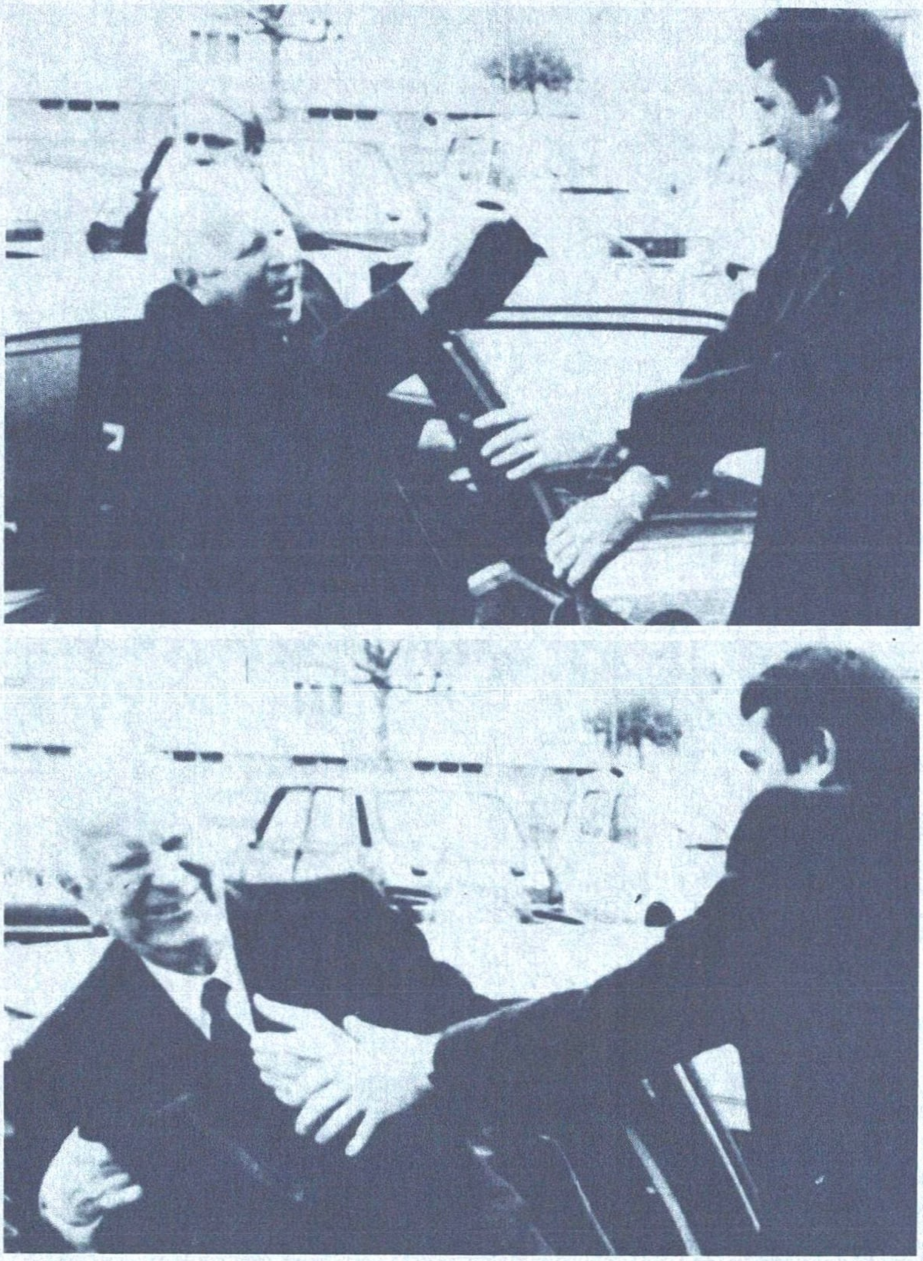
FATHER'S RESURRECTION A DEAD ISSUE


HAL STOELZLE

Gail Byers, her three children, and some family friends knelt by Matthew Byers's coffin in a Santa Ana, California, cemetery, waiting for him to return. Byers, who died of a heart attack, was not resurrected. Before he died, Byers had told his family that God promised him he would be receiving a new body within 30 days after death. God had told him that he would be the forerunner of Christ's second coming. So the family paid the cemetery $565 to have the dirt removed and the cement liner lifted from atop the casket. Then the family members shouted at the coffin: "Matt, wake up," and "Dad, can you hear me?" They also banged the coffin with a shovel to awaken him. Gail Byers said that after her husband had his first heart attack, he spoke of God promising him a new body. "We all assumed that meant a new body through a diet. He didn't stick to the diet, and it was up and down until the end." (*The Register*—submitted by Donald Moss, Inglewood, Calif.) *He broke the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not go off thy diet.—Editor*

EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

French Minister of State Gaston Defferer (below) grimaces in pain as his left thumb gets caught while his bodyguard opens the door of his car during a visit to Strasbourg, France. (*The Buffalo News*—submitted by Leslie Bihari, Hamburg, N.Y.)
What would have happened if he'd been a nose guard?—Editor



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

WOMAN SURVIVES TWO LEAPS IN FRONT OF SUBWAY

© NEW YORK POST PHOTOGRAPH

Three years ago, Ann Seepo miraculously survived a suicidal leap in front of a speeding subway train. This year she tried it again—and again the train passed over her and she escaped unharmed. Miss Seepo jumped in front of an oncoming train, but she apparently landed in a trough under the subway. The train passed over her, leaving her safe except for some bruises and a run in her stockings. A neighbor commented on her first suicide attempt: "She wasn't hurt when she jumped in front of a subway three years ago, either. But I think she's pushing her luck." (*New York Post*—submitted by Earl Barnes, Brockport, N. Y.)
She's safer under the subway than most people are on it.—Editor

THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT "BREAK DANCING"

A Mexican accountant who was visiting Chicago was so fascinated by the movements of break dancers that he got into the act himself, with disastrous results. While attempting to do the famous "headspin," Efrain Arreola fell and broke his neck, leaving him paralyzed. It has been discovered that at least ten other people in Chicago have been injured and hospitalized as a result of break dancing, mostly with wrist and arm injuries from attempting to support the body's weight on one hand. (*Las Vegas Review-Journal*—submitted by Sam Tyler, Indian Springs, Nev.)
Stick to the Mexican hat dance, Arreola. The worst that can happen is a squashed sombrero.—Editor

CRIME-STOPPER MAILMAN GETS SUSPENDED FROM JOB

Postman Louis Moscato of Miami, Florida, was taking his lunch break in his mail jeep when he saw a woman carrying a bag dash from a store, with two store employees behind her in hot pursuit. Moscato leaped from his jeep to join the chase, which lead to a parked car from which two men emerged, one of them holding a handgun. "He said, 'Back off, if you know what's good for you,' " recalled Moscato. "We backed off." Moscato ran back to his jeep, jumped in, and pursued the suspects, noting the license number and reporting the incident to a passing police officer. An alert was put out over police radios, and the suspects were stopped. Police asked Moscato to come downtown and identify the suspects. For his civic-minded actions, however, Moscato was suspended for one week without pay for leaving his assigned route. "I guess next time I see something like this, they want me to say, 'Sorry I can't get involved,' " said Moscato. (*Miami Herald*—submitted by R. Brown, Miami, Fla.)

Neither snow, nor rain, nor armed robbery will keep the mailman from his rounds.—Editor

FILET-O'-FISH FIGHT

A woman did not get a break at the McDonald's in a Palo Alto, California, shopping mall. She unknowingly ordered the very last fish fillet sandwich, much to the chagrin of the three women behind her in line, who all wanted a fish fillet sandwich too. The three women followed her out of the McDonald's, poured a Coke on her, and hit her in the face and head, knocking her out. No report was made as to who ended up with the fish sandwich. (*Los Angeles Herald Examiner*—submitted by Bobby Ray Savage, Los Angeles, Calif.)

Next time try the Whalers at Burger King.—Editor

RESEARCHER OF THE MONTH

Alberta, Canada's solicitor-general, Graham Harle, says that he was conducting research when he was found in a car with a prostitute. He resigned from his cabinet post because he felt he had not done the "appropriate thing." Harle admitted that police found him with a prostitute in a government-owned car parked outside a hotel in a seedy part of Edmonton. When asked by a reporter whether he had behaved improperly, Harle replied: "I don't think so, gosh." (*Toronto Star*—submitted by Dan Anzovino, Ontario, Canada)

Looks like Graham needs to do some more research.—Editor

CANAPRESS PHOTO SERVICE

BIGAMY IN BORNEO

Hong Eng Seng decided to double his chances at marital happiness by wedding twin sisters, Ngan and Yan Moi Tatay. The groom seemed delighted at the arrangement, and the sisters were also pleased. "We have shared everything in our lives. There isn't anything unusual for us in this." Hong met the twins at a party and decided to date them both—at the same time. He admits that there were some problems in their courtship: "I could only dance with one of them at a time and we would get funny glances at the cinema." A larger problem sprang up during their honeymoon: "The biggest problem we've had is finding a bed large enough for three." (*San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*—submitted by Kenneth Kramer, Hayward, Calif.)

The hotel just didn't understand when he asked for twin beds.—Editor

WE'RE GONNA WASH THAT LAND RIGHT OUT OF OUR HAIR. . .

A giant bubble bath was created in the Lavant River of Austria, when an Italian truck carrying 13 tons of shampoo overturned. Mounds of foam up to 30 feet high floated on a 20-mile stretch of the river, killing hundreds of fish. (*The Seattle Times*—submitted by Steve Thomas, Tacoma, Wash.)

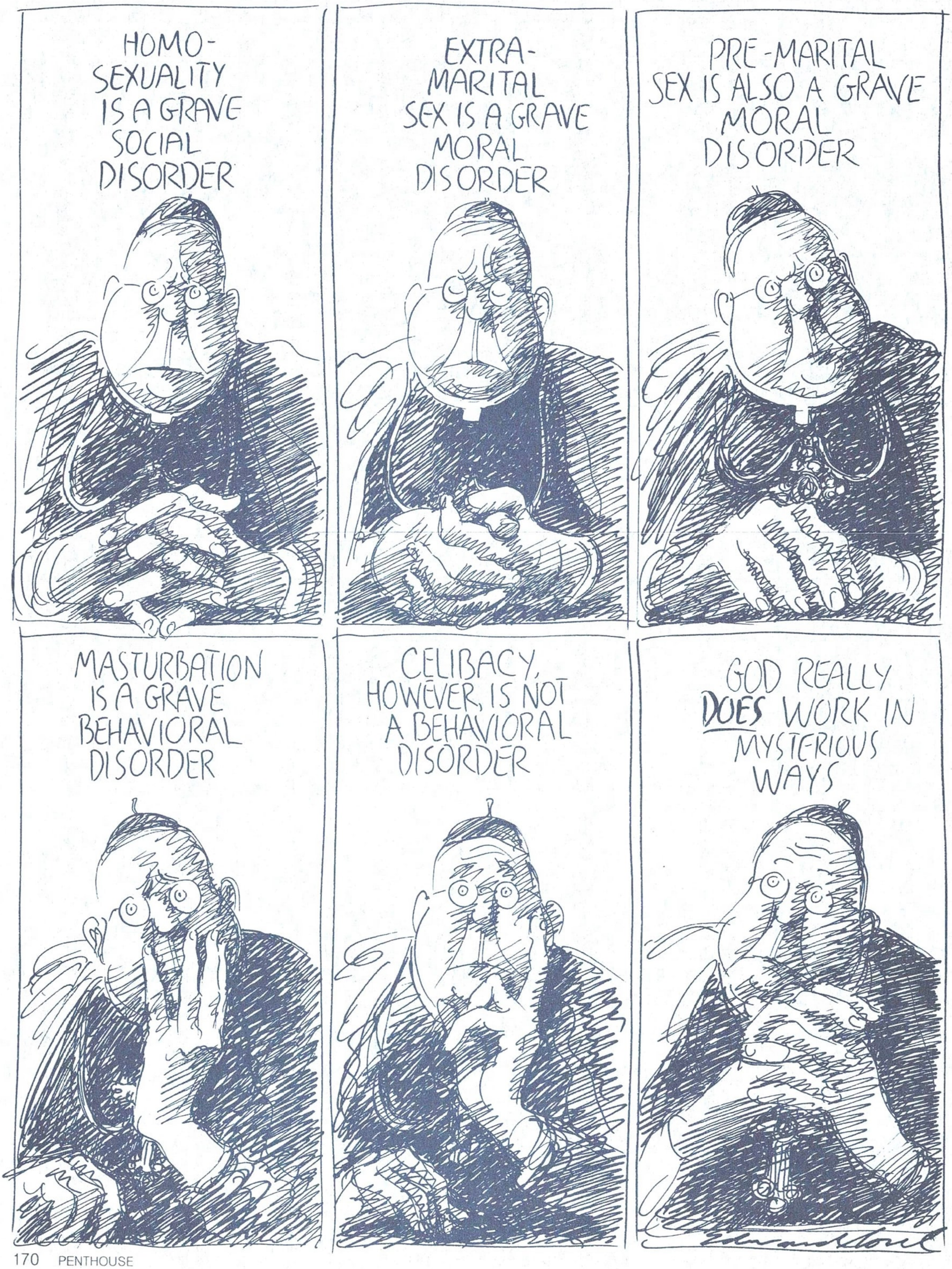
Wouldn't there be a truck with 13 tons of conditioner right behind it?—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL


HOMO-SEXUALITY IS A GRAVE SOCIAL DISORDER
EXTRA-MARITAL SEX IS A GRAVE MORAL DISORDER
PRE-MARITAL SEX IS ALSO A GRAVE MORAL DISORDER
MASTURBATION IS A GRAVE BEHAVIORAL DISORDER
CELIBACY, HOWEVER, IS NOT A BEHAVIORAL DISORDER
GOD REALLY **DOES** WORK IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS
Edward Sorel

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

at incoming nuclear warheads. Tests proved that you could shoot down a single warhead that way, but that such an antimissile system would be easily overwhelmed by a full-scale attack of hundreds of warheads, decoys, and radar-jamming devices.

The idea of defending against missile attack with ground-based antimissile missiles was something like trying to play football by giving your opponent the ball on your own five-yard line, and allowing him 500 downs in which to score—and in a situation, moreover, that is truly "sudden death."

So the United States agreed to the SALT I treaty provision that limits us, and the Soviet Union, to building only one antimissile system. But the United States soon gave up even on that one—convinced that a ground-based system would not work. The Soviets have built their system to protect Moscow, whether it works or not.

Orbital defense, in which weapons aboard satellites fire at the attacking missiles as soon as they are launched, is more like playing football in midfield, or even on your opponent's five-yard line.

Critics of the idea claim that building an orbital defense system would violate the SALT I agreement. However, the treaty specifically allows *research and development* on missile defense to be carried out. That is what we should be doing. It is undoubtedly what the Soviet Union is already doing. Then, when we are convinced that our R & D efforts will lead to an effective defense, it will be time to return to the bargaining table.

The loudest argument that critics of orbital defenses make, however, is their claim that such a system will not work. Their forefathers made similar claims against repeating rifles, submarines, airplanes, and almost every other new idea they ever heard of.

The critics point out that no defense system is perfect, and that some attacking missiles will get through to deliver their nuclear warheads on target. That is quite true. But remember that the goal we pursue is *deterrence*. No one wants to dare the Soviet Union to attack us. We wish to prevent them from deciding that they can or should attack.

If the U.S.S.R. knows that a substantial portion of its missile force will be destroyed long before the missiles reach their targets, and that a powerful American force will survive a Soviet first strike and be capable of a devastating counterstrike, the decision makers in the Kremlin will no doubt stay their hand, even though they could inflict considerable damage on the United States.

It will cost tens or even hundreds of billions of dollars to build such an orbiting defensive shield. But what price tag do you place on survival? How much are you willing to pay to prevent nuclear war?

If we match the technological wizardry of high-power lasers and satellite defense systems with high-powered political initiatives, we have a good chance of making nuclear war almost impossible.

The key to this is simple in concept, but terribly difficult in practice. It is this: Invite the Soviets, the Chinese, the Europeans, everyone in the world to join us in the effort to build and deploy such defensive satellites.

If we have the moral courage to make this program completely open, and invite the rest of the world to participate in it, sharing our knowledge, and placing the orbiting satellites under international control, then we may have found the way to prevent *any* nation from launching a nuclear attack on any other nation.

What we need is a form of Swiss Guard in orbit, an international organization that has the power to destroy any rocket launched from anywhere in the world, if that rocket has not already been inspected and found to be carrying only a peaceful payload.

Such an organization would discourage nations from developing nuclear arsenals, or from enlarging the arsenals they already have. And an international program could spread the costs of the system among all the participating nations.

Would the United States voluntarily give up its right to attack its enemies? Would we willingly place our own defense in the hands of some international organization? That *must* be the basis for a full and thorough political dialogue within our own society.

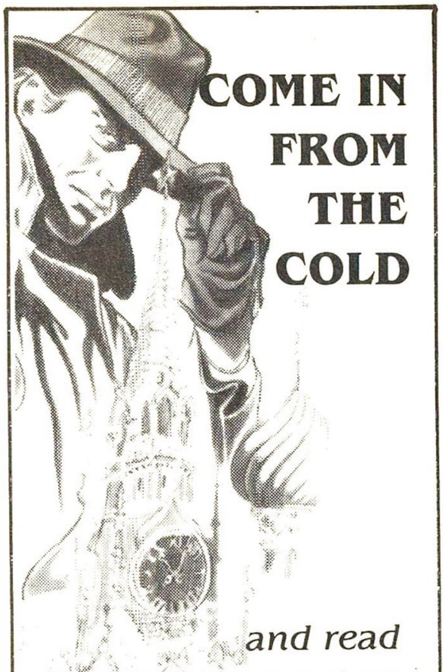
Would the Soviet Union, with its historic fear of invasion and almost paranoiac insistence on secrecy, be willing to allow such an international organization to control its defenses? I believe the Kremlin would join such an effort, for two reasons.

First, most of the rest of the world would quickly agree to such a global defense system, and the Soviets would find themselves facing not only the U.S. and Western Europe, but almost the whole world. It would be more advantageous to the Soviet Union to join the peacekeeping force than to isolate itself.

Second, by neutralizing the world's nuclear arsenals, the Soviets—with their heavy preponderance of conventional military arms—will feel more secure than they do today. By removing the threat of nuclear war, their advantages in numbers of tanks, guns, and planes becomes more important to them. And to us.

Clearly, orbital defenses against nuclear armed missiles are not the answer to every problem that faces the world. But they can be the answer to nuclear Armageddon, and that is a major step forward for the human race's prospects of survival.

If it is impossible to freeze nuclear weapons, we should at least be prepared to melt them.



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PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU AN ACHIEVER?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Practical people—those who know enough to make New Year's resolutions that they can keep—aren't always the smartest, but they're usually the ones who get the most done. This psychograph can tell you if you're one of them.

Only recently have large numbers of psychologists come to realize what the average person has suspected all along: Intelligence (in the IQ sense of the word) doesn't have a damn thing to do with success in the real world. Most of us know brilliant guys who bombed when faced with the complexities of the marketplace. Then, on the other hand, we can recall the dumbbells who flourished once they left school and began to rely on their instincts rather than on book learning.

Researchers are discovering that people who have *practical* intelligence think in distinctly different ways from those who don't have it. In one study, for instance, Dr. Siegfried Streufert of the Pennsylvania State University College of Medicine tested highly successful corporate executives. He found that they tend to exhibit a cognitive style that makes their decisions more practical and effective than those of their less successful colleagues. It seems that men with a high level of practical intelligence are remarkably efficient in how they process information available to them. They aren't necessarily "smarter" than other people, but they make better use of their own talents and resources. In fact, people with high levels of practical intelligence often achieve only mediocre scores on standard IQ tests.

Yet these men think in more subtle and complex ways than the rest of us do. They see meaningful patterns and connections where others see confusion. They instinctively examine more facets of a problem, and they're better at seeing how past experience can help them in new situations.

Some of the questions on this psychograph ask you to make subjective judgments about your skills and attitudes. This is not easy to do, but if you want an accurate evaluation of whether you take a practical or impractical approach to life, give it a good try.

1. Are your political beliefs:
   (a) extremely left-wing
   (b) quite liberal
   (c) middle-of-the-road
   (d) quite conservative
   (e) extremely right-wing

2. How well do you handle your finances?
   (a) Terribly. I always overspend and take on debts I really can't afford.
   (b) Fairly well. I generally live within my means.
   (c) I'm extremely careful about my finances.

3. Do you feel you have a strong need to exercise power?
   (a) Yes, being in a position to screw people is a great feeling.
   (b) Yes, I don't think I'm a Nazi or anything but I do find it exhilarating to exercise authority.
   (c) No, other people can spend their time jockeying for power but it doesn't interest me.

4. Are you goal-oriented?
   (a) Yes, once I set my mind on a goal I'll sacrifice anything to get it.
   (b) no
   (c) Yes, but I sometimes find that I substitute one goal for another along the way.

5. If you had a spare $2,000 at the end of the year, would you be more likely to:
   (a) put it into an Individual Retirement Account
   (b) take a trip

6. Are you the type of person who often jumps to conclusions?
   (a) yes
   (b) No, I believe in being as rational as possible; judgments should be made on the basis of fact, not emotion.
   (c) I prefer to make decisions based on as much information as possible, but sometimes I feel that you have to go with your gut feelings.

7. If you have a number of different tasks to do, how do you usually approach them?
   (a) I like to finish one task completely before I feel that I can go on to the next.
   (b) I like to work on several things at once.

8. Do you prefer:
   (a) to work as part of a team
   (b) to work at something (even if it's in a large office setting) that allows you to function pretty much on your own

9. With which of the following strategies would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) If you're a salesman, it's important to be equally aggressive with every prospect.
   (b) Save your energy for the people who are obviously interested in what you have to sell.

10. Let's say you're married: You get along well with your wife in virtually all respects, but sex has become boring. Which of the following would you be most likely to do?
    (a) I'd get a divorce.
    (b) I'd begin looking around for a woman who could satisfy my sexual, emotional, and intellectual needs.
    (c) I'd probably stay married but would certainly look for a sexually exciting woman with whom I could easily and comfortably have a discreet affair.
    (d) I'd stay married and wouldn't try to play around on the side.

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> “People with high levels of practical intelligence often have mediocre IQs.”

PSYCHOGRAPH

11. Do you hold grudges for a long time?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually

12. Do you take spur-of-the-moment vacations?
    (a) yes
    (b) occasionally
    (c) no

13. Do you regularly spend more than $5 a week on any sort of gambling?
    (a) yes
    (b) No, but I'm not opposed to gambling occasionally for fun.
    (c) I never gamble under any circumstances.

14. How do you feel about fate?
    (a) Fate is the dominant force that shapes our destinies.
    (b) Fate, chance, and luck exist, but we can make plans that will cushion us against bad luck and allow us to cash in on good luck.
    (c) We make our own luck. "Fate" is basically an excuse made up by people who haven't planned properly.

15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "People who are well paid for their work should not complain if it is difficult or boring. Work isn't supposed to be a vacation."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

16. If you had to give a presentation before a large group of important people, how would you be most likely to handle it?
    (a) I'd write out exactly what I wanted to say and read it to the audience.
    (b) I'd thoroughly prepare what I wanted to say beforehand, but I'd use nothing more than a few notes during the presentation.
    (c) I believe in being spontaneous. As long as I'm familiar with a subject, I don't see any reason to work up a formal presentation. I'd just get up and talk.

17. How do you feel about making speeches in public?
    (a) I love it.
    (b) I don't necessarily relish the idea of getting up in front of hundreds of people, but it's important to air your views when you have the opportunity.
    (c) I hate making speeches and will do anything to avoid it.

18. Do you like to argue?
    (a) Yes, arguing is a form of sport or recreation for me.
    (b) I don't think of myself as contentious by nature, yet I do like to feel that I can convince others of the correctness of my views.
    (c) No, arguing is a waste of time.

19. Do you have the type of personality that can delegate responsibility?
    (a) yes
    (b) I can delegate responsibility in small matters.
    (c) No, to get something done right you usually have to do it yourself.

20. If money were no object, what kind of automobile would you own?
    (a) I'd get the most economical and dependable one I could find. Even if I had lots of money, there's no reason to waste it. Besides, a car is just transportation to me; I don't want to have it always in the shop being tuned or repaired.
    (b) I would buy an expensive but "sensible" car—like a Mercedes-Benz, BMW, or top-of-the-line Volvo—something that impresses people but isn't overly flamboyant or unusual.
    (c) I'd like an exotic, unusual car. If money were no object, I wouldn't care if the thing guzzled gas and required expensive service.

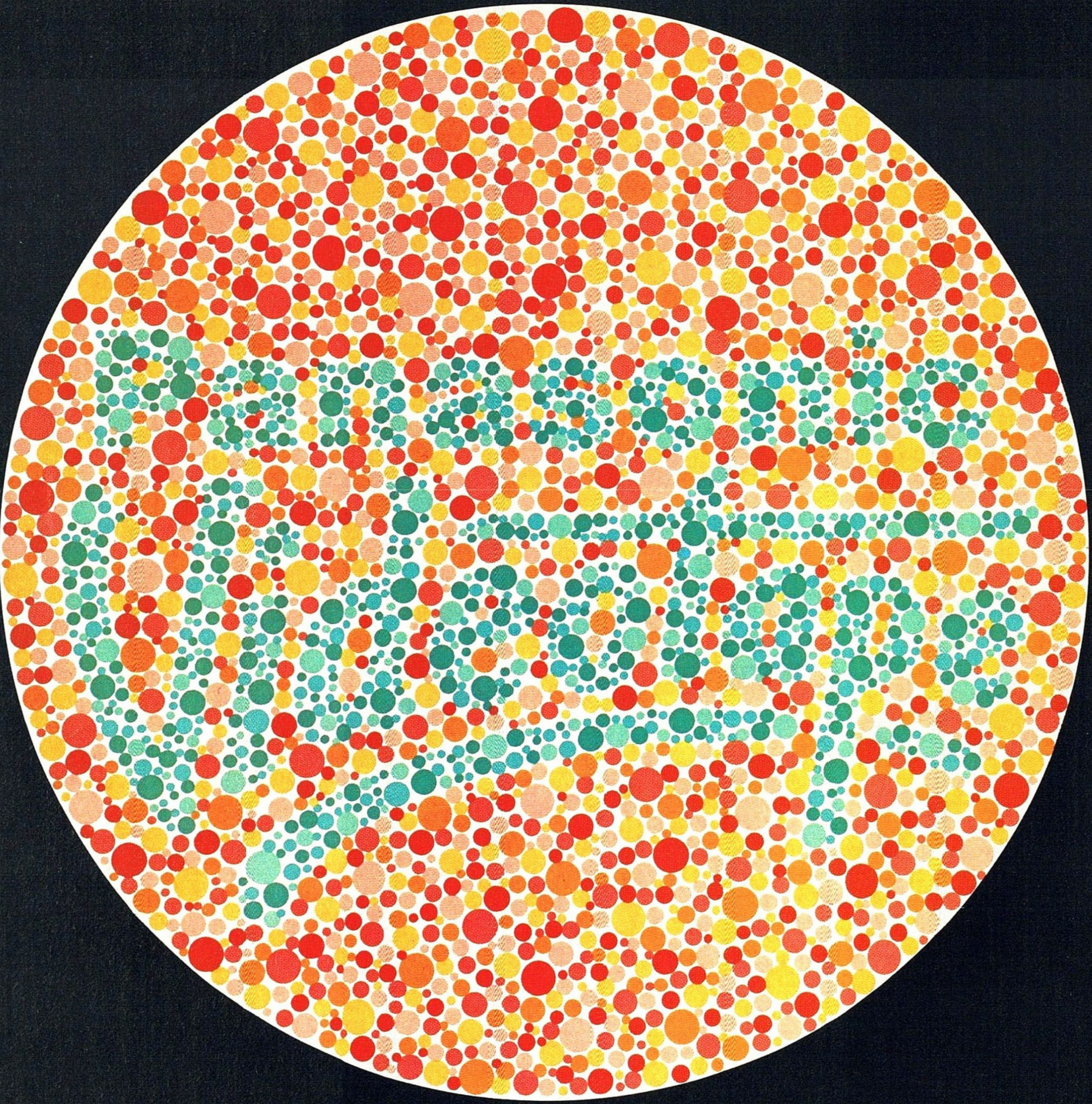
SCORING
All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 100 points; the lowest, 20.

1. a-1, b-4, c-5, d-3, e-1
2. a-1, b-5, c-3
3. a-3, b-5, c-1
4. a-3, b-1, c-5
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-1, b-3, c-5
7. a-1, b-5
8. a-5, b-1
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-1, b-5, c-5, d-3
11. a-1, b-3, c-5
12. a-1, b-5, c-3
13. a-1, b-5, c-3
14. a-1, b-5, c-3
15. a-1, b-5
16. a-3, b-5, c-1
17. a-1, b-5, c-3
18. a-1, b-5, c-3
19. a-5, b-3, c-1
20. a-3, b-5, c-1

If you scored 74 to 100 points:
You have true practical intelligence. You instinctively seek out the most efficient way to achieve the end you want. You can look at the confusion of everyday life and pick out the pressure points and key relationships that will make things fall into place for you. As the country song says, you know "when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em." Interestingly, people in this category don't always do the most stereotypically "practical" things. In money matters, for instance, you aren't likely to be a lavish spender but neither are you a cheapskate. You use money wisely, knowing when to save and when to spend. You make plans and set objectives but remain flexible enough to change them if circumstances call for it. You are not afraid to try solutions that appear downright impractical but, more often than not, turn out to be the best way to achieve long-term results.

47 to 73 points:
Other people probably consider you extremely practical. When given choices, you invariably select the most obviously "practical" alternative. Yet you seem to lack the flexibility and vision that characterize people who scored in the category above you. You're almost too practical for your own good: You're so intent on working sensibly toward short-term goals that you may be overlooking the opportunities that can bring you the best long-term success. You display a level of caution and narrowness of vision not found in people with true practical intelligence. However, if you can broaden your horizons a little, your natural practicality may enable you to achieve some striking things.

20 to 46 points:
You appear to be wildly impractical, and you're probably happy to be that way since practical people are likely to bore you stiff. People in this category often have trouble coping with the mundane details of everyday life. Getting places punctually, paying your rent on time, and keeping your wardrobe up to date may sometimes be completely beyond you. Show you a map, a train schedule, or a legal paper, and your eyes glaze over. Yet it's from the ranks of people like you that the great scientific and artistic visionaries often emerge.



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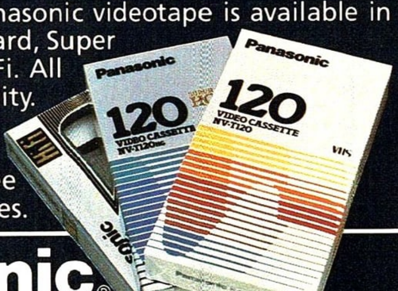

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OUR CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

O'Hara, denies its members engage in illegal sexual activities with children, the father of an abused and murdered child claims that the society's 5,000 members openly admit to having "deflowered" children under eight years old. The society spends a great deal of its time encouraging pedophiliac activities among its members. They have even gone so far as to instruct pedophiles on how to participate in anal sex with four-year-old children: "*Decade of Anal Sex Research Ends*. One half hour after a bowel movement, no rectal matter remains in the anal cavity. The cavity is large enough at age 4 for boys and girls to painlessly hold an adult's penis—an act they constantly desire from adult males they love."

Shockingly, there is nothing illegal about the material published by the Rene Guyon Society. As blatant and obvious as it is, nowhere do its writers actually tell readers to go out and molest a child. But this literature does demonstrate the existence of a nationwide conspiracy. Kee MacFarlane, director of the Child Sexual Abuse Diagnostic Center of the Children's Institute International in Los Angeles, recently told members of Congress in a special hearing on day-care programs that such a network among pedophiles does exist: "I believe that we're dealing with a conspiracy, an organized operation of child predators designed to prevent detection." MacFarlane told members of Congress not to be deceived by the current headlines revealing child sex abuse scandals in nursery schools. "The preschool, in such a case, serves as a ruse for a larger, unthinkable network of crimes against children."

The evidence is overwhelming that pedophile organizations exist to promote, organize, and encourage others to commit crimes against children. Is there any other reason why the Rene Guyon Society's newsletters carry the blurb: "Children *keep* family sex secrets"?

Recently an organization was put out of business for publishing a magazine called the *Person to Person Directory*. For years its publishers were able to bring thousands of pedophiles from all across the nation together in recruiting children for sex and child pornography. Each month its publishers would run dozens of ads that read:

"Man, 41, wishes to meet people with similar interests in girls 6 to 12. Desire letters from woman with young girl, or anyone with open mind."

"Lolita lover with 13 year old lover that looks 9, wishes correspondence with woman or couple with daughter 5 to 13. Meetings possible."

"Young Married Couple 21 & 26 plan on having 4 to 6 children. Become friends now and 'grow with us.' Desire couples with children, photos, literature."

"Have Peek-A-Boo shots of Tomorrow's Ladies. I'm interested in the little strippers of tomorrow."

When law enforcement authorities finally closed down this operation, its subscriber list had grown to 10,000. Nobody knows how many children were sexually abused because of its existence. And the *Person to Person Directory* was not an isolated case of a contact magazine published to encourage and expedite pedophile activity. Last year, authorities disbanded a Colorado pedophile group that published something called *The Broad Street Journal*, which claimed to be "The Nation's best and most popular ad listing service." For one dollar an issue, men interested in young boys could scan ads that typically read: "Gay, young, male—33, wishes to hear from and meet young gays 11–15, photo a must."

There is little that pedophiles and their organizations will stop short of doing to promote and encourage sexual abuse of young children. The Howard Nichols Society, based in Austin, Texas, serves a dual purpose for pedophiles around the nation. Members and readers are constantly reassured that what they are doing is normal and in the best interests of children. One of the society's early publications discusses the question, "What is Pedophilia Anyway?":

Q: What ages of children attract pedophiles?

A: Pedophiles are usually attracted to prepubescents, people from about age 8 to puberty, although many pedophiles have had enjoyable relations with younger or older children.

Q: Aren't pedophiles interested sexually in *all* children?

A: Most pedophiles are able to consider any child as a possible sex partner. . . .

Q: But aren't pedophiles afraid of or unable to sexually relate to other adults?

A: Many do not have sex with other adults because sex with children is *better*: it can be more intense, more satisfying, more productive and more fun. . . .

Q: Shouldn't pedophiles be cured or at least treated?

A: Since there is no disease of pedophilia, there is nothing to cure.

Q: How do pedophiles feel about incest?

A: Generally, there is no reason to prohibit families from sharing physical affection and sex.

Q: Don't pedophiles exploit children by forcing them to pose for pornographic pictures?

A: Many take pictures of their partners for the same reason others take pictures of their children: because they like them and have affection for them. . . . Pedophiles will take pictures of them-

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selves and their partners doing the things they mutually enjoy—going places, being silly, having sex. Children and many adults like to pose and clown for photos and they enjoy sharing the memories. One can see children's faces reflecting intimidation, uneasiness and embarrassment more often in family albums than in the collections of pedophiles. There is nothing wrong with taking pictures of good relationships, sexual or otherwise.

After the Howard Nichols Society finishes reassuring and encouraging pedophiles, it then provides instructions in procuring and having sex with children. The examples taken from this "primer" show that pedophiles are not acting out an uncontrollable and unconscious sexual impulse. It is a deliberate, conscious, and conspiratorial activity. It is nothing less than the rape of children. Here are some excerpts:

(1) The important thing about meeting kids is that it happens best when you meet in places or in doing things that interest both of you. . . .

(2) You can get to know kids through your job. It can be tricky if you're in an authoritarian role, such as a teacher, because it is hard to tell if some kids are being friendly (or rude) just because of your position.

(3) Friends are a good source. . . .

(4) After you get to know each other and start having a sexual relationship, you can go to unknown and secret places.

(5) How to Have Sex With Kids: Ways to start sex vary and it ought to be relative to the situation. Sometimes a kid will make the first move, sometimes the adult . . . Sometimes a touch—and not always on the genitals either—or a word or two will be enough.

The network of pedophile groups and organizations extends internationally. London's PIE (Paedophile Information Exchange) sends out its message across the Channel and the Atlantic Ocean. In France, pedophiles are encouraged by GRED (Groupe de Recherche pour une Enfance Differente). In the United States, San Diego's Childhood Sensuality Circle preaches the message that children thrive best when they are able to have sex with one another and adults. But one organization has constantly been the most vocal: the aforementioned North American Man-Boy Love Association—NAMBLA.

NAMBLA is well-organized, heavily financed, and an articulate voice for the promotion and legalization of pedophiliac activity in this country. It boasts a membership composed of doctors, lawyers, artists, writers, and businessmen. Its members and supporters have in common a predilection for having sex with young boys. Because this activity runs counter to the laws in the states it operates in, NAMBLA's main concern and service for child abusers lies in defending them in the courts. In addition to financing the legal battles of pedophiles, NAMBLA lends advice. For example:

"Prepare the boys for questioning by the police. Explain to them that police will lie to them about you, that police will threaten the boys with arrest and other troubles, that boys need not ever say anything at all about their sexual lives, that they need not go with the police or answer any questions. . . . I suggest preparing the boys for the brutal experience of police abuse, and then making sure they are fully and emotionally prepared for their relationship with me [sic]. . .

"Finally, all men who love boys must take steps in advance to deal with sudden police raids. Have an attorney ready to meet you in the middle of the night. Find an attorney who has a progressive record on civil liberties issues."

In reading the legal advice offered by NAMBLA to its readers, one may imagine that they are advocating the protection of some constitutional right. But the right that NAMBLA champions is that of having sex with five-, six-, seven-, and eight-year-old children. Those who have the temerity to attack NAMBLA for its activities and advocacy are dealt with severely. NAMBLA slings anti-Semitic epithets and vitriolic personal slurs at its enemies through its *NAMBLA News*.

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NAMBLA knows the names of those who are fighting child sex abuse and goes after them.

Judianne Densen-Gerber, for example—a psychiatrist, attorney, founder of the drug-rehabilitation program Odyssey House in New York City, and the mother of four children. For many years, Dr. Densen-Gerber has been aware of a pedophiliac conspiracy and has done her best to awaken the public and authorities to the extent and seriousness of child sex abuse in this country. Obviously, she is an enemy of NAMBLA's. This is how they attack her in their newsletter:

"That the New York press (even the left-wing Guardian!) still swallow Judi as a legit source proves their gullibility—and their complicity in the ongoing witch-hunt. Judi's abuses have time and again been publicly documented. Yet, like the proverbial bad penny, she keeps turning up. And like any other brazen loud Jewish kvetch, she won't close that motor-mouth filled with lies. Every time that fat trap opens, she jeopardizes public safety.

"It is my fervent prayer each night—to whichever god will listen—that some day, the legions of drug addicts she cages and spits on and humiliates at the Odyssey House will rise up in a spontaneous fit of righteous fury and quickly put an end to this blathering, dark, demented daughter of dead Moses."

The police are especially feared and hated by child sex abusers. And if one cop stands out and personifies this fear, his name is Lloyd Martin. As Ralph Bennett's predecessor as head of the Los Angeles Police Department's Sexually Exploited Child Unit, Martin was zealous, aggressive, and vocal in pursuing child molesters. Martin has seen what one hopes very few of us will ever see: the victims of pedophiles. He witnessed the emotional trauma and the horrible physical damage done to the children by pedophiles. He went after them and earned NAMBLA's wrath:

"At one point, I wanted so much to be the personal nemesis of Martin. A militant faggot with pen-in-hand bringing down a crooked, pro-fascist Christer cop who hangs boys over cliffs and threatens them with death unless they name boy-lovers!

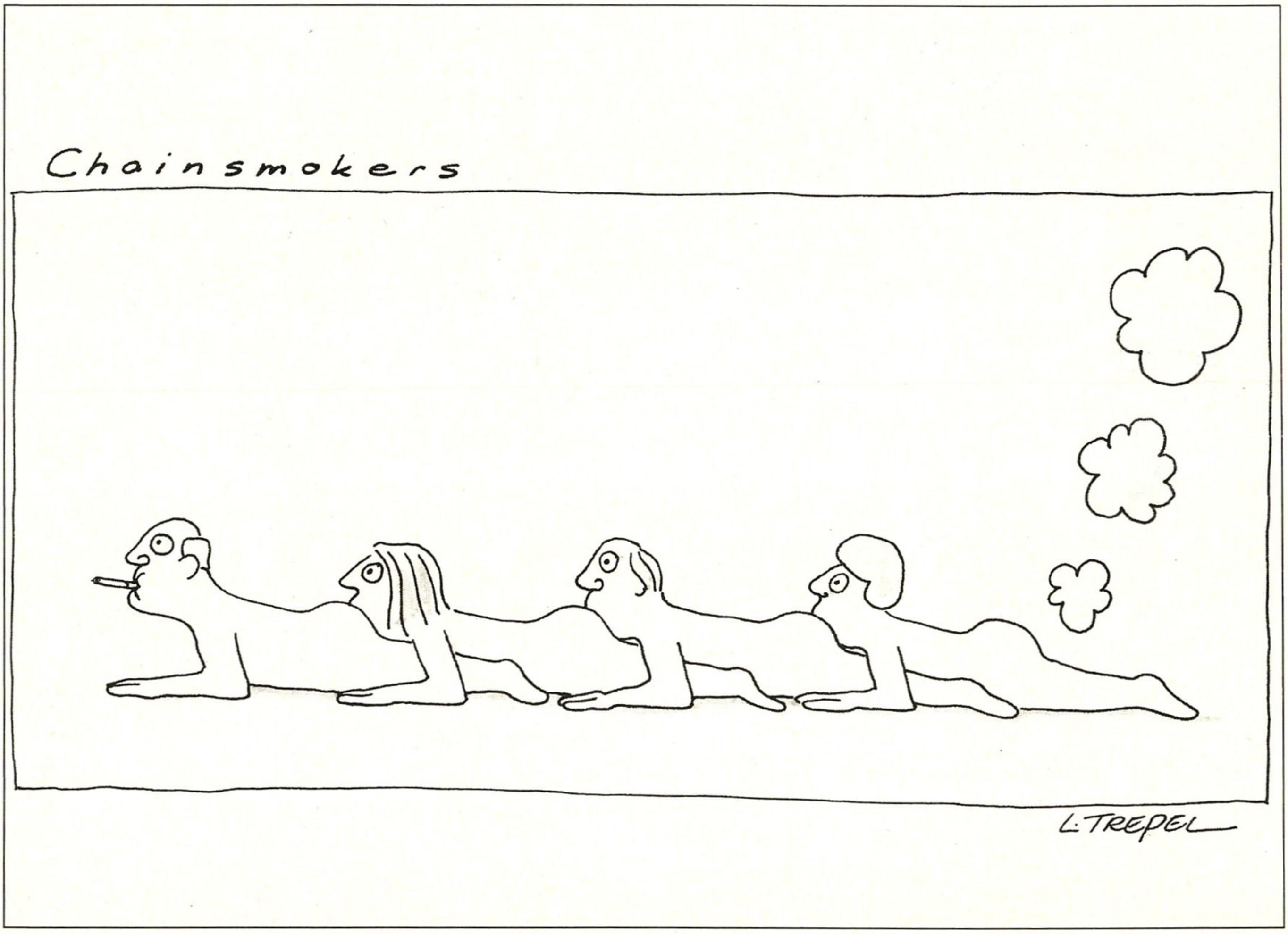
"Freaks like Martin can be dangerous. On the bright side, Martin is so obviously greedy, so demonstrably stupid, aggressive and obsessed, it is clear his fate will be something between Willy Loman and Jack Ruby."

While the pedophiles are very cautious in their newsletters to avoid overtly admitting that they have committed illegal acts, they are very open, indeed boastful, when communicating with one another. Pedophiles correspond through the mails with one another, freely describing, even to strangers, their sexual experiences with children. Often the children are described as their own.

For example, the following letter was written from a pedophile in Texas to a pen pal in California: "First, I ought to give you some background on myself and ask for some of the same from you. I am 37 years married to a lovely understanding wife of 29 [sic], who knows about my interests in the younger set. We have two children. Heather, age 4 and Harris age 2 almost 3. My wife and family are nudists and a club is outside Austin. Heather and Harris were both born nudists and that is the way you will find them anytime you come to the house. Heather usually does not wear anything to bed and asks me for a special goodnight kiss. She likes her vulva licked and sucked. Harris likes his penis sucked but not as often as Heather. I have enjoyed pleasing both of them."

Another sickening exchange occurred between two pedophile pen pals in Florida and California: "How I envy you all being able to get together and freely talk about our common interest. I can't tell you how much I look forward to Robie's tapes. The tape that Robie sent was of a little girl and her male babysitter, and it is FUCKIN FANTASTIC!!!! I couldn't believe it. Yes, my girls were scheduled to be in the next issue of Nudist Moppets. . . .

"I have a number of photos of Tami (7) and LeAnn (6) and would like very much



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The Scotch that's always welcome...

to swap them with you for photos of your little friend(s). All I ask is that the photos show that sweet little slit that little girls are blessed with, and if possible the first name, age and general location. . . ."

While one would be hard put to find an "adult" bookstore that stocks and sells child pornography, the public would be deceived if it believed that there is less kiddie porn in existence today than before it became a crime, in 1977, to produce and sell such material. While child pornography from overseas is available (Bennett says most of the material is produced in the Netherlands), the greatest amount comes from American pedophiles themselves. They are obsessed with taking pictures of young children, often in the act of having sex with adults. As one of the letters above indicated, pedophiles maintain their relationships with other pedophiles by exchanging photos and movies of their young victims. Bennett explained:

"The biggest source of child pornography is the pedophile. First of all, they have these pictures for years sometimes, and when the kid is 25, they still have these pictures to fantasize with. Also, they can use these photos to seduce other children. And they can trade them, they can sell them, they can do a lot of different things with them. Private child pornography is a thriving business, although I don't think 'business' is the proper term."

To demonstrate his point that pedophiles are producing the bulk of child pornography in this country, Bennett allowed me to see the collection of the material seized by police officers. His files contain pictures of literally thousands of children in various sexual acts. Most of the photography by child sex abusers is taken in homes or motel rooms. In fact, Bennett's officers had recently arrested a character who hung around Hollywood Boulevard looking for young girls. Many of them were runaways. The suspect offered them drugs in exchange for photographs of them and sex. When he got them to his hotel, they would pose with him and other adults in various sexual activities. At the time of his arrest, the police found bags full of photos of dozens of girls. Many of the girls had not reached their fifteenth birthdays.

Another example involved a pedophile who had more than 600 photos of very young boys engaged in oral and anal copulation. The pedophile, who was eventually convicted, would gather information from other "boy lovers"—names, mailing lists—and put it in a computer. He then was able to sell his homemade photos to individuals across the country.

The amount of so-called private pornography in this country is enormous, judging from the collection in the possession of the Los Angeles Police Department. In *Penthouse*'s earlier article on child sex abuse, we had noted that a great deal of this material was produced by the parents of the abused children. Authorities stress that while commercial child pornography is rarely available, the existence of homemade kiddie porn remains a serious problem.

Recognizing the serious problem of child sex abuse is not enough. If we are going to protect our children it is critical to understand what has been done about the problem, what is being done about it, and what more can be done to fight the predators. While most of the answers to these questions relate to the police, the courts, and the legislature, the role that parents play in protecting their children is also at issue.

For quite some time now, many young children have had to be left with strangers so that their parents could work. Most of the time parents know little about these people. "I think, going back years ago," Ralph Bennett explained to me, "we had more of an extended family. If there was a mother or father working, there was a grandparent, an aunt, an uncle; somebody to take care of that child. Well, today we don't have that; in fact, in many cases we don't even have a nuclear family. It may be a one-parent family. Well, that parent's got to work and so that child has to be somewhere, out of the family's control. I think this makes kids more vulnerable. I think that these children are more at risk, and the kids that we are seeing in here do not as a rule come from a good, strong, two-parent-family situation. Now obviously there are going to be exceptions to this because in all of these preschool and day-care centers we can't say all the parents were negligent. But day-care centers and nursery schools are becoming more prevalent because of the breakup of the family arrangement we knew in the past."

> The Rene Guyon Society, a pedophile organization, parades its slogan: "Sex by year eight or else it's too late."

In no way do Bennett or other authorities who are familiar with the problem of child molestation point a finger at preschools as the main cause of our child sex abuse problem. What they are concerned about is that the opportunities are far greater for harm to children who are spending more and more of their day with strangers. And at least until very recently, there has been little adequate screening of the individuals who work in any capacity with children. This includes teachers, playground workers, and volunteers in the Boy and Girl Scouts and similar organizations.

"I'd say that about 25 percent of pedophiles brought in here have prior records," Bennett explained. "Security checks of individuals applying for these jobs is a good idea. We've had that law in California for two-and-a-half years. If an individual applies for a job with a day-care center, Boy Scouts or Big Brothers, or any type of youth-service group, that group has the right to check with the Department of Justice in Sacramento to see if that person has a record of sex offenses. Not that they're going to discover it, because 99 percent of the time when they do check these people through the Department of Justice they don't come up showing a record. It is a good law because those people who do have a record of offenses will be dissuaded from applying for these jobs."

While nobody would challenge the sincerity of police officers in pursuing child sex offenders, there are some who believe that law enforcement officers are not trained to adequately fight the problem. "They really don't know what they're doing. They don't know how to go about doing an investigation of this sort," Bennett believes.

"We had a case in Pennsylvania and contacted everybody we could think of back there, from all kinds of police jurisdictions. We couldn't get anybody to help us. The same thing in a case in Arkansas. We got a guy out here in Los Angeles who's a schoolteacher. We got a search warrant on his house and recovered photographs of young boys. We found out that these photographs were taken in Arkansas and identified some of the kids back there. We got in touch with someone from that jurisdiction, asked them to help us, and we didn't hear one word."

We've noted several times that child sex abuse is an underreported crime, and that is one important reason why some police agencies are not prepared to act in these situations. "Many people, not necessarily police persons," Bennett pointed out to me, "are of the opinion that if there are no complaints you don't have any crimes. There is not a lot of proactive investigation in this area. Unless you go looking for them, there's a lot of them that you're not going to discover. . . .

"One of the reasons I think that we've been successful in this unit in getting convictions . . . is because if we get one child who complains, we know that there are other children involved as well, and we go looking for those children." Often, if one child makes a complaint it is very difficult to get a conviction, especially if the abused child is very young. "And if you don't look for other victims, you probably won't have a case."

Getting child molesters convicted has also proven very difficult. Recently, the

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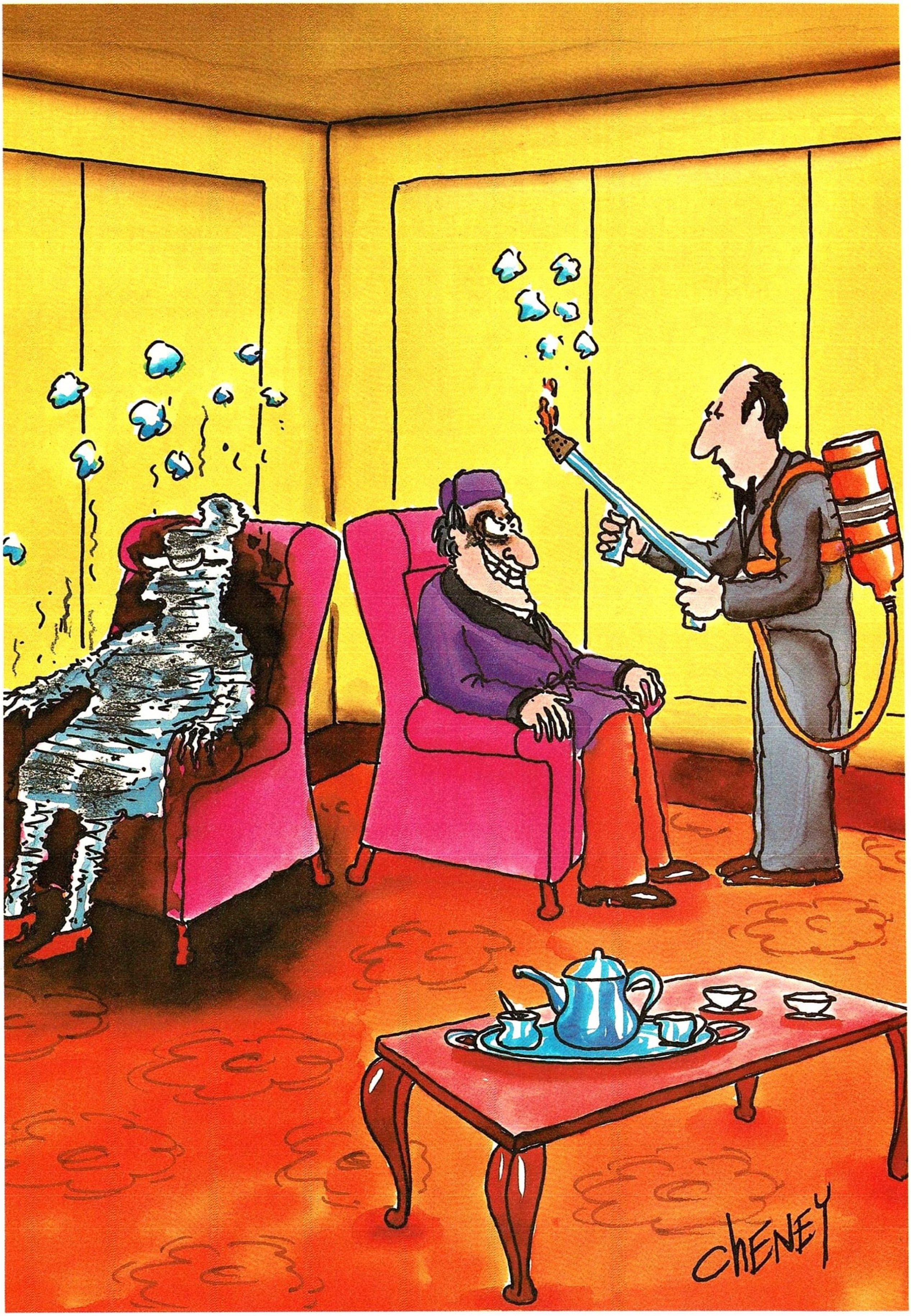

"Will that be all, sir?"

legislature and the courts have improved upon the situation. Linda Fairstein, chief of the Sex Crimes Unit of the New York County District Attorney's office, believes that the recent change in the corroboration requirement has made it easier to put child sex offenders in prison. The requirement of corroboration in molestation cases meant that the word of the victim was not sufficient for conviction. But how does one get independent corroboration of a crime that is usually done in private? Legislators have become aware of that fact, and with the exceptions of Nebraska and the District of Columbia, the corroboration requirement no longer exists in the prosecution of child sex abusers.

Linda Fairstein told *Penthouse* of another difficulty in the prosecution of child sex molesters: "Many of them are people who, to us from the outside, seem to be 'normal' people. They don't look like criminals. They are people who are well-dressed, well-educated, often professionals. Therefore, when a child says, 'Johnny did this to me or Uncle Joe did this to me,' the first reaction of the adult is disbelief of the child because that person, the adult offender, doesn't seem to be what we consider a molester. So it's a problem of convincing the jury of the same thing—that the defendant who looks very proper might have the problem that causes him to commit the act."

Jurors, Fairstein continued, "don't see children as objects of someone's sexual interest. They can't conceive of someone being interested in a nonconsenting relationship to begin with."

Fairstein agrees with people like Ralph Bennett who believe that, once convicted, child molesters should receive harsh sentences. She feels that because there is no known therapy to treat child molesters, offenders should at the very least be isolated from the community. Child molesters show no remorse over what they have done, and to allow them back in the community would only endanger children, Fairstein said. "When they are questioned by us they justify that what they're doing is better for the child than what anybody else does."

Daryll Gates, chief of the Los Angeles Police Department, has tried for many years to awaken the public to the widespread problem of child sex abuse. Gates told *Penthouse* what he believes must be done to combat this crime: "Educational programs must be developed for the children, their parents, and the community. Children must be made aware of the potential for molestation in their neighborhood, schools, and even their homes by persons familiar to them. They must be encouraged to report instances of molestation to their parents, teachers, or others in authority.

"Parents must learn to be sensitive to changes in their children's moods and behavior, patterns which might indicate molestation. The community as a whole must take responsibility for the safety of all children. Residents should be aware of strangers loitering about schools and playgrounds. They should not remain complacent when they see someone cruising the area attempting to make contact with children. Such instances should be reported immediately to local law enforcement authorities. . . .

"The focus of family law should be changed from family unification to protection of child victims in cases in which family members are involved in the sexual abuse of the child.

"Finally, the legislature must provide the resources necessary to mount an effective campaign against child molesters and sexual abusers. It is unrealistic to expect understaffed police, probation, and social service departments to successfully combat this problem."

Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber began a program in January 1984 that should prove to be an effective weapon in the war against child sex abusers. It is called PACT (Protect America's Children Today)—a grass-roots organization for people to help prevent situations in which their children might become victims. It offers information for children as young as three years old as to how they may protect themselves against child molesters.

Since its inception, this program has been receiving about one thousand letters a month from concerned parents. To keep afloat, PACT must rely on the goodwill of the community for its financial support. Anyone who is interested in PACT should contact: PACT, 817 Fairfield Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06604. The telephone number is (203) 334-3488. All donations are tax-deductible.

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Some new cassettes that
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off—or to throw up.

X-RATED VIDEOS

ERECTIONS INTACT

Intimate Action (Intact Productions)

When this tape scuttled out of the mailbag I snapped it up immediately, mostly to prevent it from leaving a trail of slime across my desk, but also because it has become a cult item of sorts among porn aficionados. After viewing it, I just didn't know whether to head for the john to whack off—or throw up.

Intimate Action is definitely a mixed bag, a real "variety" video, wherein Ernie Kovacs meets Annie Sprinkle. Annie actually nudges the peter-meter of perversion up a few notches in her scene. If a golden shower uses piss, what does a "rainbow shower" use? I'll let *you* figure that one out.

Luckily this video is not all weird shit, and some steamy sex vignettes keep your hands off the fast forward. The vignette "Santa Ria" has one of the hottest-looking Hispanic chicks I've ever seen, and the Third World keeps working on the third leg in another vignette on Asian vice dens. The folks who made this tape seem to like sluts, runaway dirty girls, and women who'll do *anything*. Weird, slutty, funny, horny—this tape delivers. So far, it's only available by mail: $79.95 to Intact Productions, Box 2218, Astoria Station, Long Island City, New York 11102.

Intimate Action ⊥⊥⊥

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Surrender in Paradise (Collector's Video)

A single male shipwrecked on an island with six young, beautiful females—if the idea seems hackneyed, it's because it is. But the beautiful flesh and high production values of this tape blow any thought of plot out of the water. Jerry Butler is the lucky male, and he's blond and hunky enough to appeal to the females. And there's more than enough female flesh here to keep any male viewer happy and busy. The body types are distributed between big-hootered B-girls and svelte models, so a man can pick and choose his favorite. Pop this into your Betamax, uncork a bottle, settle back with your partner, and your evening will make itself.

Surrender in Paradise ⊥⊥⊥

LAND OF THE RISING SCUM

Love Melody, Snow Country, Tampon Tango, The Girl From China (Orchids International)

Japanese censorship is so weird, so twisted, that it results in porn seemingly sent in from another planet. "No pubic hair," the stern rule of thumb laid down by General Douglas MacArthur when he presided over Japan after World War II, has saddled the Nipponese nooky industry ever since.

The censorship applies to video as well as to magazines. The Japanese—techno-whizzes that they are—have even developed a *computer* to help censor video images. And porn shops in Hawaii regularly offer their customers from the Orient a special service, whereby the newest hard-core releases are carefully repackaged in the latest Clint Eastwood or *Star Wars* box.

I Wanna Be Teased: *muck for morgue dwellers only.*

What the people at Orchids International have done is to have produced hard-core Japanese porn and sent it to the United States to be marketed. Some of it is very good, some of it is primarily suited to specific Japanese tastes, and some of it can be used for horny or hilarious cross-cultural experiences.

Take *Tampon Tango*, for example—take it as far away as possible. This is an astoundingly strange tape, though for connoisseurs of the bizarre it should become a cult classic. Shot entirely on videotape with generally shoddy lighting, acting, plot, pacing, sets—you name it, it's bad. Apparently this is a tape about the making of a bad, X-rated videotape, like *8½* was a movie about Fellini making a movie. *Tampon Tango* would be known as Japanese smut's "10½"—if there were any dorks of that size in all of the Orient. As it is, viewers will have to settle for the bizarre over the sexy: Huge meteorite tampons fall out of the sky, drum majorettes in drag march through orgies, scenes begin and end abruptly.

Snow Country and *Love Melody* are more traditional and straightforward examples of Asian porn: well produced, with beautiful and surprisingly full-breasted female leads and lots of hard-core action. *The Girl From China*, billed as the first hard-core feature from Hong Kong, is a little rougher, sort of like a kung fu flick crossed with an X-rater. If you're into Asian women, you'll want to own *Snow Country* or *Love Melody*; if you have a taste for the crazed and strange—

or if, since your accident, your frontal lobes have been short-circuiting—you'll want *Tampon Tango.*

Snow Country, Love Melody, Tampon Tango ⊥⊥⊥
The Girl From China ⊥⊥

MAKING BOOK

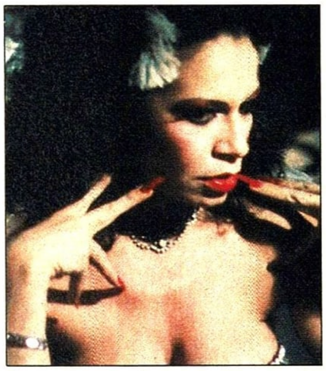
The jizz-frothed tidal wave of smut is swamping even the most avid collector of adult videotapes to the extent that he needs some sort of guide through porn's murky waters. There are three excellent books about the adult videotape market that I know of: all recent, fairly comprehensive, and up-to-date. Robert (*The Harrad Experiment*) Rimmer's *The X-Rated Videotape Guide* (Arlington House) is the slickest of the three, and the one most likely to turn up at the corner bookshop. It'll probably be the standard reference book on the subject for some time to come, but that's not to slight the other two guides, *Adult Video Index '84* by Keith L. Justice and *The Lary King Guide* by Lary (one *r* to differentiate him from the talk-show host) King. These last two are available primarily by mail, through ads in men's magazines. Any one of the books would give an overview of the adult videotape marketplace, which this column, because of space limitations, can't provide.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Spitfire (Command Video)
"I can even come with my husband."

—Gayle Sterling, in *Spitfire*

But can she come with this film? It's a moot point, because this film is wildly uneven, with a muddled and simplistic plot lit up by flashes of great sex that matches porcine male studs with delightfully slutty females.



Cafe Flesh: *Surreal sex.*

First the good news. Samantha Fox in this movie is like Eve throwing her first fuck: very enthusiastic and turned on. She has one of the most beautiful clits in porno films; it should be bronzed and mounted—preferably mounted by me. The other female lead, Annie Sprinkle, is wonderful also, the slut personified; she's able to combine innocence with an effortless raunchiness.

But the girls can't lift this film out from under the two fat blobs who fall on it, Michael Morrisey and R. Bolla. "You're too fat to fuck," yells a lady at Morrisey, and in fact he does resemble a fireplug more than a human being. Bolla is as bloated as Morrisey, and the two of them together are ideal candidates for helium blimps in the next Macy's parade.

Cecil Howard, a.k.a. Howard Winters, has made some good films in the past, but *Spitfire* is more like a sore waiting to be lanced than a film. Typical of the cavalier ignorance of cinematic technique that it displays is a scene where Eric Edwards gets walloped across the face but shows no bruise afterward. This is why porn often lacks plausibility and credibility: The people who make some of it are careless and unprofessional.

Spitfire ⊥

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Cafe Flesh (VCA)
It's midnight at Cafe Flesh, a post-nuclear holocaust Plato's Retreat. After getting their groins irradiated by a castrating flash of atomic energy, 99 percent of the population has been mutated into sex-negatives, totally turned off by sex and revulsed by contact with the opposite gender. The sex-negs come to Cafe Flesh to watch the sexually healthy one percent sex-positives get it on.

If this doesn't sound like the plot of an everyday hardcore feature, it's because *Cafe Flesh* isn't. This video is a surreal morality play about sex and freedom, a trumped-up dumb show in honor of today's crippled phallus. That's one way to look at it. In another sense, it's just a very hot, hard-and-heavy extravaganza of sensuality. The women are young, freaky, and very kinky—the sort who chew gum while they're giving you a blowjob.

A man hiding behind the unlikely moniker of Rinse Dream made this film and one called *Nightdreams*, another Felliniesque X-rater. He's given us a piece of work that puts the fever back into sex and reminds us that good sex—when it's very, very good—can be more like a hallucination of the apocalypse than anything else.

Cafe Flesh ⊥⊥⊥⊥

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TEASED

I Wanna Be Teased (Essex)
Wanna be revolted? Check out *I Wanna Be Teased.* Why porn producers think there is one standard for straight films and another, looser and shoddier, standard for their puke-smeared product, I don't know. What I do know is that after seeing a brain-damaged exercise in senility like this, I want to be revenged. Maria Tortuga has a telescope—that's the five-word story line right there. Bunny Bleu puts in another one of her appearances where it's evident that she has wandered in from the set of *The Night of the Living Dead*, although *living* is not the word for her. This is going to be a big favorite in catatonic wards all over the country; everybody else, stay away.

I Wanna Be Teased ⊥

—Al Goldstein

RATING KEY

⊥ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
⊥⊥ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
⊥⊥⊥ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
⊥⊥⊥⊥ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

RAPED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

ship, the leader. But it was the chemistry between the two that made it work so well: the balance of indomitable scrapper and thoughtful, quietly dependable backup, affable extrovert and stoical introvert.

Bo recalls, "The great thing was, Tommy believed in me. When he believed in me, he made me believe in myself. If I quit, Tommy would quit, and I didn't want to quit, because I always wanted to show Tommy: Lookit, we can do it."

In the months preceding the nun's rape, Bo and Tommy were on a roll—every case they "pulled down" was a success.

THE CASE

Although Bo and Tommy were not assigned to the rape investigation and had their hands full with other cases, everyone they knew, especially the Italians in Harlem, kept pressuring them to "go after the nun-rapers." The Italians regarded Bo and Tommy as different from other cops and trusted them in a particular way: They liked and respected Dietl and Colleran precisely because the two were not pure. Honest, yes, and dedicated lawmen certainly, but men who, like themselves, understood and still retained the raw vulgar texture of the streets. So the community residents expected more too; they expected, without consciously thinking about it, the two cops not merely to understand, but to share their outrage.

On the second Monday after the rape, Bo was drinking alone at the bar in Rao's, one of his favorite neighborhood hangouts. Once again, the regulars asked Bo what he was doing about the nun's rapists and expressed their clear opinion of the rest of the police force. At the end of the night, Vinnie Rao motioned Bo into the kitchen, where he imparted to the lawman a single strand of information that he hoped could become a rope. "Bo, I don't know if this is anything, but I was sweeping outside the other day, and some guy came up to me and said: 'If you want the guys who raped the nun, they come from 125th Street.' Then he kept walking through the park."

It did not matter to Bo that even a child would have seen that this was no real information. Even a child would have screamed back at the old man standing in the glare of his scrubbed and ancient kitchen: *This doesn't help us, don't you see? It wouldn't do much for us even if this guy told you he did it himself!* It didn't matter what a child might have said—because this time the child would have been wrong.

From Rao's, Bo went to the Adam's Apple. About 2:30 in the morning, the place virtually empty, Bo's friend Felix slid into the seat next to him and asked the usual question. Bo just looked at Felix, and he felt as if a sledgehammer had suddenly come down on his head. He spurted, "Felix, we're going to break that nun case!" Everything inside him had suddenly exploded in a brilliant flash. It seemed to him that he and Tommy had been singled out by God to rectify a terrible wrong and for that inspired moment everything came together in his vision of certainty—their recent successes, their measure of Harlem, the faith everyone placed in them, and Rao's morsel of vague hearsay, which Bo suddenly and inexplicably knew was the absolute truth.

The following day, Bo said nothing to Tommy. He called Pete Christianson and repeated what Rao had told him. Christianson confirmed that the old man had given other detectives the same information when they questioned everyone in the neighborhood. And Pete told Bo what he already knew—that it didn't mean much. They had received hundreds of similar tips.

> Bo threw a punch into the suspect's face, sending him sprawling. "What did you do in there? How did you rape that nun?"

"Pete, have you got anything?" Bo asked before he hung up.

"To be honest, we don't have a damn thing. Nothing. You might as well work on this as anybody."

The next day, when they were finished working, Bo told Tommy he'd meet him later at the corner bar; he had to go see someone first. He went to the precinct captain, Louis Fortunato, who congratulated him for recently solved cases.

"Okay, I've got one for you now," declared the stocky cop leaning over his superior's cluttered desk. "I'd like three days to work on this nun case with Tommy."

"What d'you mean?"

"I've got a little information." He didn't want to go into it, but the look on Fortunato's face insisted, so he continued, "Cap, we got some information from our people. It ain't much but we might have something. You might think I'm fucking crazy or something, but all Tuesday I was shaking. It was like I was hearing voices or something."

Fortunato gave Bo three days.

He hurried to the bar and told Tommy. When he finished, Tommy studied his partner and said, "We've got just about shit here. There's no evidence, nothing."

"No, Tommy, listen, I feel it in my *bones!* I don't know what it is, something spiritual maybe; I can't explain, but I got the strongest fucking feeling I ever got."

"You're out of your fucking mind."

Bo persisted and the more they drank, the more Tommy began to belive they had a chance. "All we can do is sonofabitch try, right Bo?" They drank until 2:00 A.M. before finally deciding to get some sleep. Outside they hugged and kissed like brothers—as they always did when they separated—and Bo shouted after the retreating form of his friend, "Tommy, you better be there, Tommy. Eight o'clock, we're starting this thing off."

They met at the precinct, hung over awfully, and the first thing they did was get a can of beer to take the edge off the way they felt. Then they started at the East River and worked west along 125th Street. Sticking to their original hunch that the rapists were burglars, and remembering the junkies' description of the tall and short blacks they had seen by the convent, Bo and Tommy went from building to building, questioning everyone about a "Mutt and Jeff" burglar team. They had a composite drawing of what one of the men might have looked like. Showing it to each potential witness, Bo flatly inquired: "You know anyone who looks like this Mutt?"

They continued this type of elementary, painstaking questioning until midnight. Then, exhausted and wanting a drink, they decided to call it a night and go to the corner bar.

As they walked from their car to the bar, Tommy said, "This is getting futile, Bo." And Bo himself was thinking, *I'm playing with myself. We ain't gonna catch anybody like this.* But he didn't let on to Colleran. Inside they found their sergeant, Bob Stephens, and a couple of others from the squad.

"What the hell are you guys working on?" asked Stephens.

"The captain gave us special permission on the nun case." Bo told them what he and Tommy were doing. The others, except Stephens, laughed. Bo burned inside. "We're going to break this case," he said, more hurt than angry.

They played poker in the back of the bar and continued drinking. At about 4:00 A.M., Bo announced, "C'mon Tommy, let's go, it's time to work again."

They drove slowly up Park Avenue and witnessed what they had seen a hundred times before, the savage landscape of Harlem mysteriously softened by the kindness of night: the burnt-out buildings that in daylight soundlessly glare with their charred, sardonic grimaces were now dissolved into the dreamlike darkness—the darkness itself stained by the gentle frozen light of street lamps, by the burning white eyes of the few cars gliding and bumping over the roads like giant rats hurrying along a corridor, by the now limp, then furious light of the all-night grocery stores and fast-food places, and by, where it is seen between the impervious and sleeping buildings, the city's reflected iron glow in the sky.

The only people on the streets were prostitutes, pimps, and nickel- and dime-bag pushers. Bo and Tommy got heavy with all of them, threatening to lock them up every night from now on if they didn't come back with information.

They worked through the not-morning, while the pimps and prostitutes disappeared, withdrawing like shadows banished by the fuller light, and were replaced by the thick flow of humanity that surges through Harlem by day. Around noon, a Hispanic informant directed them to a nearby tenement. Inside, said the man, lived a burglar named Harold Wells. Wells had a friend, a short guy, who had helped him rip off a discotheque owned by a Harlem mobster, Nicky Barnes.

The building, at 62 East 125th Street, was five stories high, dirty brown, and partially abandoned. Inside, garbage was strewn on the floor and stairs, and its smell permeated the narrow hallway. Bo knocked at the first apartment. Through the door, he and Tommy heard a girl calling, "Cops are here, cops are here!" The door opened, and a crowd of youngsters, giggling and slapping each other quiet, faced them. In the background, Bo thought he heard the sounds of a couple in bed.

"Where's Harold?" he asked.

"He lives upstairs, second floor."

"Does he have a friend he hangs out with?"

"Yeah, a short guy."

"What's he look like? Does he limp?"

All the kids were talking at once. Someone said, "No, he walks with a *bop*."

"He walks with a *bop*?" In the hallway Bo imitated an exaggerated ghetto bounce.

"Yeah, he walks like that!" shrieked one of the little girls.

Bo looked at Tommy. "Which apartment does Harold live in?"

Someone told them and they went to it. An old man with a glass eye opened the door. He was Wells's stepfather and the building superintendent. He invited them into an untidy but clean single room with the kitchen in the center. The pale, colorless light of indirect sunshine washed the room. A pretty, wide-eyed three-year-old girl sat on the couch.

The two cops explained about the nun and showed their drawing. The old man shrugged; it didn't look like Harold, he said. He was cordial but evasive, saying that he hadn't seen his stepson for a week. Finally Bo handed him a card. "Lookit, please call if you hear anything."

They crosed the hall to an abandoned apartment into which a cable ran under a slightly ajar door. They pushed it open and entered. The apartment was dark except for a candle flickering on the floor. Suddenly a huge, seven-foot-three-inch

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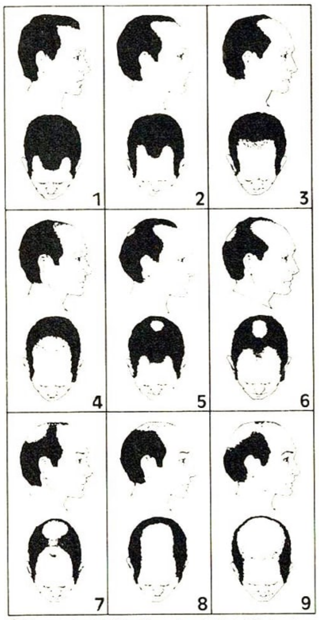

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black tried to slam the door shut. Bo and Tommy pulled their guns and shouted, "Police!" The giraffelike black stared murderously at them.

"We're not looking for you. Chill out, chill out!" screamed Bo. "I don't give a fuck what you're into! I want info on your friend Harold."

"He hangs out with Max. I haven't seen him since Monday. He lives with the old man." His voice was tremendously deep, and his eyes were wild. When he was sure the cops weren't interested in him, he became extremely cooperative, telling them that Harold's nickname was "Chicago" and that Nicky Barnes's men were looking for them. No, he didn't know anything about the nun.

They went back to the old man: "Look, don't fuck us around! Where's Harold?"

"I haven't seen him since Monday," he replied sheepishly.

"All we're concerned about is the nun case. We don't give a fuck about any of these other burglaries."

They left the building and continued along 125th. By late afternoon, they were deep in the heart of Harlem and going through the projects. The evening turned nasty as a tremendous rainstorm crashed over the city.

They drove to the Colonial, parking right outside and dashing through the torrent into the restaurant. Inside, they slapped the rain off themselves, and Bo kissed the Italians at the bar and told them he was working on "the nun caper." He lamented, "I think I fucking missed the guys that did it. I think we missed them. I feel these are the freakin' guys. I don't know what Tommy feels." He looked at his partner, then turned back and blurted: "Tommy feels like another scotch and soda!

Their seafood salad arrived and Tommy, still just drinking, didn't eat. He stared at his gleaming plate of octopus, calamari, and shellfish. "C'mon Tommy, *eat,*" implored Bo, his mouth full.

"How can you eat that fucking stuff?" returned the other. "I never eat anything that has one eye and looks back at me."

The phone rang at the bar. It was for Bo. When he returned to the table his face was deadly serious. "The old man just called. The precinct is looking for us. He's got info, let's go."

They raced back to the precinct, picked up Bob Stephens, and then tore up Park Avenue to 62 East 125th Street. The old man opened the door to their knock and looked cautiously along the corridor, then invited the rain-soaked cops in.

Two black women in their fifties sat on the couch, silent and apprehensive. The little girl was still there, awake, now lying on the bed propped on her elbows. Bo and Tommy went with the old man to the kitchen table.

"What's up?" Bo asked.

"I don't know if my stepson did anything, but . . . he was here earlier."

"Listen," interjected Tommy softly, "wouldn't you rather him be vindicated in your own mind? Cooperate with us and we'll talk to him."

The old man nodded. "Let me tell you something: If my stepson had anything to do with this nun rape, *I* want to know," and he jabbed himself in the chest, his glass eye peering in one direction, his good eye looking straight at Bo.

"I should have called you earlier," he went on. "After you guys were here this afternoon, Harold came here. He had a girl with him. When he heard you were looking for him, he asked me for money. I gave him money, and he left for Chicago with his girl. They went from Port Authority. He was very nervous. If he had anything to do with raping the nun I want him to be caught."

Stephens's and Tommy's eyes widened; Bo was shaking in the chair. "What time did he leave?"

"About five o'clock, for the Port Authority."

It was 11:00 P.M. now—Wells would have been on the road six hours. Even though Bo was cautioning himself, *This is still nothing, we haven't talked to the guy yet,* he was so excited that he bounced up and kissed the old man, telling him, "There's a $10,000 reward. You're going to get it if this is the man who did it."

"I don't want any reward. If my stepson had anything to do with this, I want you to arrest him."

Emotionally, Bo hugged him. "I love you. You don't know what you're doing for us! If ever I can help you with anything in your life, you call me and tell me."

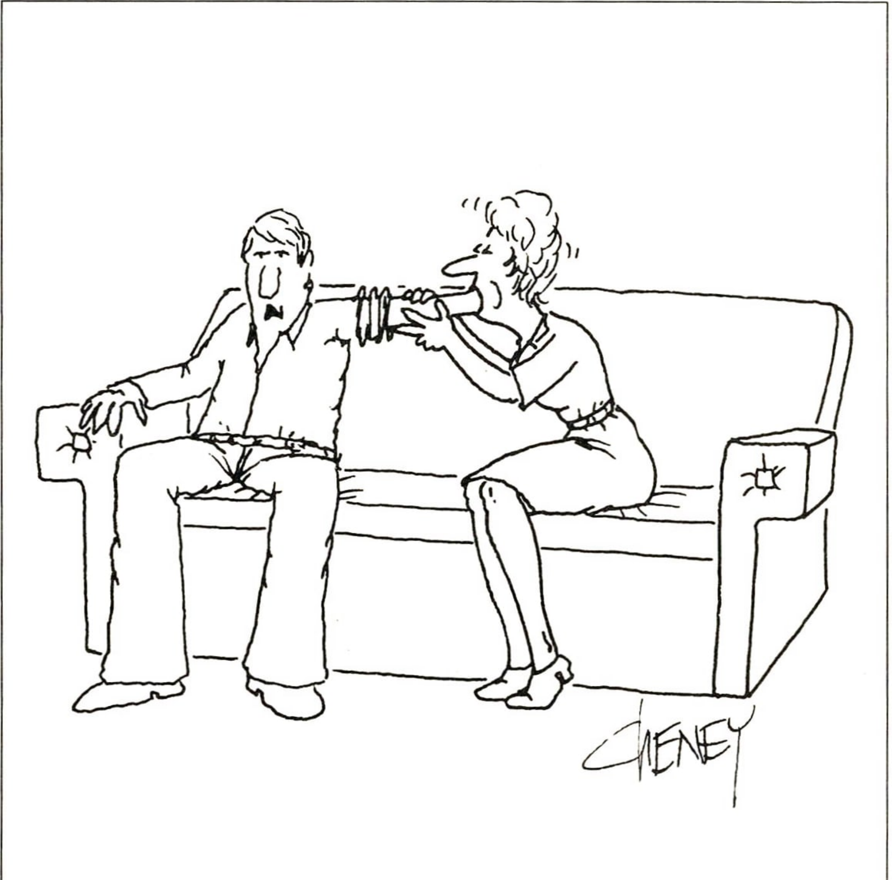
Back at the precinct, Bo phoned Captain Creane, who was with the task force, and told him about the old man. Creane told Bo to contact the sex crimes unit. But it was midnight and no one answered. When Creane called back, he told Bo that he had just spoken with Inspector Sibone, then chief of detectives for Manhattan North, who remembered them from a previous case. Sibone said that if Dietl and Colleran thought they were onto something, then he would be willing to take it seriously. Moments later Sibone himself called.

"What have you *really* got?"

"Inspector, I don't know what we fucking *got,* but I've got the strongest feeling I ever had in my life. We got a guy on the run to Chicago because he heard we were looking for him. He's definitely a burglar, and he's tall and works with a short guy that bops, and those might be the guys those skells saw at the convent. We haven't spoken to the fucking guy, but I think he's one of them."

"Okay, I'm authorizing you to fly out there. See what flight you can get."

They phoned the airports but there were no more flights leaving that night for anywhere. It wasn't even possible to



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Bo got a brainstorm. He called the Chicago police violent crimes section. A Sergeant Kelly answered.

"Lookit," explained Bo, after telling him the background, "we've got a guy coming out on a bus, a possible suspect. We haven't talked to him, but you've been a cop a lot of years, and my partner and I have got a feeling that's unbelievable. We want you to follow him when he gets off the bus." Kelly willingly agreed—the Chicago papers had been full of the case, too. Bo described Wells from a photo the stepfather had given him. "Just follow him, now, till we get there. Don't pick him up," stressed Bo.

When Sibone called back Bo told him what he'd done, and the inspector said he'd see them both in the morning. The two cops could not go to sleep. Instead, they spent the night trying to piece together an ID on Wells. They couldn't. He had no previous record.

Sibone arrived a little before 7:00 A.M. Tommy was out getting breakfast. Suddenly the phone rang. It was Sergeant Kelly. "We've got your boy!"

Bo went cold all over. "What do you mean, you've got our boy? You're supposed to follow the guy, not grab him!"

"No, no, no," protested Kelly, "he 'fessed up to everything."

"Why'd you pick him *up?*" stammered Dietl.

"He got off the bus with his girlfriend and he told us everything. All the details. He was afraid the mob was going to get him."

Tommy had returned and was standing over his partner, their breakfast on a tray in his hands. Bo abruptly leapt up and threw the tray into the air. "Tommy, we got him!"

For the next few minutes, mayhem erupted in the precinct. Like an inflated but untied balloon released, Bo tore through the station house. He came back into the squad room and he and Tommy bear-hugged.

Wells had named Max Lindeman as the man with him at the convent. Tommy recognized the name—he had locked him up during the 1977 blackout for looting. Now Tommy called home and woke up his son to locate Lindeman's record in his dad's arrest files.

Meanwhile, Bo ran outside, took one of the blue-and-white radio cars, and, with lights flashing and siren wailing, rushed over to 116th Street to yell the news at the waking neighborhood—screaming out the window in a voice soon hoarse from the effort and brittle from accumulated exhaustion and exhilaration. Some old Italian widows on their way to early morning mass, dressed all in black and looking like ageless and enduring crows, came up to the car that he had stopped in order to speak to them. As he told them the news, he could see the emotion on their faces—faces that looked as if they had long since exceeded the time when it was necessary to express emotion—and he heard their ancient, weak, but indomitable voices blessing him.

He went to the convent and told the nun who answered the door that he and his partner caught the rapists. They hugged each other, silently, for a moment. From there, he went to Rao's, pounding on the restaurant door till Vinnie, still half asleep, irritably opened it. Bo planted a big kiss on his cheek and spurted, "We got 'em, the guys that raped the nun!" Rao's face lit up and then they, too, embraced.

When Bo returned to the precinct, he found it full of police brass, case investigators, and press. The squad room was as crowded as a platform waiting room after a train has been canceled, and just as impatiently tense. But Bo discovered that he and Tommy were being pushed out. All over the station house, meetings were being conducted without them. He couldn't even get to speak to Sergeant Kelly again; the sex crimes detectives had him exclusively. To add to the insult, some task force detectives were wandering around dousing enthusiasm by saying they didn't think Wells was guilty—they suspected the Chicago police had beaten a confession out of him.

> Bo was overwhelmed by an intense sensation. Later he described it as "20,000 of your best orgasms rolled into one."

Bo and Tommy became as depressed as they had been elated. And then Bob Stephens walked quietly over and said, "Let's go get Max." In the confusion, everyone had forgotten about Lindeman.

First the trio went to his mother's address, but found only her and her boyfriend there. Like three crazed men, they hit the most likely junkie joints, broke down doors and grabbed junkies, slapping them around and putting their heads down toilets—"Where's Max? Where's Max, you fucking junkie!" they shouted each time.

Eventually they returned to the precinct where there was a message waiting. Max's mother had called: He was with her now and wanted to surrender to Tommy, who, he remembered, had bought him a packet of cigarettes when he was in jail in 1977.

So Tommy went to collect the fugitive. Lindeman walked into the squad room between Stephens and Colleran, almost hidden by the two much larger men. Lindeman was very short, just over five feet, and wimpy looking, though with an attempt at arrogance.

"Your partner gave you up in Chicago," growled Bo.

"Fuck you, I didn't do nothing," spat back Lindeman.

Bo's mind went black and the anger burst inside him. He threw a punch into Lindeman's face, sending the man sprawling across the wall of the interrogation room. Tommy jumped on Bo and held him down while his partner seethed at Lindeman through gritted teeth: "You fucking scumbag! After what you did—what did you do in there? How did you rape that nun?"

Lindeman was against the far wall holding his face and pleading, "Keep that little guy off me!"

"What happened out there? WHAT DID YOU DO TO THIS NUN? Let me go, Tommy, I want to shoot this motherfucker now!"

Tommy held on and dragged him out of the room. "Bo, just take it easy, take it easy."

Bo calmed down and went into the viewing room where he could watch and listen to the interrogation. For four hours Pete Christianson and Danny Ruffle, from sex crimes, and Tommy questioned him, never losing their patience, although not getting anywhere with the frightened, 22-year-old suspect who kept repeating, "I don't know what I should do. . . ." To which Tommy would reply, leaning forward with a soothing voice that sounded like a priest's, "You're going to have to answer to that man upstairs. Cleanse your soul." When he could see that they were getting absolutely nothing out of Lindeman, Bo would burst into the room and pretend to go for him, screaming that he was going to let him go so the Mafia could get him, while the others "restrained" him. After each explosion, Lindeman would be nervous for a while and talk, but still deny being in the convent.

Once more, the people in the squad room were saying they didn't think this was the rapist. Detectives stood with Bo in the cramped dark viewing room, leaning against the filing cabinets or sitting on the spare desk and watching the proceedings going on in the brightly lit room next door. Repeatedly they shook their heads, "Dietl, this ain't the guy."

Now it was late afternoon. Bo was watching alone—leaning forward against the lighted glass like a child pressing his face against the window of a closed toy store on a dark Christmas Eve, any sense of how long he had been there, or in how much discomfort, washed away by his obsession with what lies on the other side of the glass—when Lindeman, alone with Danny, suddenly but slowly dropped his head into his hands and mumbled: "We were smoking dust that day and all I remember is grabbing the nun . . ."

A sensation more intense than any Bo had ever known overwhelmed him. He described it later as "20,000 of your best orgasms rolled into one." For a second he didn't move. Then he flung open the door and burst into the squad room. It was mostly empty now. Tommy was smoking and talking with two cops from the DA's office.

"Tommy, he 'fessed up," Bo shouted. "We've got two guys, now, in two places, that said they did it! Tommy, it's over! It's over!"

TWO YEARS LATER

It was a summer evening. Bo and Tommy had been reassigned to different precincts in Brooklyn soon after they broke the case. But they had returned to the Two-Five for a retirement party.

They came off the East River Drive at 116th and stopped the car opposite the convent. A few lights shone in windows on the corner of the dark street. In the car, there was only the glow of the dashboard as Bo spoke quietly to a friend in the back seat.

The rapists had been able to cop pleas, Bo explained. Because the nun didn't want to testify, Lindeman got 20 years and Wells 15 years. In fact, Bo said, the nun even forgave her assailants and prayed for their souls.

The friend asked if they ever met her.

"No. The only contact we ever had with her was after we cracked the case; she sent Tommy and me a dozen red roses, and said she would say a prayer for us every morning for the rest of her life."

For a moment, no one said anything. Then Bo broke the silence. "We don't go to church every Sunday, but believe it or not, after we broke the case we started to go.

"Everybody said it was great police work, but I go beyond that. Did you ever believe in miracles? We had nothing, but we were steered to take on the case, we were steered to go to the building where the old man lived: It was a miracle . . .

"And after that," he continued shortly, "nightly we would be drinking up at the corner bar, me and Tommy would start hugging. This was months after. We would get a feeling sitting there talking where our whole bodies would go into a thing and the chills would come back. And I'd say to Tommy, or he'd say to me, 'We did something, Tommy, something no one else could have done. And they can never take it away from us!' "

The car was purring, the engine still on. Bo turned to face his friend behind him and, his eyes alive with the recollection, told how his young daughter had brought some of his clippings to school and declared: "My daddy is a famous detective. He raped and killed a nun!" Then he roared the laugh that exploded over everyone else's—"Aaahahaa!"—threw the car into drive and lurched it away from the curb toward the party.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

That was about eight o'clock, and the wait was awful. I was so excited—plans kept racing through my head about what we could do together. Finally, I decided on an old standby: I went out and bought a deck of cards. If they didn't have any special plan in mind, we could always try strip poker. I got more and more excited as I imagined what would take place later. I am an easygoing guy, but I can take charge if I sense that a couple wants direction or that one of the pair is embarrassed to speak up in front of his or her mate. And from these two I knew just what I wanted.

Jean had long blond hair, but I always check a woman's eyebrows for hair color and texture, because very often their shape tells something about the look of the woman's pussy: Bushy eyebrows sometimes mean a thick bush between the legs, thin brows sometimes mean sparse cunt hair. And Jean's were delectably dark and pencil-thin.

The appointed hour came, and I went downstairs. Sure enough, John and Jean showed up. She looked terrific. She wore a silky dress that showed off her long legs. Her tiny breasts were concealed beneath a tight leotard. I had changed briefs but was already getting wet just looking at her. I told them that my other friends couldn't make it, and they just smiled and didn't look disappointed. We listened to the music for a while and had a few drinks, then I said, "It's time to go upstairs." They put down their glasses right away and looked sober-faced as they turned to follow me. The ride up the elevator was quiet and Jean looked a little nervous.

In my room we sat around the small table and had another drink. John finally spoke up to tell me that when I had called and mentioned "swinging," he thought it meant "dancing." But as he and Jean discussed my invitation, it became clear they realized that it probably was not just a dance they had been invited to. I just smiled and let him talk. They had decided to come and meet me to see what this was all about, but obviously neither of them had ever swung. They thought that if another couple was involved then maybe they could just watch to see how they felt. But that was no longer possible, so he and Jean weren't sure what to do. I told them: "No problem. Do whatever's comfortable for you." They looked a little relieved.

I put on the radio, and we talked about our vacations. I could tell they were feeling better, and that's when I suggested we play cards. They were both avid card-players and agreed right away. After three hands I suggested that the loser each round should remove some clothing. Jean chuckled and John looked at her. She smiled over at him, and we continued. After a few hands, all kinds of little things came off—earrings, socks, etc.

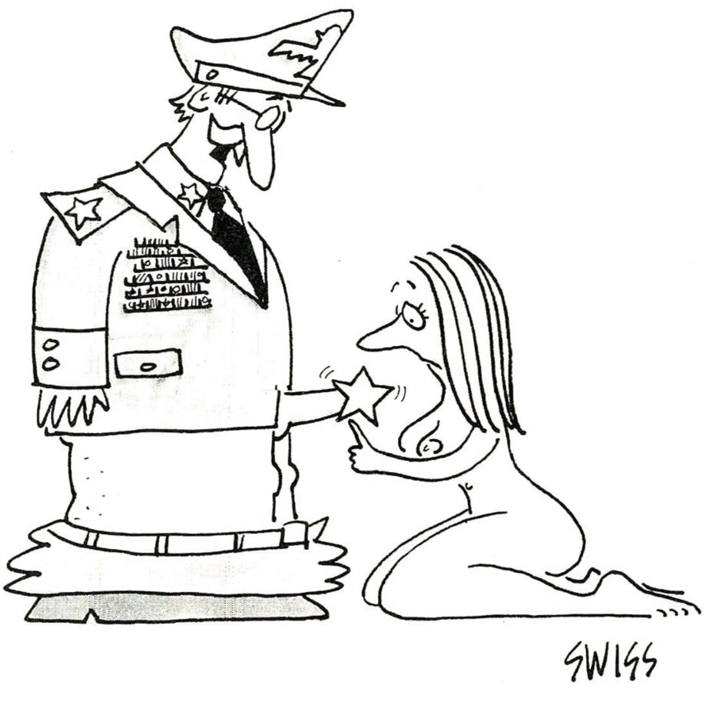
As each round went by, I could feel the tension in the air increase: John and Jean were wondering what they would do if they had to show their privates. Jean was getting downright red-faced and her breathing became more rapid. At that point I suggested we stop for a minute and take a break. John was in trousers only and Jean was in her tights—I don't think she had anything else on. I still had on my polo shirt and briefs. It was my turn to deal and, as I handed out the cards, I announced, "The loser, whoever it may be, will have to masturbate for the rest of us." Jean's eyes grew as big as saucers. John just stared at me and said okay. Since the two men were in agreement, Jean seemed to feel compelled to play along. I lost the hand and off came my shirt. Then John lost. The next loser would be our entertainment. I lost.

John looked relieved. I pushed back my chair and said, "Good, I'll be glad to do this for you." I pulled the table out of the way and moved to stand in front of them. I hiked up the legband of my briefs to show more of my ass and drew the briefs tighter around my penis and balls. My dick had been stiff as a board on and off all night, and now it was at half-staff, thick and rubbery, just relaxing for a while. Jean was transfixed, staring at my fingers as I outlined my prick and teased myself. John sank back in his chair and looked on.

My penis was starting to uncoil as I relaxed and really started to enjoy the scene. Each time I stroked the underside of my dick, it extended another quarter-inch. My briefs came up to just below my navel, and the head of my cock was crawling closer and closer to the top of the waistband. Jean leaned forward slightly to see better. I took a step toward her as my cock popped up out of the top of my briefs. I grabbed the tip and lowered it slowly so she could see the whole shaft. Under her breath I could hear her whisper, "All right," and I slipped the briefs all the way off.

I coated my dick with suntan oil and smoothed it into the skin, making my unit glisten with moisture. But before I went any further, John tore off his underwear and started pumping his penis. I think he liked the show and wanted to be part of it. We sat facing one another in opposite chairs and pointed our cocks at each other as we worked our fists up and down our shafts. John didn't last more than ten strokes before popping a load. I kept going and then told them that I can go for fifteen minutes or more if they wanted.

John said, "Come on Jean, join in." But she still hesitated and said, "This is a great scene. I think I'll just enjoy watching and then we can go." John pleaded, "Oh take off that leotard and relax, I'm starting to get hard again." She shook her head. But



"You act like you've never seen a brigadier genital *before. . ."*

John wouldn't give up. He tried to take off her shoulder straps but she pushed him away. Then they wrestled playfully until he actually put her into an arm-lock hold. He marched her up to me and said, "Take her tits out." She laughed and almost cried, all at the same time.

I wasn't sure what to do at that point, but my dick sure loved it. It got tighter and harder then ever. I stood, reached out to her breasts, and fondled them through her leotard. She tried to struggle free from her husband, but he held tight. I stretched one strap down her arm and freed one corner of the leotard. As I peeled the material down and got to her nipple, I told her how good it was to finally look at her pink little tits.

Since John was still holding her, I couldn't undo her other arm, so I took a pair of scissors and cut the strap. The top rolled down to her waist while she arched her back. I told her that I was now going to look at her pussy. She struggled some more and then said, "Let me go, John. I'm okay, I'll show him." John let go and Jean sighed. I told her to step up on the table in front of the mirror. When she did, I reached up and stroked the nylon-covered mound between her legs. Her pussy was right at eye level. I pulled at the leotard and peeled it away. What a sight!

Just as I had imagined, the hair on her cunt was sparse and her cleft was clearly visible. I asked her to get down and have a seat. I sat across from her and complimented her on having such a fine body. Then I told her to spread her legs. She gave me a sober look and separated her legs a little. I said, "Wide open," and she really opened wide. I walked over and guided the head of my penis to her crack and slid it over her clit. Her body twitched. I did it again and again, her head jerking forward and letting out a little gasp each time my prick slipped over her trigger.

I put my hands on her waist and stood her up and embraced her as we kissed. She was practically panting as I laid her on the bed and spread her legs for a thorough tongue-lashing on her puss. I looked at John, whose cock was straining at its limits again, and he nodded his approval as I began long, slow licks from her anus to the top of her cunt lips. We went on with slow and deliberate lovemaking, stopping to recover and relax just enough to keep us all hot without boiling over. I didn't allow myself to penetrate Jean for about an hour. And when I started to slide my shaft inside I couldn't tell how tight her cunt really was: she was so very, very juicy. She stopped me after about six inches were in and reached down to check how much more of me was still outside. She said, "I think it's okay—go ahead," and I slid the rest in.

After I've worked my dick in and out of a pussy for a while, my cock gets used to the friction and I can last for a long time. In fact, it's sometimes hard to come when I finally want to. I poked Jean for fifteen minutes and, as the time went by, she and John were amazed. Jean climbed off me, and I rolled over, with my penis still pointing absolutely straight up to the ceiling, a good eight inches long. She toweled me dry and went down on me in an attempt to finish me off. She had to nibble along the side of my dick to get at all of it, then she took little bites on the head. Nothing was working, so I suggested we just wait a while and try again later. After a few minutes my erection slumped, but boy, did my balls ache. Then Jean had an idea. She got dressed, holding up her leotard, and dashed out of the room saying she'd be right back.

Sure enough, in about ten minutes she walked in with another couple in tow. I had a towel across my lap, but John was nude and stroking his dick as they came in. Sue and Jim had been in the lounge when Jean approached them. She told them that she had a great deal for them upstairs in one of the hotel rooms and filled them in on the elevator. Jim immediately reached for Jean, and she couldn't get undressed fast enough. Sue walked over to me and said over her shoulder to Jean, "Is this the guy?" Jean nodded, and Sue lifted the towel.

My cock was stirring again. Sue said, "Let's see if we can't get this guy's come out of those nice balls." Then she untied her scarf and took off her skirt. She was certainly an eyeful of a woman: red hair cut very short, about five foot eight, tall and skinny as can be.

She made me sit on the floor, legs spread, then tied my ankles to the desk legs. Sitting up, she secured my arms behind me and said, "Now I don't want you to touch that tiny little cock of yours." Then the tease started. She moved a stool between my legs and sat on it so I could look right up her legs to her crotch. She gathered her panties so that the nylon folded up inside her pussy lips, then moved her panties back and forth in her cunt to stimulate herself. I could see just about every detail of her twat, including the reddish hair that surrounded her snatch. After she had an orgasm, she pulled the panties aside and I saw her fully parted pink lips up close as she rubbed her palm across them.

She said, "I'm just gonna give you one chance with me, so you better make it good." She pushed me backward to the floor, straddled my midsection, and started a slow descent on my prick. I was really turned on by the serious, almost mean look on her face. My dick made contact with her wet pussy, and she said, "Don't waste your only chance." With that she started forcing herself down on my shaft. That night I discovered a new definition of "tight." This lady's red-haired snatch was so small that she squeezed the come right out of my rod. I was popping and bucking in orgasm in no time. The relief was unbelievable.

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We've all traded addresses and plan to get together again soon.—*Name and address withheld*

WORK INCENTIVE

I am a 28-year-old male, employed with a major computer company. In a company as large as mine, there tends to be a lot of beautiful women around.

One day while I was working on a terminal, a message flashed across the screen. It said, "I want to lick your body." I immediately responded with, "If you're who I think you are, I'm sure it can be arranged." I had a feeling I knew who it was. There's this fox, Cathy, in our computer center, with a gorgeous ass and the most succulent pair of breasts you would ever want to twirl your tongue around.

Later that week, I went downstairs for some printouts when Cathy came up to me and said that she had something to show me. I eagerly followed her sweet ass down the hall and into the elevator. She pushed the button for the 15th floor and then turned around and gave me the most seductive look I've ever seen. At that point she leaned back against the doors and slowly lifted her dress to expose her sheer black stockings and a black-lace garter belt. She had no panties on, and her beautiful blond bush seemed to quiver. Needless to say, I had a hard-on that was about to burst out of my pants. I reached out and gently caressed the tight little mound that was awaiting me when she reached up and started fondling her breasts. It was just my luck that we reached the 15th floor, so we had to restrain ourselves.

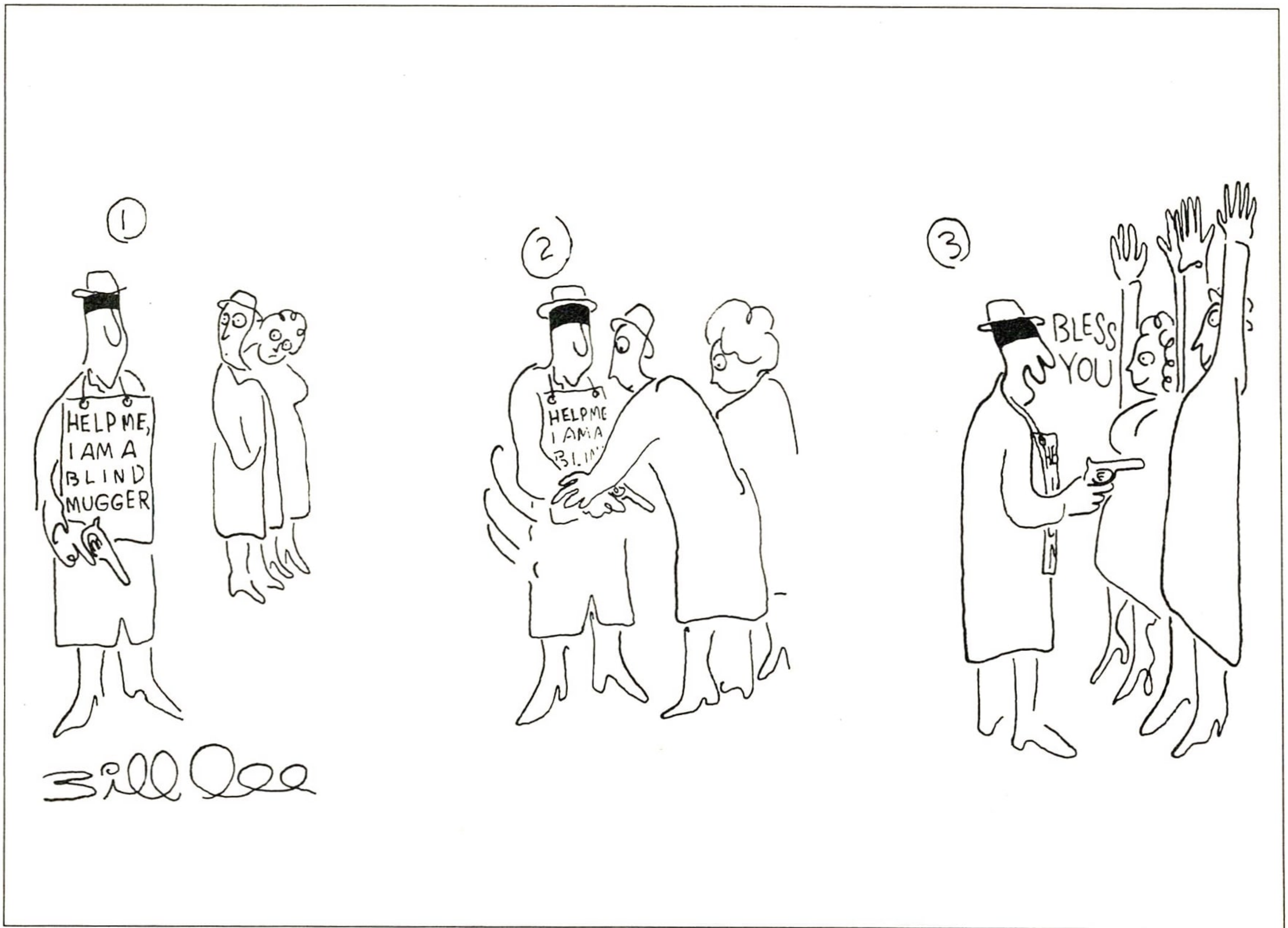
The doors sprang open, and I asked if she would like to continue the session elsewhere. She readily agreed and we walked lustfully toward my office. After we went inside she locked the door, lifting up her long, silky blond hair in a sultry manner, and stared at me with her awesome green eyes. I moved slowly toward her. She put my arms around her as she drove her tongue into the innermost regions of my mouth. This girl was unbelievably hot. Inserting my hands up under her dress, I felt her luscious pussy. It was dripping with hot, steamy juices awaiting the tender touch of my masterful tongue. I couldn't wait to put my face deep between her legs, but first I had to caress her warm breasts and kiss her supple nipples. Lifting her up by her tasty ass, I laid her across my desk where I proceeded to strip her. As I put her legs over my shoulders, I slowly explored her love canal with my tongue. She began to moan with lust.

Playing with her own hardened nipples, she begged me to slide my meat into her tunnel of passion. At that moment, I spread wide her slender legs and inserted my massive cock. She let out a whimper and then a yell, as she dug her long, sharp fingernails into my ass. "Harder," I bellowed, as I thrust my manhood into her. We both climaxed at once and my hot jism spilled out of her. We both lay there in ecstasy.

I find it very easy to get up for work these days in more ways than one.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS
Pet of the Month Rebecca Hill, who appears on page 83, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison filters. Vanessa Williams, who appears on page 52, was photographed by Jonathan Aaron with a Nikon Nikormat camera and Nikkor 55, 85, and 105 lenses. Our Classic Automobiles pictorial, beginning on page 70, was photographed by Cindy Lewis with a Nikon F3, and Hasselblad, cameras, and Balcar strobes. Suze Randall photographed Hot Shots, beginning on page 144, with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 105 lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter.


①
HELP ME, I AM A BLIND MUGGER
②
HELP ME I AM A BLIN
③
BLESS YOU
Bill Lee

"Every successful man gets up early in the morning and is always tanned."

Aristotle Onassis

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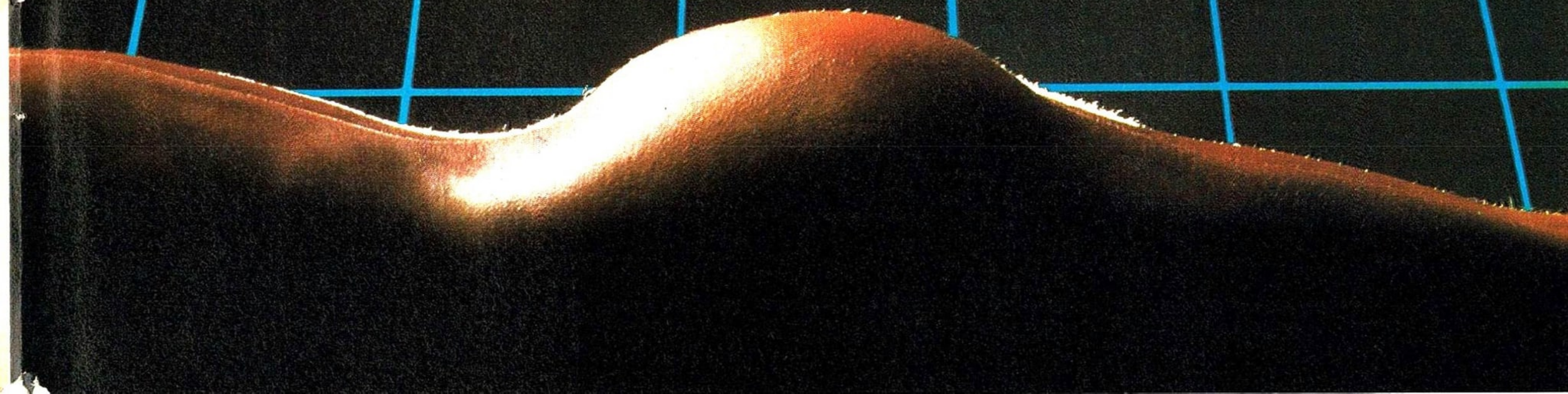

WOMEN'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

walked over to me and said, "Hi, I'm Brian." I then introduced myself. I didn't dance with anyone else the rest of the evening. We danced every song together—fast dances, slow dances, you name it. Every time he touched me, I tingled. He seemed to know exactly how to make a woman feel good. Something the *boys* from my small hometown never knew how to do.

It was about 2 A.M. when he suggested that we go back to his apartment. I accepted at once. He took my hand and, as he led me across the courtyard, said, "My younger brother, Jon, is staying with me this weekend. But that won't be a problem. He'll probably be asleep." I was so overcome with desire that I didn't care.

When we got to his apartment, I saw that Jon was, indeed, asleep on the couch. His black hair, full lips, and high cheekbones made him look like a slightly more innocent version of his older brother. I whispered this to Brian, and he chuckled, "Innocent? Hell, no."

At that point he began taking off my clothes. He kissed me slowly as he pulled my dress off over my head and glided my silk panties down my legs. I started to remove my blue high heels, but he told me to leave them on. When I reached down and felt his hard cock through his pants, it pulsed against my hand. I unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants down. I looked up into his eyes as he sat down on the bed. Then he pulled me on top of him.

I moved down his taut and hairless body until the tip of his pole touched the lips of my cunt. I was slick with anticipation. I slid down on him an inch at a time, feeling the incredible warmth of his thick vessel as it filled me.

At last he was settled fully inside me. His hands circled my hips and pulled my soft buttocks down even farther. I groaned from deep inside as my clitoris rubbed against his knuckle-hard pubis. Our pubic hairs meshed as he lifted me from him. I gasped as I felt inch after inch of his enormous tool being pulled out of me. I didn't want it to leave. I moaned in frustration as he teased me by pulling all the way out.

He laughed deep inside his throat and pulled me down onto him, his broad cock filling me all the way, pointing straight into my womb. I cried out in mindless pleasure as he began to fuck me, moving me up and down as he pleased. Thick waves of pleasure washed through my body, and I began to come.

I was gasping, barely able to breathe, when instead of withdrawing he plunged his finger into my ass hole. I was so slick down there, that he slipped right in. His finger inched farther and farther inside of me until he filled me everywhere. I was delirious with passion.

I began sucking at his hot moistness as hard as I could. I ran my tongue along his teeth, plunged into his mouth, licked his ear and his nose and kissed his eyes, as he began to move his finger and his cock inside of me. When the pleasure seemed too much, and both my ass hole and my cunt were contracting around him, he suddenly withdrew his finger. It was at this moment that I saw Jon.

He was naked, stroking himself. His breathing was heavy as he came up behind me. I quickly turned to Brian, who only said, "We do *everything* together." Suddenly it didn't matter. I wanted whatever Brian could give me, and if that included his brother (and if his brother was anything like him), I was in no position to argue.

I lay full-length on Brian, my soft breasts rubbing against the firmness of his chest, my saliva going into his mouth as I moved my thighs up and down on his, his hot cock going deeper and deeper into my soft wet cunt. He put both his hands on my hips and spread my buns so that Jon could ease his way in.

Jon knelt behind us and I felt the hot length of him as his balls fell between my legs and his cock lay on top of my crack, reaching all the way up to the small of my back. He began to move it back and forth on the hot wetness, and I moaned from deep in my throat. Jon moaned as well when I reached around and cupped his magnificent balls. I then pulled my cheeks open and guided Jon's cock into my smaller opening. Brian and I moaned together as we felt his younger brother slide into my ass.

I pulled my mouth free and screamed as Jon filled me with a cock equal in length to Brian's. Brian's cock seemed to grow in response and the two brothers held me between them and pumped their long thick hoses into my body. Heated shudders began to run through me as Jon steadied himself with his hands on my ass. My mouth hungrily sought Brian's again and I breathed into him as the two brothers were joined with me and also through me.

Jon's panting started to increase and Brian matched his strokes. I knew both my studs were about to shoot. All of a sudden Jon slammed himself down on me and gripped me like iron. I felt a great surge as his cock swelled and exploded deep in my bowels. Brian let out a shout at the same time and held onto me for dear life, as his cock strained upward and burst its seed into my welcoming wet womb.

After counting six I lost track of my orgasms, and all of us were so exhausted we just slept right where we were: both men deep inside me, gently rubbing against each other. I never felt so loved and so wonderfully secure in my life. This is one girl who, from now on, is going to do everything with the brothers who do everything together.—*Name and address withheld*

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 208

8. Grigory Rasputin, the "mad monk" who exerted mystical control over Russia's last imperial family, was murdered December 29, 1916. He ate two cakes laced with cyanide, and he drank a glass of poisoned Madeira. Neither seemed to affect him. Desperately, one assassin shot him in the back with a revolver. Another assassin, a doctor, felt his pulse and pronounced him dead, but a minute later Rasputin rose up and grasped Prince Yussupov by the throat. The assassins shot Rasputin again, once in the shoulder and probably once in the head. Then they wrapped his body in a curtain and pushed it through a hole in the ice of the frozen Neva River. Three days later, the body was found. What, according to the autopsy report, was Rasputin's cause of death?
9. Who is buried in Grant's Tomb?

Answers:

ROCK-AND-ROLL HEAVEN. 1E, 2T, 3J, 4C, 5L, 6P, 7G, 8M, 9S, 10R, 11I, 12O, 13B, 14U, 15K, 16F, 17N, 18A, 19H, 20D, 21Q.

TO DUST RETURNETH. 1F, 2I, 3N, 4H, 5D, 6J, 7A, 8M, 9O, 10E, 11G, 12K, 13C, 14L, 15B.

TRIVIA.

1. "If you need anything, just whistle."—*To Have and Have Not*
2. They both died on July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.
3. "So my friends can get blasted after I'm gone." Several days after her cremation, the people on Janis's guest list had an all-night farewell party, as directed, at the Lion's Share tavern in San Anselmo, California.
4. He slipped on an orange peel and broke his leg so badly that it had to be amputated. Complications led to his death.
5. Halley's Comet. Twain was born during its appearance in 1835. It came back 75 years later and reached its perihelion (nearest point to the sun) on April 20, 1910. Twain died the next day.
6. His own obituary. When his older brother, Ludwig, died in 1888, a French newspaper mistakenly ran an obituary of Alfred, calling him a "merchant of death" because of his invention of dynamite. Stunned that posterity would hold him in such regard, he created the prizes now bearing his name. He died in 1896.
7. Napoleon's. The penis was finally purchased by an American urologist in 1977 for about $3,800.
8. Drowning. Despite the poisoned cakes and wine and bullet wounds, Rasputin still managed to free one arm from under the ice. At autopsy, his lungs were full of water, showing that he died by drowning.
9. The General *and Mrs.* Ulysses S. Grant.

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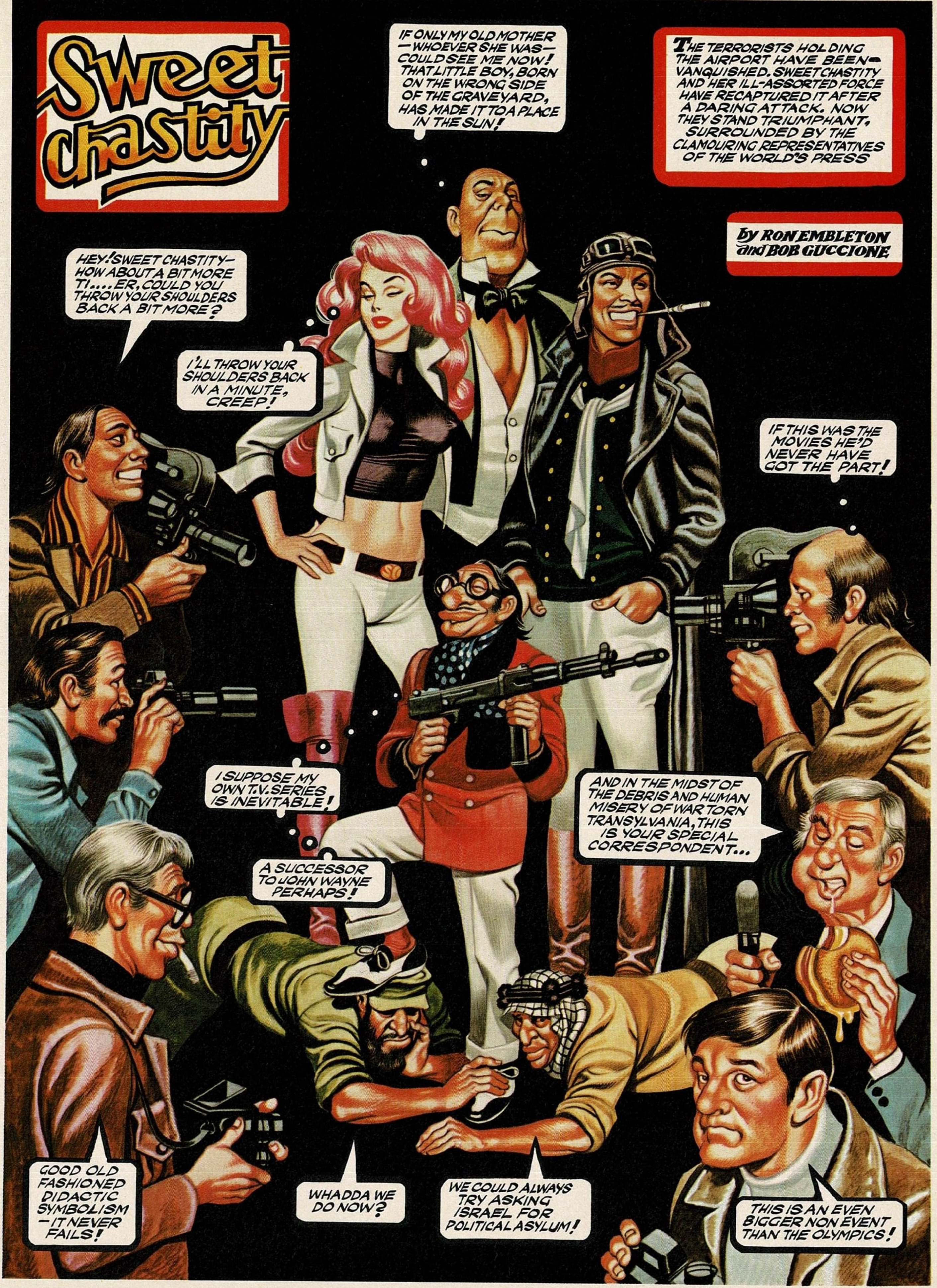
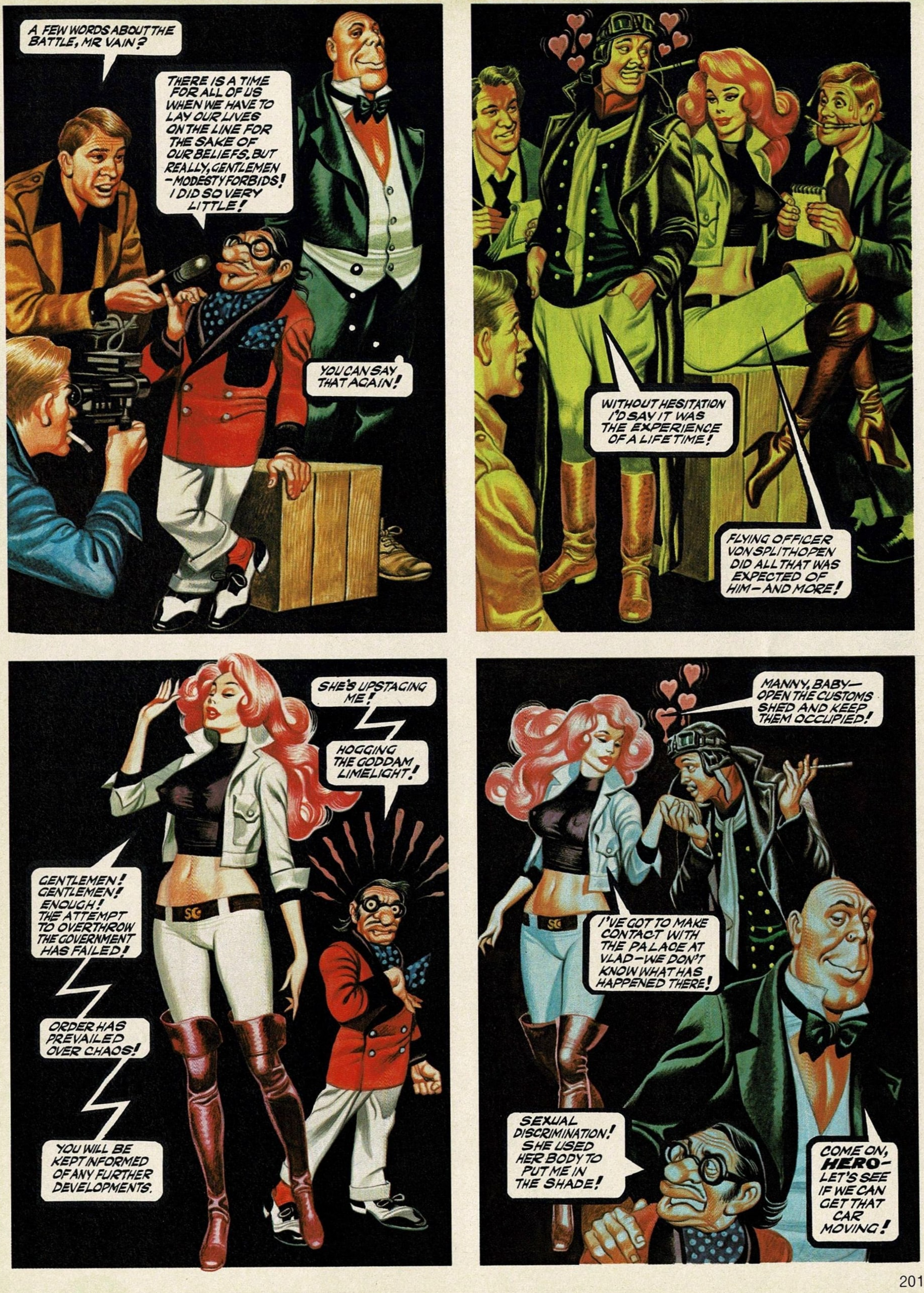
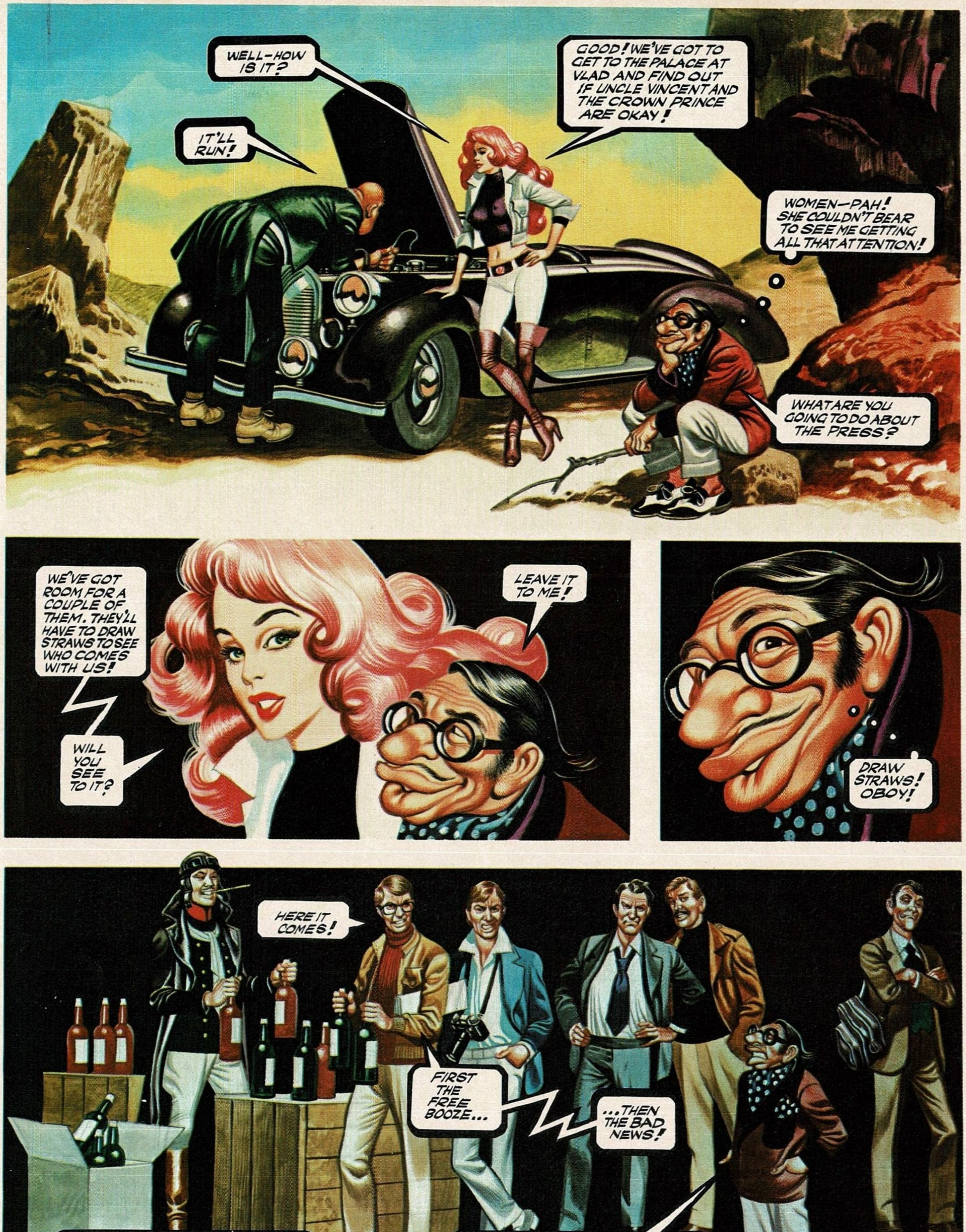
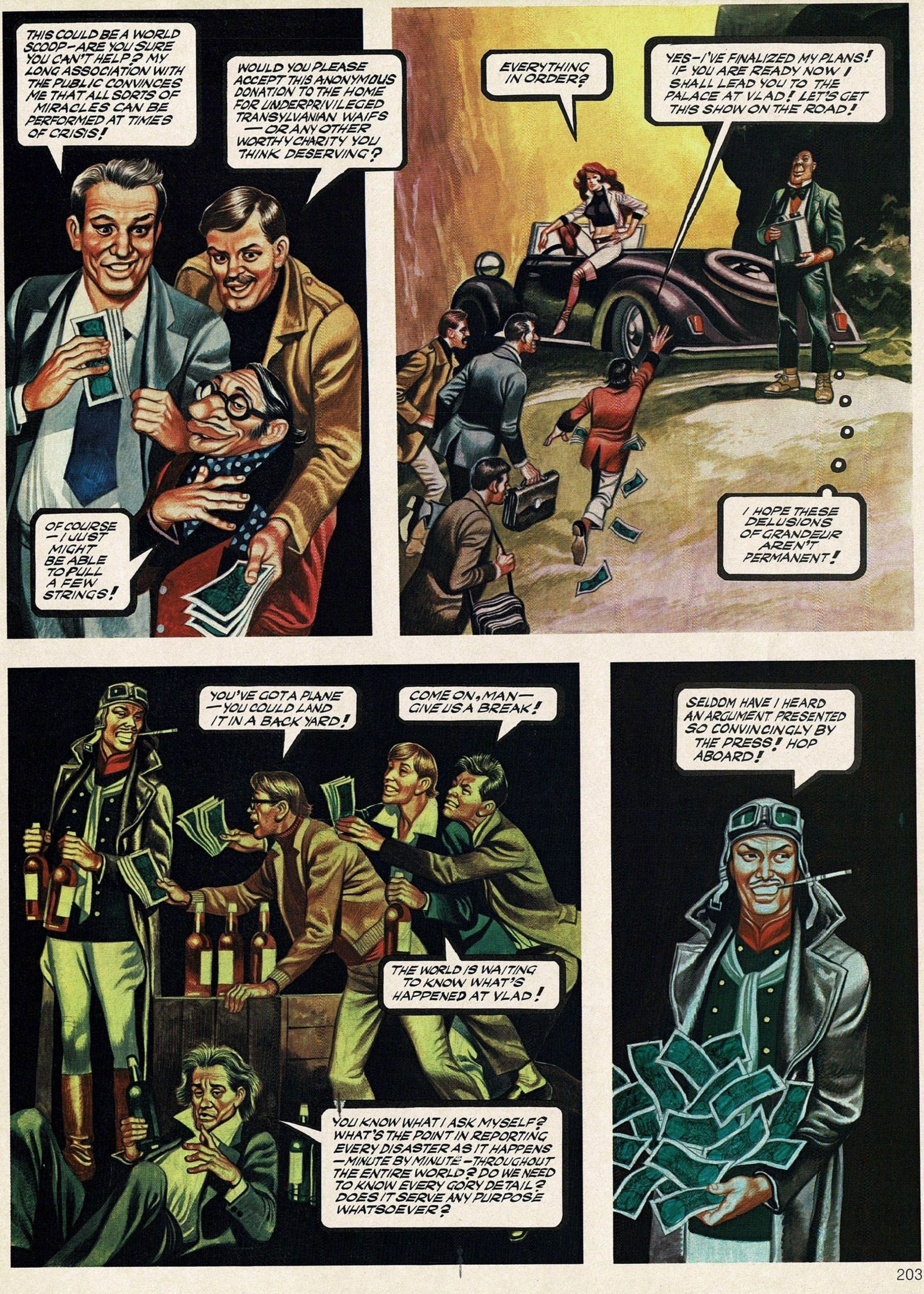
Sweet chastity

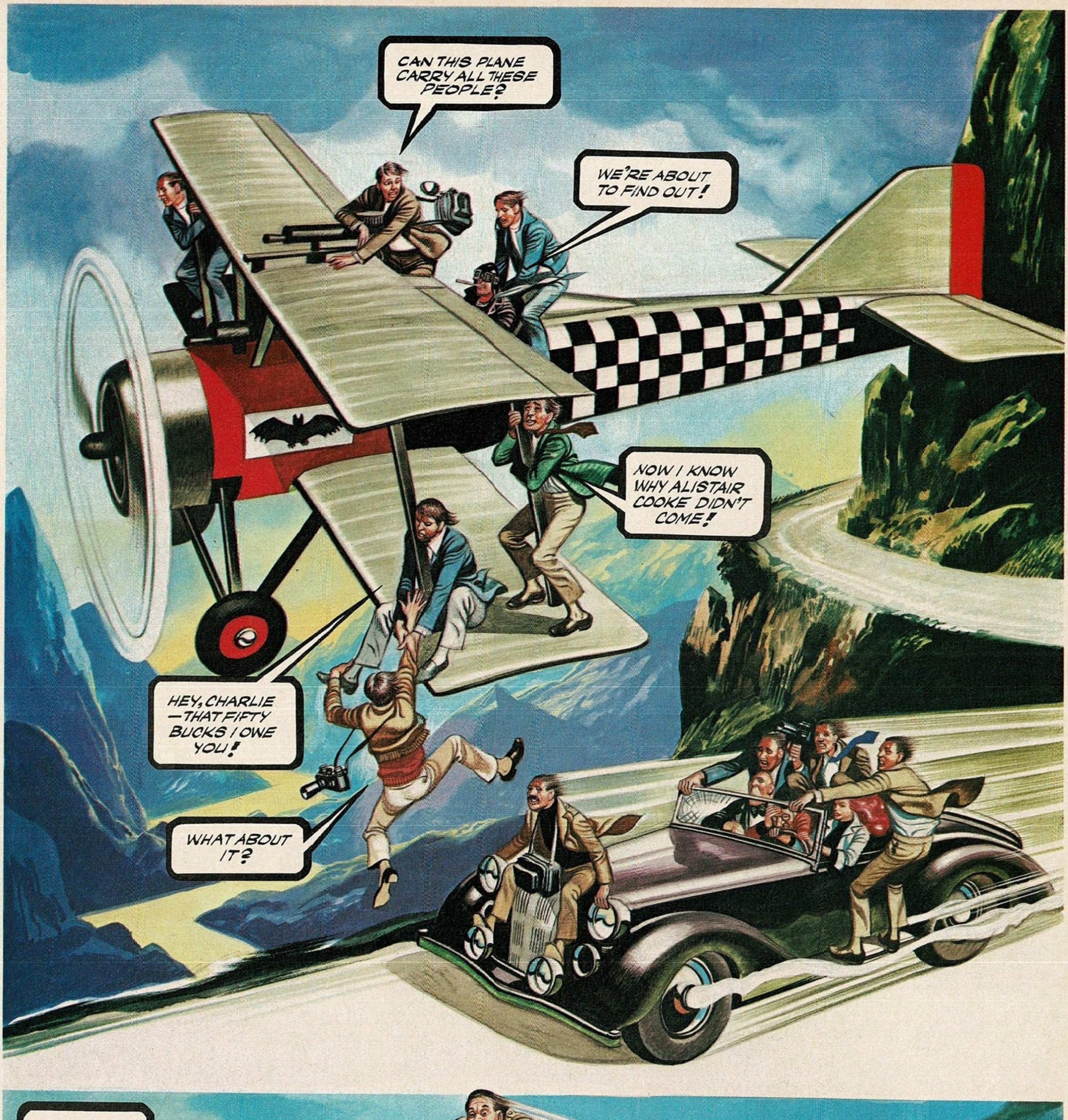
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

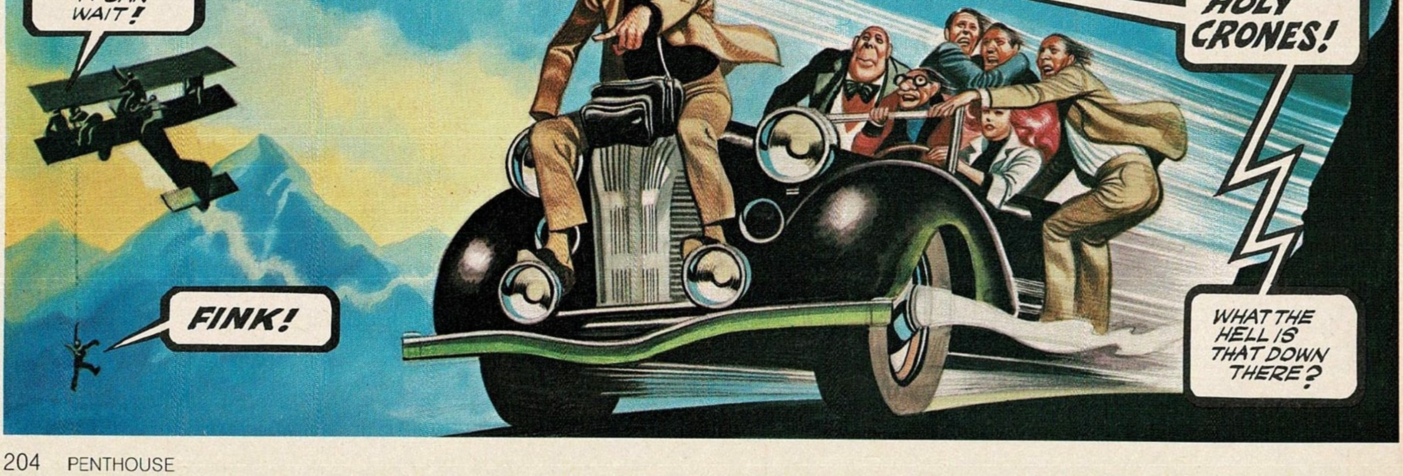

THE TERRORISTS HOLDING THE AIRPORT HAVE BEEN VANQUISHED. SWEET CHASTITY AND HER ILL-ASSORTED FORCE HAVE RECAPTURED IT AFTER A DARING ATTACK. NOW THEY STAND TRIUMPHANT, SURROUNDED BY THE CLAMOURING REPRESENTATIVES OF THE WORLD'S PRESS
IF ONLY MY OLD MOTHER —WHOEVER SHE WAS— COULD SEE ME NOW! THAT LITTLE BOY, BORN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE GRAVEYARD, HAS MADE IT TO A PLACE IN THE SUN!
HEY! SWEET CHASTITY— HOW ABOUT A BIT MORE TI.... ER, COULD YOU THROW YOUR SHOULDERS BACK A BIT MORE?
I'LL THROW YOUR SHOULDERS BACK IN A MINUTE, CREEP!
IF THIS WAS THE MOVIES HE'D NEVER HAVE GOT THE PART!
I SUPPOSE MY OWN T.V. SERIES IS INEVITABLE!
A SUCCESSOR TO JOHN WAYNE PERHAPS!
AND IN THE MIDST OF THE DEBRIS AND HUMAN MISERY OF WAR TORN TRANSYLVANIA, THIS IS YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT...
GOOD OLD FASHIONED DIDACTIC SYMBOLISM —IT NEVER FAILS!
WHADDA WE DO NOW?
WE COULD ALWAYS TRY ASKING ISRAEL FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM!
THIS IS AN EVEN BIGGER NON EVENT THAN THE OLYMPICS!

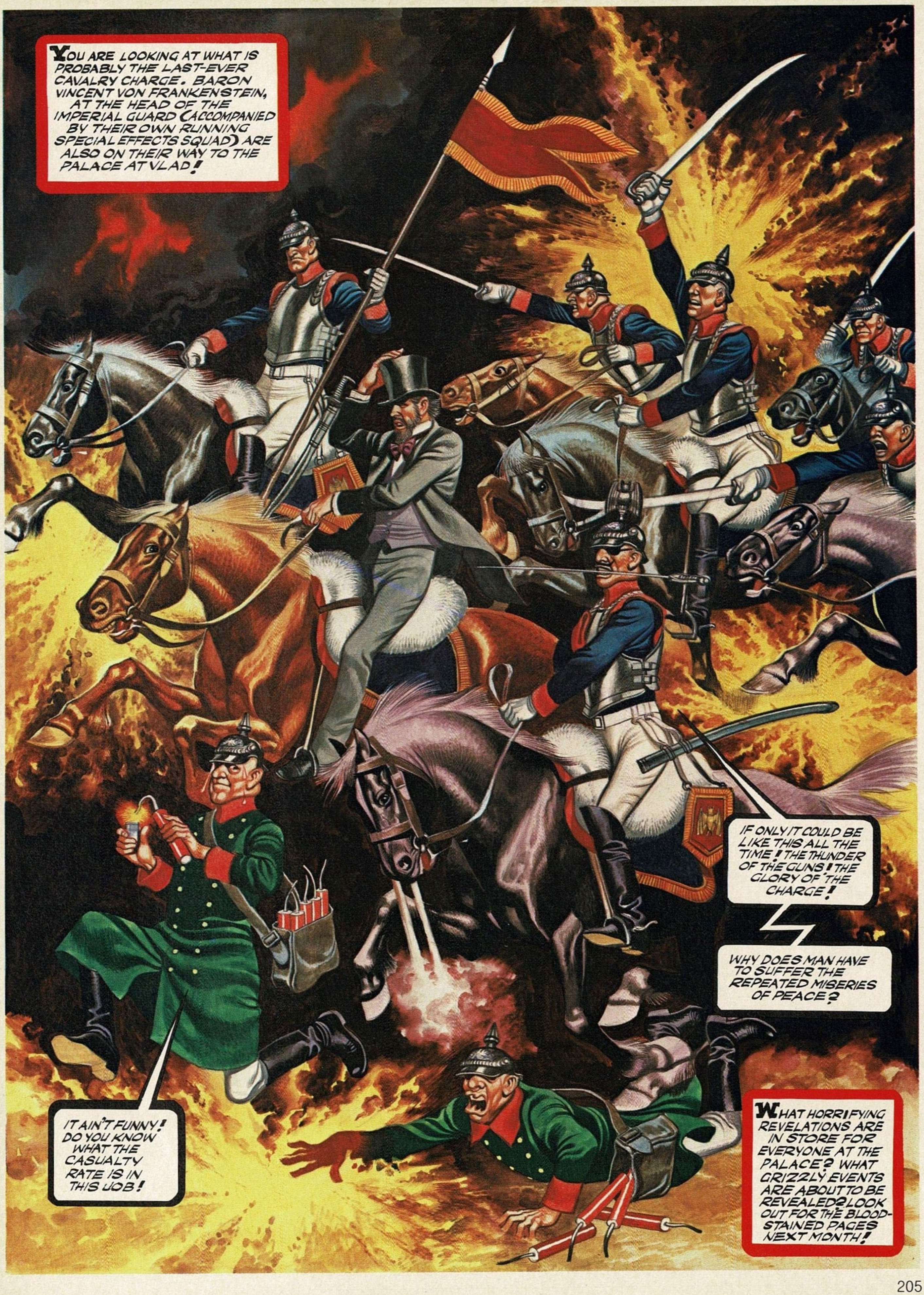

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE BATTLE, MR VAIN?
THERE IS A TIME FOR ALL OF US WHEN WE HAVE TO LAY OUR LIVES ON THE LINE FOR THE SAKE OF OUR BELIEFS. BUT REALLY, GENTLEMEN —MODESTY FORBIDS! I DID SO VERY LITTLE!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
WITHOUT HESITATION I'D SAY IT WAS THE EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME!
FLYING OFFICER VON SPLITHOPEN DID ALL THAT WAS EXPECTED OF HIM—AND MORE!
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! ENOUGH! THE ATTEMPT TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT HAS FAILED!
ORDER HAS PREVAILED OVER CHAOS!
YOU WILL BE KEPT INFORMED OF ANY FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.
SHE'S UPSTAGING ME!
HOGGING THE GODDAM LIMELIGHT!
SG
MANNY, BABY— OPEN THE CUSTOMS SHED AND KEEP THEM OCCUPIED!
I'VE GOT TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE PALACE AT VLAD—WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED THERE!
SEXUAL DISCRIMINATION! SHE USED HER BODY TO PUT ME IN THE SHADE!
COME ON, HERO— LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET THAT CAR MOVING!


WELL—HOW IS IT?
IT'LL RUN!
GOOD! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE PALACE AT VLAD AND FIND OUT IF UNCLE VINCENT AND THE CROWN PRINCE ARE OKAY!
WOMEN—PAH! SHE COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE ME GETTING ALL THAT ATTENTION!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THE PRESS?
WE'VE GOT ROOM FOR A COUPLE OF THEM. THEY'LL HAVE TO DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHO COMES WITH US!
WILL YOU SEE TO IT?
LEAVE IT TO ME!
DRAW STRAWS! OBOY!
HERE IT COMES!
FIRST THE FREE BOOZE...
...THEN THE BAD NEWS!
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THERE HAS BEEN AN ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CROWN PRINCE AT VLAD! I SHALL BE PERSONALLY LEADING THE RELIEF COLUMN!
WE SHALL BE LEAVING AT ONCE—BUT I REGRET THAT THERE IS NO TRANSPORT AVAILABLE FOR YOU. YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE YOUR OWN WAY THERE AS BEST YOU CAN!


THIS COULD BE A WORLD SCOOP–ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T HELP? MY LONG ASSOCIATION WITH THE PUBLIC CONVINCES ME THAT ALL SORTS OF MIRACLES CAN BE PERFORMED AT TIMES OF CRISIS!
WOULD YOU PLEASE ACCEPT THIS ANONYMOUS DONATION TO THE HOME FOR UNDERPRIVILEGED TRANSYLVANIAN WAIFS —OR ANY OTHER WORTHY CHARITY YOU THINK DESERVING?
OF COURSE —I JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO PULL A FEW STRINGS!
EVERYTHING IN ORDER?
YES–I'VE FINALIZED MY PLANS! IF YOU ARE READY NOW I SHALL LEAD YOU TO THE PALACE AT VLAD! LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!
I HOPE THESE DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AREN'T PERMANENT!
YOU'VE GOT A PLANE —YOU COULD LAND IT IN A BACK YARD!
COME ON, MAN— GIVE US A BREAK!
THE WORLD IS WAITING TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED AT VLAD!
YOU KNOW WHAT I ASK MYSELF? WHAT'S THE POINT IN REPORTING EVERY DISASTER AS IT HAPPENS —MINUTE BY MINUTE—THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE WORLD? DO WE NEED TO KNOW EVERY GORY DETAIL? DOES IT SERVE ANY PURPOSE WHATSOEVER?
SELDOM HAVE I HEARD AN ARGUMENT PRESENTED SO CONVINCINGLY BY THE PRESS! HOP ABOARD!


CAN THIS PLANE CARRY ALL THESE PEOPLE?
WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!
NOW I KNOW WHY ALISTAIR COOKE DIDN'T COME!
HEY, CHARLIE —THAT FIFTY BUCKS I OWE YOU!
WHAT ABOUT IT?


NEVER MIND —IT CAN WAIT!
FINK!
HOLY CRONES!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT DOWN THERE?


YOU ARE LOOKING AT WHAT IS PROBABLY THE LAST-EVER CAVALRY CHARGE. BARON VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, AT THE HEAD OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD (ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR OWN RUNNING SPECIAL EFFECTS SQUAD) ARE ALSO ON THEIR WAY TO THE PALACE AT VLAD!
IF ONLY IT COULD BE LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME! THE THUNDER OF THE GUNS! THE GLORY OF THE CHARGE!
WHY DOES MAN HAVE TO SUFFER THE REPEATED MISERIES OF PEACE?
IT AIN'T FUNNY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE CASUALTY RATE IS IN THIS JOB!
WHAT HORRIFYING REVELATIONS ARE IN STORE FOR EVERYONE AT THE PALACE? WHAT GRIZZLY EVENTS ARE ABOUT TO BE REVEALED? LOOK OUT FOR THE BLOOD-STAINED PAGES NEXT MONTH!

Kicking off: a quiz about death

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

"Death is a very dull, dreary affair, and my advice to you is to have nothing whatever to do with it."
—Somerset Maugham

"Death is nature's way of telling you that someone else wants to use the tennis court."
—Johnny Carson

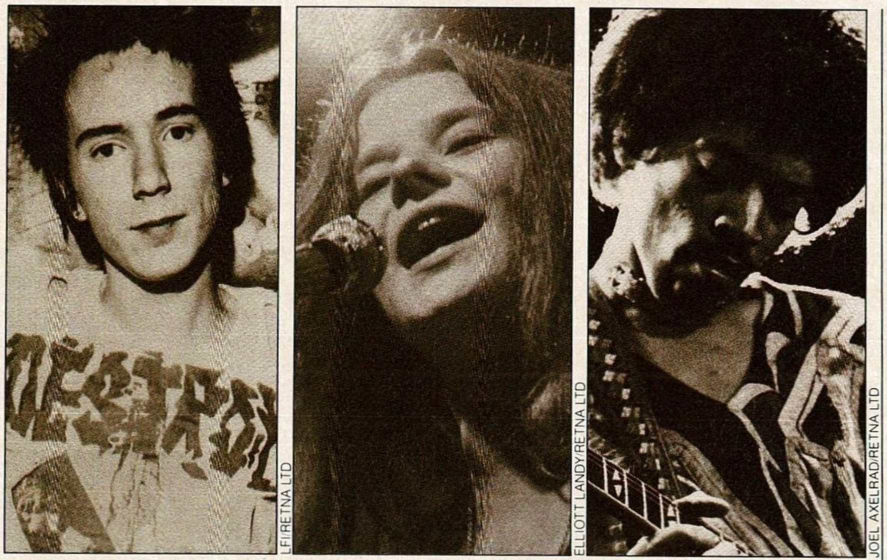
Death is frightening but fascinating. We are at once repelled by it and drawn to it. We don't want to talk about it or think about it, but when it happens to someone famous, we can't wait to learn all the gory details. This month, a quiz about some gory details.

I'M NOT FEELIN' SO GOOD MYSELF: A VISIT TO ROCK—AND—ROLL HEAVEN

In this quiz, match the performer on the first list with the circumstances of his or her demise on the second list.

THE ARTISTS

1.__ Johnny Ace, R & B singer memorialized in the Paul Simon song, "The Late Great Johnny Ace"
2.__ Duane Allman, the Allman Brothers Band
3.__ Marc Bolan, lead singer of T. Rex
4.__ Sam Cooke
5.__ Bobby Darin
6.__ Sandy Denny, singer for Fairport Convention
7.__ "Mama" Cass Elliot, the Mamas and the Papas
8.__ Pete Ham, lead singer and songwriter for Badfinger
9.__ Les Harvey, Stone the Crows
10.__ Donny Hathaway, singer/songwriter best known for his duets with Roberta Flack
11.__ Jimi Hendrix
12.__ Brian Jones, singer and guitarist for the Rolling Stones
13.__ Janis Joplin
14.__ Bob Marley, lead singer for the Wailers
15.__ Keith Moon, drummer for the Who
16.__ Jim Morrison, the Doors
17.__ Phil Ochs
18.__ Otis Redding
19.__ Keith Relf, the Yardbirds
20.__ Sid Vicious, the Sex Pistols
21.__ Jackie Wilson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Sid Vicious, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix: Exactly how did they buy their respective farms?

THEIR DEATHS

A. Airplane crash into a frozen lake, 1967; body never recovered
B. Heroin overdose, 1970
C. Shot by proprietress of a Los Angeles motel, 1964, who said he appeared to be an intruder. A court ruled it justifiable homicide.
D. Heroin overdose, while awaiting trial for murdering his girlfriend
E. Playing Russian roulette backstage, Christmas Eve, 1954
F. Heart failure, found in a bathtub
G. Choked on a ham sandwich, 1974, in the same London flat where Keith Moon would die a few years later.
H. Electrocution while playing his guitar at home, 1976
I. Suffocation from the inhalation of vomit due to barbiturate intoxication
J. Car accident, 1977
K. Overdose of sedative Heminevrin, prescribed to curb alcoholism, 1978
L. During heart surgery, 1973
M. Suicide by hanging, 1976
N. Suicide by hanging, at his sister's home, 1977
O. Found at the bottom of his swimming pool, 1969; the coroner's report cited "death by misadventure"
P. Fall down a flight of stairs at home, 1978
Q. Heart attack during performance onstage, followed by eight-year coma
R. Fall from fifteenth floor of Essex House hotel, 1979, possible suicide
S. Onstage during a performance at Swansea University, 1972, by electrocution when he touched the microphone wire
T. Motorcycle accident, 1971
U. Brain and lung cancer, 1981

ENDLESS SLEEP

Here, according to *The Book of Rock Lists*, by Dave Marsh and Kevin Stein, are the bizarre last records of seven dead performers:

"A Change is Gonna Come," Sam Cooke
"Three Steps to Heaven," Eddie Cochran
"It Doesn't Matter Anymore," Buddy Holly
"That Smell," Lynyrd Skynyrd
Who Are You, Keith Moon (on cover, Moon is sitting on a chair stenciled, "Not to Be Taken Away")

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GAMES

"I'll Never Get Out of this World Alive," Hank Williams
"What Am I Living For?" Chuck Willis

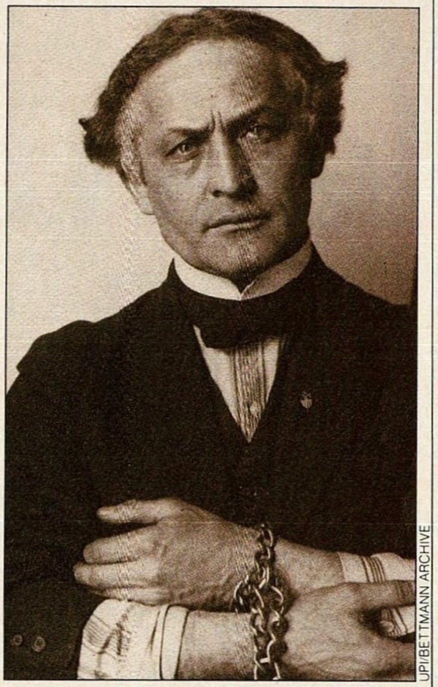
TO DUST RETURNETH

People find the strangest ways of passing on. Here are some of the most unusual. Match the person on the numbered list with the last details on the lettered lists.

1.___ Aeschylus, Greek playwright
2.___ Robert Benchley
3.___ Madame Curie
4.___ Pierre Curie
5.___ George Eastman, inventor of Kodak camera
6.___ Geronimo
7.___ Ernest Hemingway
8.___ Houdini
9.___ Aldous Huxley
10.___ Jumbo the elephant
11.___ David Livingstone, African explorer and medical missionary
12.___ Allan Pinkerton, founder of U.S. detective agency, the "Pinkerton Guards"
13.___ Sylvia Plath, American poet and novelist (*The Bell Jar*)
14.___ J. I. Rodale, champion of organic foods and founder of popular health magazines *Prevention* and *Organic Gardening*. He once said, "I'm going to live to be a hundred unless I am run down by a sugar-crazed taxi driver." He lived to be 72.
15.___ Virginia Woolf, English novelist

THEIR MODES OF PASSING

A. Suicide by double-barreled Boss shotgun
B. Suicide by drowning; jumped in a lake wearing coat with a large rock in the pocket
C. Suicide by placing head in gas oven
D. Shot self with handgun, leaving this suicide note—"To my friends: My work is done. Why wait?"
E. Hit by freight train
F. Struck on the head by a tortoise that had been dropped from a great height by an eagle
G. The only well-known person to have died of hemorrhoids; refused recommended surgery because of belief it would interfere with work
H. Run over by horse and carriage
I. His widow went to Nantucket to scatter his ashes, as requested, but when she opened the urn she found it empty. The ashes had been misplaced. After a pause, she said, "I can hear him laughing."
J. Fell off his horse when intoxicated, lay on the ground all night, caught a cold, and died


UPI/BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Houdini: died on Halloween, but how?

K. Stumbled while on a morning walk, bit his tongue, got gangrene, and died
L. Had a heart attack during an interview on "The Dick Cavett Show," in 1971
M. Backstage at McGill University, he was approached by a student who asked whether it was true he claimed to be able to take any punch to the stomach. He said yes, but before he could brace himself, the student delivered one or more blows. He died a week later, Halloween, 1926.
N. Radiation poisoning
O. While dying of cancer, he requested and received an injection of LSD. He died later that afternoon, still tripping, unaware that President Kennedy had been shot and killed a few hours earlier, November 22, 1963.

DEATH TRIVIA

1. Humphrey Bogart is buried with a small gold whistle in his coffin, placed there by his widow, Lauren Bacall. It is engraved with an appropriate line from their first film together. What is the engraving, and what is the film?
2. What remarkable coincidence linked the deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the second and third presidents of the United States?
3. Janis Joplin died of an overdose of unusually pure heroin on October 4, 1970. Two days before, she made a change in her will that suggested her death was not entirely accidental. The amount involved was $2,500. What did she want it spent on?
4. Daredevil Bobby Leach caused a sensation when he went over Niagara Falls in a barrel in 1911. He performed many other spectacular stunts thereafter. In 1926, he died as a result of an extremely undaring event that occurred while he was walking down a street in Christchurch, New Zealand. What was Leach's mundane last stunt?
5. Mark Twain predicted his own death would occur in 1910. "I came in with [it] in 1835, and I expect to go out with it. The Almighty has said, no doubt: 'Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together.'" His prophecy was correct. What was the other "freak"?
6. Alfred Nobel read something in 1888 that impelled him to establish, in his will, the Nobel Prize awards that would reward achievements in peace, literature, and the sciences. What was the shocking thing he read?
7. A penis was offered for sale by Christie's Fine Art Auctioneers in 1972. It was described as "a small, dried-up object," about an inch long and resembling a tiny sea horse. There were no takers at the asking price of 13,300 pounds, so it was withdrawn from bidding. Whose was it?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

The Atlanta Gallery of Automotive Art

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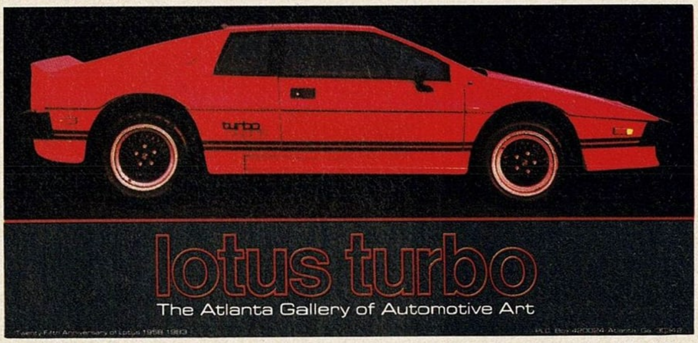
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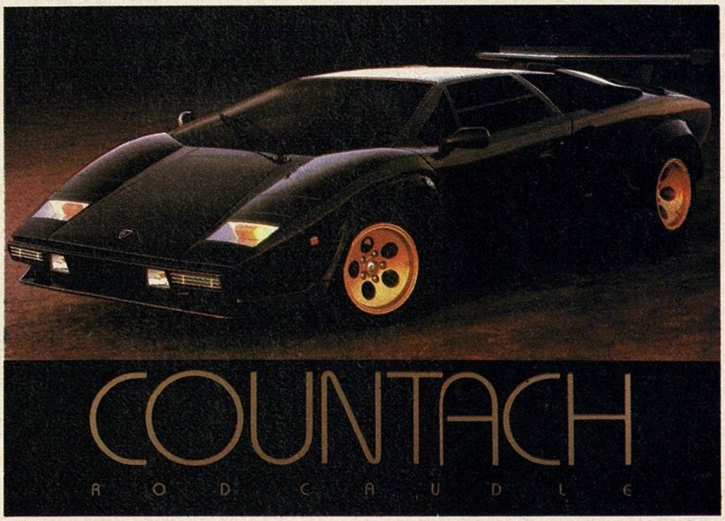
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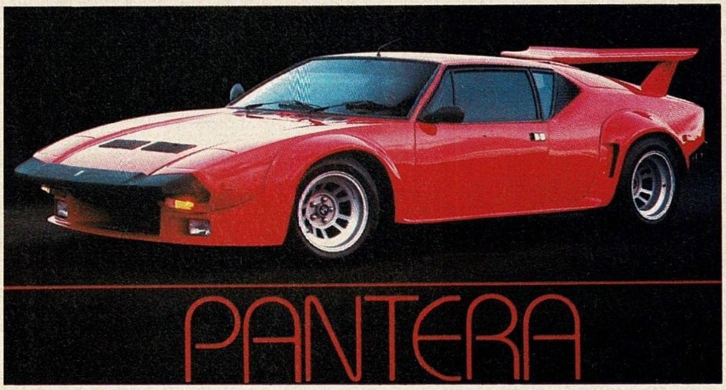

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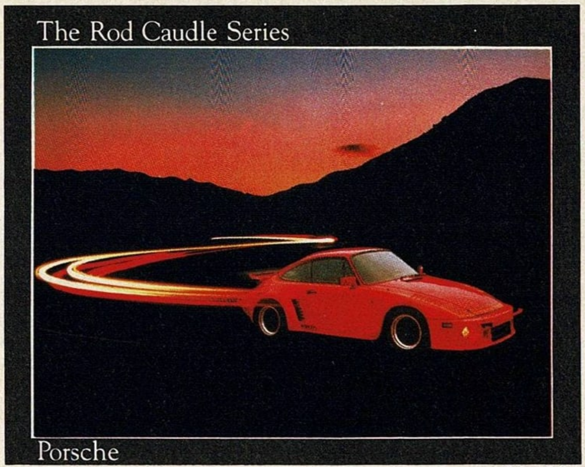
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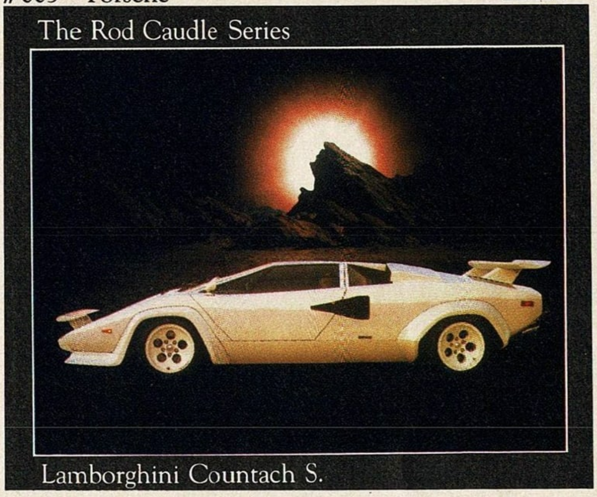
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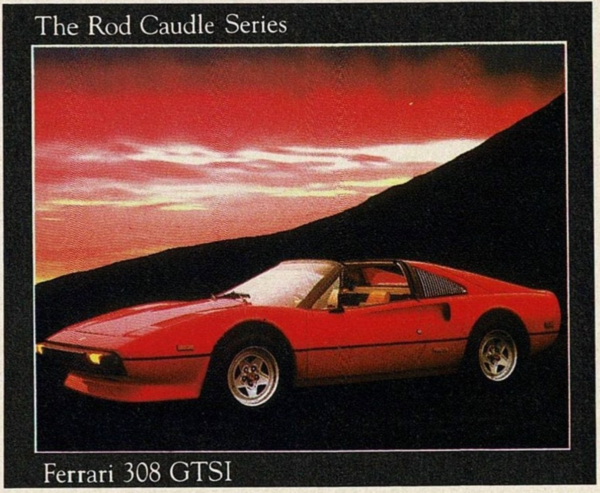
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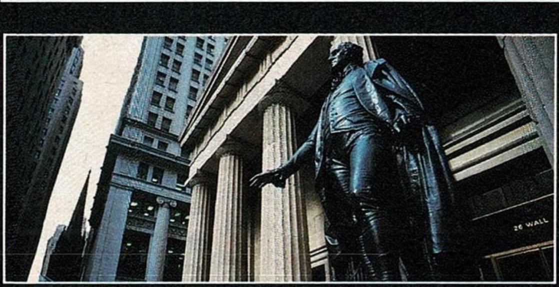
COMING IN THE FEBRUARY PENTHOUSE

MAKING A ROCK VIDEO

America is a place where everything is called an art form . . . which brings us to rock video. These days no record is truly complete until the video shoot is wrapped. Most of these "little three-minute movie extravaganzas" cost about $35,000, but when superstars like Hall and Oates get involved, the budget can bloat to over $250,000. Nick Tosches takes us behind the scenes—make that "scene"—of "Out of Touch," Hall and Oates's new single and rock video. Here at last is all the drama and glamour of union squabbles, stars' wounded egos, and directorial flashes of true uninspiration. It's just what the movies used to be all about.

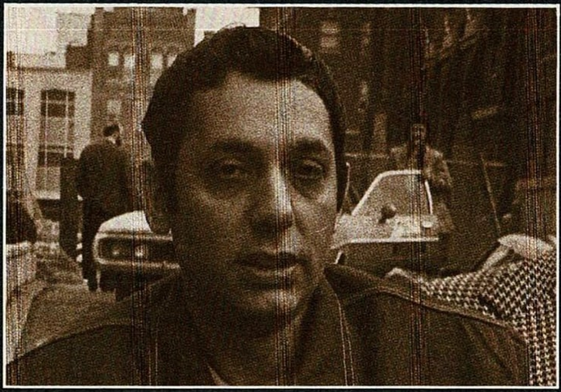


THE SECRET LIFE OF WALL STREET

The buildings look pompous, dull, and pretentious . . . and maybe once upon a time this was the reality, when there was such a thing as your "average trading day." But there hasn't been any of those in a while. In this eye-opening exposé by reporter Peter McCabe, you'll meet some of today's fast-action Wall Street denizens, all of them members of a new, weird cult devoted to the worship of the hedonistic present. Drugs, sex, parties, bimbos, and crazy scenes . . . the Go-Go years are back with a vengeance!

NEW FICTION

A London bank is held up early one morning by a gang of four desperate men. One policeman is killed and another badly injured in the attempt. The next time the gang strikes, the police are ready . . . armed with a secret and special weapon. This engrossing short story by Michael Gilbert—one of today's leading British mystery writers—will keep you guessing until the very last line.



SERIAL MURDERS

It is becoming the new American nightmare of murder. Over the last decade, thousands of men, women, and children have been murdered and their bodies mutilated by strangers whose only apparent motive is to continue the slaughter. Next month *Penthouse* will examine this grisly underside of America. Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein profiles Ann Rule, probably our most informed expert on serial murderers. She discusses the case of witty, charming, and handsome Ted Bundy, a man she became good friends with—before discovering that he had murdered dozens of young girls. And in a shocking companion article, Dr. Joel Norris interviews murderer Joseph Kallinger (pictured on the left), a man who enlisted his young son in a terrifying robbery, rape, and murder spree whose victims included Kallinger's other son. The interview gives unique insight into the mind and soul of a vicious, unremorseful murderer.

PUNK CULTURE

The word *hair* conjures up several images—the most common, perhaps, being that of the once-controversial rock musical bearing the name. Now, straight from the streets of London, comes a new meaning to the word—in the form of bizarre, outlandish, and off-the-wall hairstyles worn by Britain's bona fide punks. Photographed exclusively for *Penthouse* by photographer Malcolm Kirk, this unnerving photo essay makes it very clear that, at least for the time being, these styles are hair to stay.

Last year, Annie Fitzpatrick gave her Uncle Gerald a 14½/30. This year she's giving him a much more fitting gift.

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